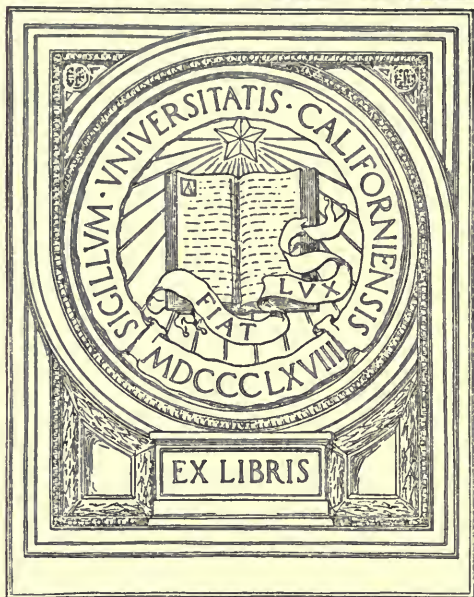


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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

BY

ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON

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NOTE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. JACOBINISM	1
2. SOREL'S EUROPE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION . . .	42
3. MEMOIRS OF A ROYALIST	95
4. STATE ORGANISATION	151
5. NOTES ON SPAIN	168
6. MONUMENTA RITUALIA ECCLESIE ANGLICANÆ . . .	242
7. A DEVONSHIRE RELIC	250
8. A VISIT TO SOME AUSTRIAN MONASTERIES . . .	262
9. THE GREYFRIARS	288
10. NATIONAL EDUCATION	300
11. THE MEANING OF LIFE	315
12. THE GOVERNMENT OF LIFE	352
13. LAUGHTER	388
14. WHY TASTES DIFFER	400
15. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS	423

JACOBINISM.

1. *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.* Par H. TAINÉ. *La Révolution.* 3 vols. Paris, 1878-1885. Translated by JOHN DURAND. 3 vols. London, 1881-1885.
2. *Mémoires et Correspondance pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par MALLET-DU-PAN. 2 vols. Paris, 1885.
3. *Correspondance inédité avec la Cour de Vienne, 1794-1798.* Par MALLET-DU-PAN. Edited by A. MICHEL. 2 vols. Paris, 1885.

‘I KNOW but three modes of living in human society. Every man must either be a beggar, a thief, or a paid State-functionary. The ‘man of property’ is but a first-class functionary of the kind. What is commonly spoken of as ‘his private fortune’ is really nothing else than the wages paid him by society for distributing to others, through the expenses of his daily life, a large share of his goods.’

These words are not, as might be supposed, the words of some orator of the time when the revolutionary movement was at its zenith. They were spoken by Mirabeau on the 10th of August 1789, and may serve to show how early subversive ideas had gained currency—largely through the philanthropy of those who were the first to suffer from them.

The fashionable pessimism of our day might seek to justify itself by appealing to the irony of human life even more than to its absolute pains. There is a deep pathos in evils which result from benevolent actions inspired by what appear to be the best-founded hopes. Pessimism has also sought to justify itself by the consideration that evil neces-

sarily results from that which gives man his supreme dignity—namely, his self-consciousness. Too unlike the brute, which ne'er 'reflects that this is I,' to be safely guided by instinct; too like the brute to be secure from the dominance of appetite, he is doubly exposed to error, and it is the knowledge that the area of self-conscious fallibility is ever extending in a world that is elsewhere the product of the harmonious interplay of unconscious forces, which mainly supports the arguments of Von Hartmann. For language, poetry, art, science, political organisations, and religious systems were all first evolved by man's unconscious efforts—almost as the spider weaves his web and as ants and bees congregate in their various social forms of life. But as man's intellectual powers advanced, first one and then another sphere of his activity became the arena of deliberate intention and reflective effort—generally with some practical deterioration as its result. It may be said that Adam's fall is the symbol of a process which ever recurs in the great drama of human life. As often as man's eyes become freshly opened by again eating of the tree of self-conscious knowledge, so often does he fall into some relative temporary inferiority. It is but temporary, for the fall is not without the prospect of redemption and the attainment of a higher state, however long and painful may be the efforts needed to attain it.

These reflections especially apply to the calamitous accompaniments of that great step in human self-consciousness, the French Revolution. Many as had been the antecedent aspirations after an 'ideal state,' then for the first time did a whole nation, in the van of civilisation, make the reconstruction of society from its foundation, on certain 'principles,' its self-conscious, deliberate aim.

The work first named in the list which heads this article is devoted to the elucidation of the causes of the great catastrophe, and to the setting forth of its less-known conse-

quences; and incidental illustrations are afforded by the works of Mallet-du-Pan and Lord Malmesbury. Some of our readers may be tempted to think that they know enough already about that great political convulsion, and certainly there has been no dearth of 'explanations': 'It was all due to the weakness and indecision of the King'; 'its excesses were the result of the treachery of the King and Queen and the dread of foreign invasion; it was the inevitable recoil from antecedent despotism'; 'it was the consequence of the oppression of the poor by the nobility, and of the ignorant intolerance of a corrupt church'; it was the bursting forth of a new and vigorous social system which had formed itself beneath the old, like the moth within the stem of the chrysalis'; 'it arose from the fact that almost all the land was in the hands of large proprietors succeeding each other by primogeniture, or else was held in mortmain'; it was occasioned by the burthens imposed on the occupiers of land by lords of manors, and was, in truth, but a large tumultuous movement to effect the enfranchisement of copyholds.'

So vast a convulsion as that initiated in 1789 could never, of course, have taken place but for the fact that many independent circumstances happened then and there to concur in its production. No doubt most of the above suggested causes did co-operate, though we must recollect that the land was much subdivided *before* 1789, as also that De Tocqueville has once for all shown that, in its essentials, the new system was an exaggeration rather than a reversal of the system which had preceded it. But it will be some time yet before all the causes of the movement are fully known, and thanks are due to M. Taine for having given very valuable aid towards their elucidation.

In the first place, he depicts the social system upon which such unexpected ruin so suddenly came—its nobility, its clergy, and its urban and rural citizens. As in a forest of

old growth the underwood is of comparatively little worth, the more valuable product being accumulated in the larger trees, so in the venerable French social system, still almost intact in 1789, all that was of the greatest value, intellectually, æsthetically, and morally—all the choicest products of an ancient civilisation—had become concentrated in the Nobility, the Clergy, and what were called the ‘Notables.’¹ It is true that many opulent and illustrious noble families had ceased to render services to the State, in proportion to the consideration they enjoyed. There were lords and ladies of the Court, worldly bishops and abbés, and drawing-room lawyers, who were acquainted with little save the arts of dexterous solicitation, graceful manners, and prodigal expenditure. An injudicious system of culture had converted them into merely ornamental trees, uselessly cumbering much ground at large cost, and producing far more flowers than fruit. Nevertheless those flowers were exquisite. At that time the great world of France exhibited a refined politeness and an exquisite polish, the like of which had never been seen before and has not yet been regained. As M. Taine well says:—

‘When such refinement exists not only in the drawing-room but in the family circle, in the conduct of business, and in the very streets; when it characterises the intercourse not only of friends but of superiors with their inferiors, with their servants, and even with a stranger encountered by chance, then it brings to human life both dignity and sweetness. A delicate observance of what is deemed fitting conduct becomes a second, and a better, nature; for that internal code, which governs every detail of speech and action, teaches self-respect as well as consideration for others.’—Vol. iii. p. 399.

Not only was intellectual, and especially literary, cultivation then carried to an extreme, but what rich men then most feared was the reputation of being wanting in ‘sensi-

¹ People who occupied a prominent position independently of the *Noblesse*—for the most part in the towns.

bility.' An exaggerated tenderness marred the administration of justice, and rendered those who had force at their command incapable of using it adequately for the repression of crime and outrage, thus giving a fatal licence to revolt. These nobles still showed the same refined culture when they became victims. In prison, while awaiting the scaffold, they dressed with care and conversed with their wonted wit and grace. But, besides some two or three thousand frivolous nobles, there were at least as many others who were in every way estimable, and no less experienced in the serious business of life than in social refinement. It was these who furnished the State with its ambassadors, generals, and ministers, from Marshal de Broglie to Machault and Malesherbes, and with exemplary bishops like De Durfort of Besançon. It was these, both cleric and lay, who with parliamentary magistrates and rich bourgeois recruited the twenty-one provincial estates of France, from 1778 to 1789, and represented all the capacity, practical information, and good sense of the nation.

As regards the army, thirty thousand gentlemen were brought up from childhood for its service. The vast majority of them had had for their home a country house devoid of luxury and with little comfort, where with plenty of rural sports amidst gamekeepers and farmers they passed a healthy childhood, their young imagination kindled by listening to their father's and their uncles' tales about the wars. To serve the State with life and limb seemed to them an obligation of their rank and an hereditary debt, and they began the service young. M. des Echerolles, captain of the regiment of Poitou, took with him to the army his son aged nine (with a dozen young cousins), who while still a stripling received seven wounds and the Cross of St. Louis. The Prince de Ligne had experience of war from the age of eight, and Marshal Saxe fought at Malplaquet when thirteen. The mass of French officers followed the military career for its

own sake, knowing well that the higher grades were destined for successful courtiers and men of very high family. At the end of fifteen or twenty years' service they returned home with the rank of captain and perhaps a small pension or a cross, content to have performed their duty honourably. Under the Revolution, their moderation and abnegation, and their reluctance to strike even when struck, still maintained a shadow of public order. As patriotic as military, they constituted by birth and education a natural source of strength and a weapon ready to hand for use against both external foes and domestic traitors to civilisation and social order.

The clergy formed an estimable body of men, consisting of 65,000 ecclesiastics. According to the testimony of M. de Tocqueville:¹ 'All things considered, and in spite of the vices of some of its members, I doubt whether there was ever a body of clergy more remarkable for their patriotism, public spirit, and honest faith, than the French clergy at the moment when the Revolution burst upon them. . . . I commenced my studies of the *ancien régime* full of prejudice against the clergy, but I conclude my studies filled with respect for that body.' In those days not only the minor dignities but the parochial cures were filled by men of much better family than are the existing French clergy. Large families were then common (as is still the case in the only part of Old France which survives—namely Canada), and parents were right willing that one of their sons should enter the Church. Then the parish priest was no object of popular suspicion or aversion; he was respectfully greeted by artisans and peasants, and was thoroughly at home with his parishioners of the middle class. He was no salaried state-functionary, nor was he (as the Concordat has since made him) removable at will, but a freeholder directly interested in all that

¹ *L'ancien Régime et la Révolution*, p. 169.

concerned the temporal prosperity of his friends and neighbours—the prospects of the harvest, the making of roads and canals, and all the other concerns of a landed proprietor. The clerical profession had then in France many attractions, indeed, which it now lacks. Perhaps amongst all the changes which democratic tyranny has inflicted on France, not one has been so fruitful in evil consequences as that which transformed a great body of estimable men, public-spirited and independent, into a mass of salaried officials with no direct interest in anything but matters ecclesiastical, the bond-slaves of salaried bishops who are more than ever directly dependent on the Pope. Truly it is the Revolution which has created ‘clericalism,’ and the disastrous result which has befallen our neighbours should at least save us from ever following in their footsteps!

But besides the nobility and clergy, the Revolution found France in possession of some 100,000 families of the higher middle class—lawyers, doctors, architects, engineers, artists, merchants, manufacturers, and civil functionaries. These last, however, were very unlike the members of existing bureaucracies, for the place each held was his own property, which he had bought and was free to sell. This made them independent and contented, not seeking incessantly to change from place to place, but, on the contrary, identifying themselves with the welfare of the city in which they had taken root. Established for life, and living with old-fashioned simplicity and economy, they thought more of the esteem of their fellows and less of mere gain than is the case now. In fact, nothing could well be more unlike the modern French system, whose administrators are but nomads, often living in an hotel or furnished lodging, ready to start elsewhere for the slightest increase of pay, and without a single local interest or connection.

Side by side with these ‘Notables,’ there were about

150,000 families of the lower middle class—farmers, peasant-proprietors, shopkeepers, master-workmen, village officials, and small householders—who formed another set of respectable citizens. The whole State had indeed its manifest imperfections, but was for the most part healthy and sound save at its centre. The rottenness and corruption of the court, and the exaggerated power of the head of the centralised administration, were incalculable evils; but the evils were on the road towards extinction; the provincial assemblies were in action, and it would seem as if it had been quite possible for all the benefits of the Revolution to have been obtained without any of its attendant evils. But whether such beneficent action was or was not within the bounds of possibility, we learn that the Revolution intensified the greatest evils it was evoked to cure. That in bursting upon this brilliant, highly-cultured, and in many respects estimable social order it shattered an ancient nobility, destroyed a venerable Church, and ruined the most notable families of the nation, is what everybody has long known; but it has been reserved for M. Taine to depict its effects upon the poorest and lowest members of the population. It has commonly been supposed that these were great gainers by the cataclysm. Whether they were so or not, M. Taine shall tell us.

Before, however, putting before our readers some of the more noteworthy effects of Jacobin measures, it may be well first to cast a glance at one or two of the leading Jacobins themselves. Three men stand out from the ranks of that party in well-merited pre-eminence as regards both influence and infamy,—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. They present three very different types of character, but all agree in testifying to the wonderful conjuncture of circumstances which could alone have raised men of the kind to the rank of supreme rulers over such a society as that which has been briefly described.

Marat was not a Frenchman, but the offspring of a Genevan mother and of a Spanish father, Dr. Jean Mara, who had been domiciled in Sardinia till his abjuration of Catholicism caused him to migrate to Switzerland. The son showed early a certain taste for physical science, but soon manifested an amount of vanity which was the first indication of a mind trembling on the verge of positive insanity. He says of himself: 'I was from my childhood devoured by a passion for glory, a passion which changed with years the objects to which it was directed, but which never quitted me for an instant.' He became the author of various scientific treatises, but his want of success in gaining public appreciation soon soured him, and envy and hatred resulted from the mortification of the egregious vanity by which his own words prove him to have been possessed. 'My discoveries,' he tells us, 'tend to transform the whole science of optics. Before *me*, the true primary colours were unknown. . . . And no one knew the true place of electricity in nature. I have established it beyond doubt. . . . As to the igneous fluid, that creature unknown till I came, I have cleared its theory from erroneous hypotheses in a work which will consign to oblivion all that the learned societies have previously published on the subject.' He thought he was the victim of a conspiracy of 'all the learned men of Europe against him.' When his treatise upon Man was forwarded from Amsterdam to Paris, 'the philosophers,' he tells us, 'caused it to be seized at the Custom House.' There was a conspiracy of doctors moved by grief and envy at his professional gains, as also of Academicians. 'I could prove, were it necessary, that they held meetings in order to calumniate me. The disgraceful persecution of me by the Academy lasted ten years. . . . Could it be believed that the charlatans of that body would have succeeded in depreciating my discoveries in the eyes of Europe and in getting all its learned societies to refuse me a

place in their publications?'¹ He was thus evidently verging on insanity. His confidence in his political wisdom was not less than his belief in his own scientific acumen. 'If I were only a tribune of the people, aided by a few thousand determined men, I answer for it that in six weeks the nation should be free and happy, . . . and that it should so continue for the rest of my life.' His egotism is similar as regards philosophy. He says: 'I believe myself to have exhausted all the combinations of which the human mind is capable.' His politico-ethical system he draws out as follows:—'I deduce the whole of a man's rights from his physical needs. . . . If a citizen is in want, he has the right to snatch from another the superfluity with which he is gorged. What do I say? He has the right to snatch away even what is necessary to that other, and rather than die of hunger, he has the right to cut his throat and devour his quivering flesh.'² His diseased mind passed on rapidly from exaggeration to exaggeration, till arrested by the knife of Charlotte Corday. After the taking of the Bastille he demanded five hundred heads. In September 1792, he declared at the Communal Council that 40,000 ought to fall, and six weeks later he raised his demand to 270,000 heads.³ His filthy and degraded personal habits need not here be described, but they should not be forgotten in our estimate of this sordid, ferocious madman, who succeeded in raising himself to supreme influence in that France which but three years before seemed to take the lead in Europe, not only in intellect, but yet more in gentle delicacy and refinement.

Different indeed from Marat was Danton, the second chieftain of the Revolution. A man with a healthy vigorous animal nature, coarse and with violent instincts, but having a clear

¹ *Journal de la République française*, No. 98.

² Taine, vol. iii. p. 162.

³ *Moniteur* of the 26th of October 1792.

judgment withal, and never himself the dupe of the prejudices he played upon, or of the abstract formulæ he did not hesitate to conjure by. Energetic enough, though only at intervals, and not with the incessant feverish activity which characterised Marat, Danton was most ill-suited for his calling. A poor lawyer, poorly married, he loathed his sedentary toil. A Colossus with a Tartar's head, pock-marked, small-eyed, and endowed with a voice of thunder; fond of foul oaths and brutal jests, he was a sort of eighteenth-century Rabelais, who plunged heartily into the muddy current, which he was clear-sighted and vigorous enough to see through and direct. His rare political sagacity enabled him to gauge accurately men's characters and the true bearing of events. From the outset of the Revolution he divined its true nature, and comprehended its normal mode of procedure, usually the systematic employment of popular brutality. Already in 1788 he figured in *émeutes*, and before the beginning of the Revolution was perceptible to many, he had already understood its true end—the supremacy of the violent minority, and especially of that of the capital. On the 10th of August 1790, he declared before the National Assembly that the citizens of Paris were the natural representatives of the eighty-three departments of France. Here we have proclaimed by him what we shall find to be the essential idea of Jacobinism, and it was he who carried through its most decisive acts—those of the 10th of August, the 2nd of September, the 31st of May, and the 2nd of June. For a time he ruled, in his turn, a system founded on conquest and maintained by terror. Nevertheless he was in his heart no fanatic, and he even entertained the idea of saving the King. One who had been on friendly terms with Danton, Count Théodore de Lameth, ventured, though a denounced *émigré*, to return from Switzerland to Paris to make one last effort in the royal cause. 'I went straight to

Danton,' he tells us, 'whom I found in his bath. "You here," he cried, "don't you know that with one word I could have you guillotined?" "Danton," said I, "you are a great criminal, but you are not the man for an infamy like that of betraying me." "You come to save the King?" "Yes." Thereupon we conversed on that subject in a confidential and friendly manner. "I consent," said Danton, "to try and save him, but I must have a million of francs in a week to bribe the voters, and I warn you that if I find that I cannot for a certainty save him, I shall vote for his death. I am quite willing to save his head, but not to lose my own." He did vote for death, and then connived at Lameth's return to Switzerland. Danton, in fact, had no real taste for blood and cruelty; coarse, corrupted, and unscrupulous as he was, he rescued several illustrious lives from the September massacres, and could not refrain from tears at his inability to save the Girondists. He was also incapable of sustained and systematic labour, and these two characteristics were his ruin. He could not keep up the constant vigilant activity needed to defend him from his rivals, while his more generous instincts furnished the latter (with whom he had but a simulated sympathy) with ample grounds for denunciation. In reality he hated the fanatical zeal of the Jacobin true believers. 'Give free scope,' he said, 'to Robespierre and Saint-Just, and soon France will be nothing more than a Thebaid with a score of political Trappists.' Towards the end he saw yet more clearly the true bearings of his own acts. 'I ask pardon of God and men,' he cried, 'for having set up the Revolutionary tribunal. In revolutions, power passes into the hands of those who are the greatest villains. It is better then to be a poor fisherman than a ruler of men.' When such sentiments as these had developed themselves within him, he had evidently become ripe for the fatal knife.

Robespierre, the third person of the Jacobin Triad, was its true head, and differed greatly from each of its two other members. Self-contained and free from either mental or bodily disease, decorous in every word and gesture, and ever dressed with scrupulous care, he was untiring in his constant attention to the routine of business. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of the Revolution, and a profound believer in its doctrines, being alike blind to all facts or arguments opposed to them. Unlike Danton, who saw living breathing men, Robespierre saw only abstractions duly ticketed and grouped according to revolutionary formulæ. It was this excessive narrowness of mind which kept him faithful to his one idea, and carried this soulless, vain, third-rate literary pedant to the very crest of the inflowing revolutionary wave, and sustained him there till its commencing ebb. Even at that fatal moment for him, he could not rise above the empty stilted verbiage which was essentially congenial to his nature. When the time approached to do or die, he could but declaim from the tribune he was so soon to quit for the scaffold such stuff as:—

‘O ever-blessed day when all France united to render to the author of Nature the only homage worthy of him! What a touching assemblage of those objects capable of arresting the gaze of men and filling their hearts! O venerable and honoured age! O generous youth of our country! O the guileless, pure joy of young citizens! O sweet tears of tender mothers! O divine charms of innocence and beauty! O the majesty of a great people, happy through nothing but the knowledge of its power, its glory and its virtue. . . . No, Chaumette, no, death is not an eternal sleep. . . . If it has now become necessary that I should disguise such truths as these, then let there be borne to me the fatal draught of hemlock.’

Here at the end of his terrible career is manifested the same pedantic intellectual mediocrity which at its beginning had obtained for him, before 1789, a second-class prize from

the Academy of Arras, and the warm approbation of that of Amiens. Had it not been for the advent of the Revolution, as M. Taine says,¹ 'his little intellectual lamp, like a hundred such kindled at the fire of the new philosophy, would have burned tranquilly and caused no conflagration, shedding over a narrow provincial area a tiny light in proportion to the little oil which one of its small capacity could hold.' Quite eclipsed by the many able men of the National Assembly, it was only towards the end of the Constituent Assembly that he emerged from their shadow, and step by step became conspicuous through the resignation or removal of his betters. Then it was that his narrow, consistent fanaticism, his absolute devotion to his impracticable ideal, and boundless confidence in his own infallibility, gradually transformed him first into the most conspicuous figure of his sect, and ultimately into its deity. The salon of 1791 contained two portraits of him, one bearing the inscription, *l'Incorruptible*. He was hailed from Marseilles as 'the sole rival of the Roman Fabricius, the immortal defender of the rights of the people.' The Parisian mob sought to draw him, crowned with oak-leaves, to the house of the cabinetmaker where he lodged in the Rue Saint-Honoré. There an audience of the lower middle class eagerly drank in tirades of political declamation suitable to their capacity. He was the infallible pontiff who night and morning gave forth his oracles. The believers waited in files in the courtyard for an audience. Admitted to his salon, they waited again till his hand beckoned them into the sanctuary of his cabinet. The women especially adored him. Seven hundred of them, to two hundred men, crowded the tribunes of the Convention to hear his apology, and when he spoke at the Jacobin Club, their sobs and cries resounded on all sides. A spectator who appeared cold and unmoved soon had evil eyes fixed on him, and it was well for him to slip

¹ Vol. iii. p. 194.

away like a heretic, who had ventured near some sacred shrine, where devotees were performing a sacred function. In public writings he was spoken of as—

‘the genius whom nothing can deceive or seduce, who with the energy of a Spartan and the eloquence of an Athenian shelters the republic beneath the ægis of his genius, while he enlightens the universe by his writings and fills the world with his renown. He was the regenerator of the human race, whose name will be venerated through all future ages as the Messiah whom the Eternal has promised to redeem the world.’

But the very virtues of Robespierre made his preponderance more fatal than even that of Marat, for they added the immense multitude, whose morals were opposed to the Dictator’s standard, to the Royalists, Aristocrats, Federalists, Feuillants, and Girondins, previously proscribed. According to him, immorality was a political crime, as tending to egoism, and to the drying up of those sentiments of admiration for moral beauty by which alone public opinion can judge either the enemies or the defenders of humanity. Thus every one who corrupted the people by his vice or luxury, or who agitated, deceived, blamed, or distrusted the people; every one, in fact, who did not march along that narrow way which Robespierre had marked out as the only road to salvation, was a villain and a traitor. Thus the harvest became ripe indeed for the guillotine; nor did any natural sympathies plead for mercy in his heart as they did in that of Danton, and induce him to listen to the prayers of fathers, mothers, wives, or children for their nearest and dearest. It was as Mirabeau had said in 1789, ‘All that man says he really believes,’ and thus the course of events had called forth a man such as no dramatist has ventured to depict. A hypocrite convinced of his own honesty; a Cain who believed himself Abel, and who was taken by others to be so.

The Feast of the Supreme Being of June 8th, 1794, was

the culmination of his career, and the greatest exhibition ever made of preposterous self-deception. The orgies of the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame, revolting as they were to every decent mind, were nevertheless in a sense honest. They really expressed the gross and violent passions of the most depraved portion of humanity. But the Feast of the Supreme Being was an elaborate sham, such as could have taken place nowhere but in France. Robespierre, the pontiff of the ceremony, in his well-known costume performed his often described part at the head of the Convention, exclaiming, 'Behold humanity indeed, and a united universe. O nature, how sweet and sublime is thy power; how tyrants must tremble at the idea of such a festival!' Himself sincere, around and behind him the other aspect of the Revolution, full of silent antipathy and revolt, lay hidden, or began to show itself in murmurs and sarcasms, soon to display itself fully with fatal effect. The Supreme Being had, in truth, judged him, and with his great festival began his rapid downfall. With him fell the Jacobin *par excellence*, the orthodox true believer without spot or suspicion of heresy or schism, who, without delay, precipitation, or indulgence, advanced along the straight and narrow road bordered by abysses, which could alone lead to safety, since, as there is but one reason, there can be but one path.

Such being the Revolution as displayed in the notorious triad of its chiefs, let us now glance at the doctrine propagated—the essential principles of Jacobinism. They were those of Rousseau, which had a singular fascination when first promulgated, and which, owing to an ambiguity which allows them to be accepted in two widely different senses, not only retain that fascination for many persons, but are even regaining influence amongst us. On this latter account it may be well briefly to point out, that no men are more eager than are Conservative politicians

to maintain that there are sacred 'rights of man,' and to promote the only possible 'equality.' For 'rights' are but the correlatives of 'duties,' freedom to perform which only atheistic systems can deny. Every social system also must exist by some sort of tacit compact of its members, a compact tending to become more explicit as their education and political activity increase. Finally, the wish that good things should be as widely diffused, and evil influences as much restricted as possible, is that aspiration for 'equality' in which all good men may share. It is almost needless to say that the Jacobin view of these principles was widely different, and implied the sacrifice of the freedom and welfare of the *real* men and women of a nation to an abstract *ideal*. The reasonable maxim, that the minority should yield to the majority in *many* things, became transformed in practice into the absurdity of trying to make a real, concrete whole yield to an ideal, abstract whole in *all* things.

But the attractiveness of Rousseau's principles for the French in 1789 was partly owing to their not being really new, but only a new embodiment of ideas current under the old Monarchy. Moreover, their effects would have been comparatively harmless had not those whose duty it was to maintain order been unfitted for their task, as they had never been before, by that softness of manners and sensibility, of which we have before spoken, and by the then generally accepted belief in the virtue of man fresh from the 'hand of nature and unsophisticated by culture and civilisation.' Moreover, this very refinement of the times had made men doubly sensible to whatever was galling in privileges which had come to be both more than ever divorced from duties, and more diffused amongst persons with no traditional claim to reverence; seeing that a successful tradesman, by buying some paltry sinecure, could get himself enrolled amongst the privileged orders. The decay of religion also, with the

influence of philosophy and the effects of the late King's vices, all, as every one knows, concurred to help on the movement towards the triumph of Jacobinism.

Now Jacobinism essentially consists in the advocacy of certain *à priori* principles of one order, regardless of the, possibly conflicting, claims of principles belonging to other orders. It resembles the advocacy of political economy regardless of physiology, or of physiology regardless of ethics. Jacobinism demands of every citizen the entire alienation to 'the State' of all his rights and possessions, each man yielding himself up entirely, and without any reserve whatever. Thenceforward nothing that he had or was is to be any longer his own, and whatever he may have he is to hold by favour of a concession always revocable. His person and powers, no less than his goods, are to be public property. He is to become a functionary intrusted, during the State's pleasure, with the administration of the property which was once his own. How thoroughly and universally these principles were accepted is shown by the completeness with which they were acted on. They were carried out with that boasted, but sometimes absurd, logical completeness, which is so often to be found on the other side of the Channel.

After the confiscation of the Church property—worth about four milliards of francs—came that of the *émigrés*,¹ worth about three milliards more. Then came that of the guillotined and transported, probably to be estimated by hundreds of millions of francs. Then came a like sum from the sequestration of the goods of the 'suspected,' and so on. The property taken from the hospitals and other charitable institutions amounted to eight hundred millions of francs; and besides this there was that of industrial institutions, schools and colleges, libraries and scientific societies. Finally,

¹ Mallet-du-Pan (*Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 17) tells us of 12,000 *émigrés* whose goods were confiscated in Marseilles alone.

there was the property which had been granted by the Kings of the three hundred preceding years, and which was then reclaimed and taken. Thus three-fifths of the soil of France passed into the hands of the revolutionists; by far the richest three-fifths, including, as it did, so many palaces, abbeys, and chateaux, with rich furniture, plate, pictures, and the art collections of centuries, to say nothing of money and securities for money.

Besides all this, the Government, by its rights of 'pre-emption' and 'requisition,' became for a time practically the proprietor of all that commerce, manufacture, and agriculture could produce or import. At last, for greater convenience, produce was taken at its place of production—corn and fodder at the farm, cattle at the breeder's, wine at the vineyard, hides at the butcher's, leather at the tanner's; soap, sugar, cloth, etc., at the manufacturer's. Carriages and horses were seized in the streets or in the stable; cooking-utensils were taken for copper; beds, clothes, and even shirts from their owners. In one day ten thousand persons were deprived of their shoes in a single city.¹ 'In public need,' says the representative Isore, 'everything belongs to the people, nothing to the individual.' And persons were as little respected as property. Almost a million of men—all between eighteen and twenty-five years of age—were enrolled in the army at once. Any one failing to answer the call was liable at first to a punishment of ten years in irons, confiscation of goods, or the punishment of his relations in his place. Afterwards he incurred the penalty of being ranked as an *émigré*, condemned to death, and his father and mother treated as 'suspected,' imprisoned, and their property sequestered. But civil needs are not less imperative than military wants, and a forced labour was exacted of artisans, and contributions from every kind of tradesman. Sentiments even

¹ Taine, p. 74.

were requisitioned—or at least their simulation. Mothers were required to bring their daughters to the popular fêtes, and not to grudge their exhibition in patriotic processions, mounted on chariots, in antique costumes. Even marriage was a subject of requisition, and rich ‘citoyennes’ were forced to marry poor patriots.¹ The young mind was also ordered to be brought up in orthodoxy, and children were forcibly submitted to an education befitting young citizens. The Government was pedagogic, philanthropic, theological, and ethical, no less than military and political. Even men’s feelings were to be controlled, and not only opponents, but those reckoned as indifferent, moderate, or egotistical, were taxed, imprisoned, or guillotined. And all this was not by any means to be considered as arbitrary government. The State was omnipotent for the very purpose of regenerating mankind, and the same theory which conferred its rights also prescribed its end. The prodigious task which it was proposed to accomplish was expressly stated by Billaud-Varrennes:² ‘It is necessary to, as it were, *recreate* the people whom we desire to make free, since we must destroy old prejudices, change venerable customs, elevate depraved affections, restrain superfluous wants, and extirpate inveterate vices.’ Saint-Just exclaimed: ‘When once I become convinced that it is impossible to reform the morals of the French people, the dagger shall end my days. . . . Either I will make patriots of them, or they or I shall die;’ while Baudot and Carrier declared: ‘Rather will we make France one vast cemetery than fail to regenerate it according to our convictions.’

Accordingly sanguinary repressive measures were decreed against farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers, who raised the price of their goods as the market price tended to rise through the increasing scarcity of produce.

¹ Page 77.

² Page 79.

Such 'legal brigandage' was not to be tolerated, and 'fore-stalling' was made a capital offence. It was death to the merchant who did not offer his stores for sale daily; death to him who kept more bread than his subsistence needed; death to the agriculturist who did not bring in his grain to the weekly market; and death to the shopkeeper who closed his shop. The prices of all articles needed for food, warmth, or clothing were fixed by authority, and not only those who took more but also those who offered more must go to prison. If, owing to this fixed maximum price the dealer abandoned a calling which only brought him loss, he became a 'suspected' citizen. Thus farmers, merchants, shopkeepers, and even artisans, became but clerks of a State which was rapidly becoming the only proprietor, capitalist, manufacturer, merchant, or shopkeeper, assigning to each citizen his task according to his estimated capacity.

The first steps in this direction were indeed taken by the Constituent Assembly itself, which dissolved all those traditional, historical groups in which the French people had naturally arranged themselves—provinces, nobility, clergy, parliaments, trade-corporations. The suppression of parishes, literary and scientific societies, agricultural, commercial, and charitable associations, were but so many further steps along the same road. All local attachments and organisations were attacked, and centralisation more and more enforced with the intention that the whole people should be united but by one tie. The official religion, with its decades for weeks and its inane festivals, was enforced, and children were not only to be taught its catechism but brought up in all respects according to a Spartan ideal. Thus, according to Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, boys from five to twelve, and girls from five to eleven, were to be educated together in State schools, with similar clothes, food, and teaching. Saint-Just desired that all lads from five to sixteen should be dressed

alike, in cotton, at all seasons of the year, sleeping for eight hours and nourished with bread, roots, fruits, vegetables, water, and milk, and should only eat meat when their military and agricultural education began. A select few were to be enrolled in a special band carefully guarded, fed on black bread and lard, with oil and vinegar, and formed in frugality, fraternity, morality, the love of country, and the hatred of kings.

Bakers were forbidden to make more than one kind of bread, 'the bread of equality,' and each citizen was to receive his ration in turn. On festival days every one was to take his provisions down into the street, and there dine with his neighbours, and on each decadi, all were to assemble with festivity in the temples of the Supreme Being. Women had to mount the tricolor and men to wear long hair, moustaches, a red cap and wooden shoes. A rude familiarity replaced the old monarchical politeness, and all were to address each other as comrades.¹ In a word, to ensure the welfare and happiness of the French people they were subjected to a despotism more complete and universal than any which the world had previously experienced.

As M. Taine well says,² if there have been some other despotisms which have been nearly as oppressive there was never one so utterly stupid, there was never one which not only tried to raise so crushing a weight with so short a lever but also went on augmenting the weight while continually shortening the lever wherewith it tried to raise it. When Philip II. burnt heretics and Jews, and Louis XIV. converted Huguenots by his Dragonnades, those tyrants at least oppressed but a small minority of their subjects, and were

¹ 'Sois grossière, pour devenir républicaine; redeviens sauvage pour montrer la supériorité de ton génie; quitte les usages d'un peuple civilisé, pour prendre ceux des galériens; défigure ta langue, pour l'élever; parle comme la populace sous peine de mort . . . deviens sotte, et prouve ton civisme par l'absence de toute éducation.'—Mallet-du-Pan, *Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 493.

² Page 149.

supported by the vast majority. Frederick II. by his endless wars caused the death of about a sixth of his male subjects; but at least these were serfs, the citizens escaped the conscription, while justice was administered, and great intellectual freedom prevailed, even fly-sheets against himself having a free sale in Berlin. Peter the Great, whip in hand, made his Muscovite bears dance to European tunes, but he remained the chief of their religion, and neither their traditional habits nor their communal rights were interfered with. Even the Caliph—a Mahomet or an Omar—whether brutal Turk or fanatical Arab, not only allowed his conquered Christians, in consideration of a certain sum of money, freedom to practise their religion, but State countenance and support for it, sustaining the jurisdiction of their patriarchs and other head men, with freedom of association for their convents and schools. Thus, whatever tyranny had previously existed, it had only been pushed to a certain point or exercised over a small minority, so that, however unjustifiable and pernicious, it was not manifestly absurd.

The Jacobin tyranny, however, continually added fresh multitudes to those already persecuted, while at the same time it alienated greater and greater numbers of those who had supported the system in its earlier stages. At first it had contented itself with attacking the venerable Church and the effete, monarchical State, but ultimately it attacked all religion, all property and family life, at their very foundations. During the first few years of its power it was content to destroy, and its work was then comparatively easy; but when the time came to build, then the magnitude of the task and the insignificance of the means became apparent. When it began the attempt to impose a new religion, new sentiments and manners, Spartan rigour, and the universal police regulation of the whole of life, every step that it advanced was a harder task, and raised up a greater and

greater host of silent enemies. In its early days it had against it only a large section of the clergy and of the nobility of sword and gown, but by degrees all men imbued with a love of European civilisation, class after class, and ultimately even the greater part of the revolutionists themselves, became its secret opponents, the latter finding at last that they also had to bear what they had merely thought of inflicting, and much disliked the strait-waistcoat which they only approved of as applied to their neighbours.

Finally, Couthon, Saint-Just, Billaud, Collot, and Robespierre had about them (with a few exceptions like Carnot) only narrow-minded sectaries unable to see the stupidity of their effort, and too fanatical to shrink from its inevitable horrors—a set of men whose incompetence equalled their ambition and whose consciences were perverted by sophistry and vanity, or destroyed by a prolonged impunity of crime. They were thus necessarily reduced to but one mode of government—Terror—and they were therefore forced more and more to parade its terrible instrument, for the full force of its effect on the imagination could only be maintained by an exaggerated use of it, owing to the tendency of habit to accustom the mind to any stimulus. As a negro chief, if he desires that all should prostrate themselves before him, must be attended by his headsman and kill arbitrarily, suddenly, on suspicion, and at will, the innocent with the guilty ; so it was with the Jacobin in power. He was lost, if he relaxed the tension of his rule. Thus it is that the natural leaders of such a movement are marked out from the first. They must be theorists who can seize its principles and who are logical enough to carry them out, while remaining stupid enough not to understand that their task exceeds all human power. They must feel that brutal force is their only weapon, and be inhuman enough to apply it without scruple or reserve, and be prodigal of life to strike the indispensable terror.

But severe as were the trials of those whom the Revolution directly attacked, it has generally been believed that not only were great benefits¹ conferred by it on the mass of the nation, but that also the lower and lowest classes were exempt from the sufferings which befell their social superiors. M. Taine, however, brings before us abundant evidence that this is a mistaken view. If, as is generally supposed, the 'people' under the *ancien régime* were chastised with whips, he shows us that the revolutionary *régime* chastised them with scorpions.

The absurd laws against forestalling, and the fixing of a maximum for selling prices, brought the nation almost face to face with positive famine. In 1793, Collot d'Herbois wrote² from Lyons: 'We have not enough food left for two days; our situation is desperate; we are on the verge of famine.' At Cahors, in spite of requisitions, Taillefer was forced to declare that 'the people have for a week past had to eat bread but a fifth part of which was made of wheat.' An agent writing from Tarbes said: 'On the day after the festival held to commemorate *the death of the tyrant*, there was absolutely no bread.' At Rouen and Bordeaux the inhabitants had allowed to them daily but a quarter of a pound of bread each. Crowds were lying down at night outside the bakers' shops in order to buy in the morning wretched bread for which they had to pay very dear, and this, indeed, they could not always obtain. Many peasants did not taste bread for a fortnight together, and gave up work.³ One writer declares: 'I myself have

¹ The class which benefited most from the Revolution were those agriculturists and small peasant proprietors who had succeeded in hiding away their coin during the full force of the Revolution, and who, when it began to abate and assignats became greatly depreciated, brought out their stores and bought land at incredibly low prices. See Lord Malmesbury's *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 290, 2nd October 1796.

² Taine, p. 493.

³ *Archives des Affaires étrangères*, vols. 331 and 332; 'Letters of Desgranges from the 3rd to the 8th Brumaire and from the 3rd to the 10th Frimaire.'

been eight days without bread. I should not mind that if I could only get potatoes, but there are none.' Five months later the distress still continued, and it only ended when the Reign of Terror ended. Tallien himself admitted¹ that in the district of Cadillac the most absolute scarcity reigned (the country people quarrelling over grass for food), and that he himself had been forced to eat couch-grass. The same misery extended far and wide. In Le Cher we read: 'The butchers no longer slaughter, and the shops are empty;' and that at 'L'Allier the markets are deserted, the public-houses shut up, and every kind of food, including vegetables, has disappeared, the starving people for the most part being as submissive as dejected.' Only Paris was turbulent, and so the rest of France was sacrificed to it. Not only did the Government spend in feeding it two millions of francs each week, but whole regions were devastated for its exclusive benefit. Armed revolutionary bands were appointed to collect the requisitioned food, and with the prospect of the prison and the guillotine before them, and by the help of the maximum, six of the departments were forced to supply it with corn, and twenty-six with pork.

During the fourteen months of the revolutionary government tumultuous crowds besieged the doors of every butcher, grocer, poulterer, and greengrocer, as well as the stores of fuel. The crowd extended from a grocer's door of the Petit Carreau halfway down the Rue Montorgueil. These files or 'queues,' began to form at midnight, the wretched men and women lying down when it was fine, but often obliged to stand shivering for hours with their clothes soaked with wet or their feet in snow, and this in dark streets which were filthy beyond expression, as the existing poverty no longer afforded means to pay for the sweeping of them or the lighting of more than half the lamps. Nor did hideous moral evils fail to

¹ *Moniteur*, xix. 671.

accompany so much physical misery. The most horrible and debasing depravity showed itself without shame or disguise before the eyes of half-starved wives and daughters, who were forced to stand their ground or go empty away. And empty they often had to go after standing their ground. When the hour came for the meat to be carried in by a backway all the best portions were reserved for various categories of citizens, including the pachas of the quarter. 'The wretched people who wait know that what is left will be insufficient, and with this dread before them there arise cries and struggles till, all at once, the queue is broken, then blows are freely given, and oaths resound on all sides; children are overthrown, food is snatched from the hands of the weak, and force alone decides the contest, which is indeed a struggle for existence. Elsewhere, impatient, famished women, more emotional and violent than the men, throw themselves on the carts as they are driven to the market, and the ground becomes strewed with eggs, butter, or vegetables, amidst the struggling women, who half suffocate each other in their eagerness for food.' The report of one of the superintendents is thus expressed: 'This morning the people of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine sallied out on the Vincennes road and pillaged the convoys coming to Paris. Some paid for what they took, others carried off produce without paying anything. The peasants swear they will not bring in another thing, and the scarcity is made greater by the efforts of each one to save himself from it. But it is almost in vain that the authorities try to force food into Paris in order to sell it there at a price below its real value. Naturally all the mayors and other village authorities are loath to starve their own surroundings, and the agents of the Government are bribed or cheated, so that often but half quantities of damaged corn are sent in. Moreover, when the food has come inside, naturally, bread which, thanks to the State, costs but three sous in Paris, finds its way surrepti-

tiously to the suburbs, where it sells for six sous; and so with other goods. Naturally also those who have power use it to increase their own store first. Thus by this doubly vicious system not only is Paris badly fed, but those of its inhabitants for whose benefit all this violence is employed get but a small portion, and that by far the worst.' In 1793, women remained for six hours in file in the Place Maubert without obtaining a quarter of a pound of bread. Many people complained of not having tasted meat for a fortnight. Of 2000 women who attended the market to get a share of haricot beans, only 700 could obtain any. Flour and peas trebled in price, and people had to go to bed at sundown from scarcity of candles. Sick women and others with children in arms had to remain in the snow at night for hours in the Rue Vivienne and on the Pont Royal, begging alms of passers-by with cries and tears, the image of despair.

But the Jacobins said all this was only due to the imperfect execution of the decrees against forestalling and establishing the maximum, and also to the egoism of the producers and the cupidity of the distributors, who on account of this imperfect execution were not enough restrained by fear. Thereupon all the engines of terror, fines, the prison, the scaffold, must be brought to bear with increased energy against all kinds of free trade, and especially against that of labourers and farmers. Even in April 1794,¹ these latter were to be seen in troops on their road to prison. It was impossible to make them understand that their harvests were the property of the nation, and that they were but trustees. It became necessary to remove them out of the way of temptation, and to make the State not only the one owner but also the one distributor of grain. The Committee of Public Society therefore placed in requisition all grain

¹ *Un Séjour en France*, 22nd April 1794.

throughout the Republic.¹ In the provinces, Paganel in Tarn and Dartigoyte in Gers and the Haute-Garonne, ordered each Commune to establish a public granary, where each citizen was to put all his grain of every kind, and no one was to retain in his house more than 50 lbs. of corn or flour per head for a month's provision. The municipalities were to deliver out rations of food and to take care that all vegetables were economically distributed as they became fit for use, always at the price of the maximum, and if any one should try to sell his at a higher price he was to be summoned before a special criminal tribunal. Maignet, in the departments of Vaucluse and the Bouches-du-Rhône, ordered every municipality to make two lists, one of labourers and the other of proprietors, so that the latter might have assigned to them, on demand, such hands as they might require. Two years in irons and the pillory were ordered for every labourer who failed to get himself put on the list, or who asked a higher price for his labour than that fixed for him by the authorities. Two years in irons and a fine of 300 livres were also ordered for every proprietor who should employ a labourer whose name was not on the list, or who should pay a wage above the prescribed maximum. Thus the people had indeed attained to an era of liberty and freedom! According to M. Taine, we have a farmer lamenting his woes as follows:—

‘In Messidor they took all my grain of last year at a price of 14 francs in assignats, and in Thermidor they will take this year's at 11 francs. At that price I shall sow no more, since my horses are taken away for the army. To raise more corn and rye than I want for my own use is a mere loss; better to leave my land fallow. They have requisitioned my pigs of three months old, so I have killed and salted them beforehand, but they will very likely requisition that provision. The new eat-everythings are worse than the former

¹ *Archives Nationales*, A. F.'ii. 68 (Arrêt du Comité de Salut public 28 prairial, Le prix maximum de l'avoine est de 14 francs le quintal; après le 30 messidor, il ne sera plus que 11 francs).

ones. Another six months and we shall all starve! We had better cross our arms at once and go to prison; there at least we shall be fed.'—Page 511.

And they did go to prison by thousands, and Lindet,¹ at the head of the committee of supply, found with dismay that land was no longer under cultivation, cattle were no longer bred, and it appeared certain that France the following year would have nothing to eat. 'Many cultivators,' wrote Dartigoyte,² 'show an inconceivable indifference with respect to the wonderful harvest which is to be expected. One must see to believe how the corn is neglected and smothered with weeds.' And these were French peasants, so proverbially devoted to their farms. Four simultaneous happy accidents alone saved France from famine at the eleventh hour. These were: (1) the weather was extraordinarily mild, so that vegetables were ready in April and May, and the harvest was wonderful; (2) 116 ships laden with grain from America arrived safely at Brest on the 8th of June 1794, having eluded the English fleet, which might easily have dispersed or destroyed the French ships; (3) the Republican armies had invaded other states and were now supported at the expense of the countries they had invaded; and (4) by a piece of supreme good fortune, Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, the Paris Commune, and the Jacobins, who were really faithful to their principles, were guillotined on the 28th of July. From that time the law of the maximum ceased to be enforced, and the Convention abolished it in December. Then the producers at once began to sell freely at two prices according to whether they were paid in cash or in assignats. This change, which was in many respects a great amelioration, was nevertheless a new source of misery to the unhappy poor. In fact, as soon as the guillotine began

¹ *Moniteur*, xxii. 21 (Discours de Lindet), 20th Sept. 1794.

² A. F., ii. 106, Circulaire de Dartigoyte, 25 Floréal.

to be less active, the assignats (which was the only money possessed by the great majority of the people) began to shrink and vanish in their hands, losing that fictitious value which force alone had enabled it to maintain. Thus, as early as August 1794, the value of assignats had fallen 66 per cent., 72 in October, 78 in December, and 81 in January 1795. From that time the fall went on yet more rapidly, owing to the reckless emission of paper money by the Government to keep pace with the rapid depreciation in the value of the paper. First a milliard of francs was issued, then a milliard and a half, and finally two milliards a month! Of course this only occasioned a still further decrease in the value of the Government notes. Thus, in June 1795, a single louis d'or was worth 205 francs in assignats, 400 in July, 1000 in August, 1700 in October, 2850 on November 13th, and 3000 on November 21st, while six months later it was worth no less than 19,000. On the other hand, an assignat of the nominal value of 100 francs sold for 4 francs in June 1795, for 3 francs in August, for 15 sous at the end of November, and finally for 5 sous. Of course the price of food rose simultaneously in proportion. On the 2nd of January 1796, one pound of lard cost 50 francs in assignats, a pound of meat 60 francs, a pound of candles 180 francs, and a bottle of wine 100 francs. It is almost impossible for us now to realise in imagination the distress which then overtook those unhappy persons who had to live on pensions and fixed incomes. France contained millions of famishing people, especially in the departments which produced little grain. A municipality of the Seine-et-Marne wrote:—

‘Since the last fortnight at least two hundred citizens of our commune are without bread, corn, or flour, and they have been living on bran and vegetables. We see children starving, because neither mothers nor wet-nurses can maintain a sufficient supply of natural nourishment for them.’—*Archives Nationales*, A. F., ii. 171.

A like misery existed in all the Ile-de-France, in Picardy, and in Normandy. In the neighbourhood of Dieppe whole communes lived on bran and herbs. At Caen, mothers and children had to be driven by force from the fields of peas and other vegetables, which hunger led them to pillage. The Commissary of Laon declared that for the past two or three months whole communes had been without bread, and lived on whatever vegetable substances they could manage to obtain. Mothers of families, old men, and pregnant women, often fell down fainting whilst begging for bread from the Directory. But matters were still worse in the towns than in the country. At Montreuil two hundred citizens were obliged to wander forth into the country to beg for food, while bands of brigands pillaged on all sides. ‘Quite lately,’ wrote¹ the Syndic of Saint-Germain, ‘the dead body of the father of a family was found in the fields with his mouth full of grass.’ At Boulogne-sur-Mer it was only possible to distribute two pounds of bad barley per head, as provision for ten days. At Brienne, out of 1660 inhabitants, 1360 were reduced to live each on a pittance of from three to eight ounces of corn, doled out weekly. At Caen the people lived on barley bread mixed with ox’s blood. At Amiens, 20,000 needy souls were nominally allowed half a pound, often practically reduced to four ounces, and this was the case six months after Fructidor, so that the distress which we now depict, and which was subsequent to the Reign of Terror, was certainly not less than that which we before described during it. Disorders naturally arose. Bread riots took place at Evreux, Dieppe, Vervins, Lille, and many other places. Violence indeed abounded on all sides, and the butt end of the musket was freely used. Such musket blows were needed to teach the peasant patriotism, and the townsmen had to be taught patriotism by blows also. Everywhere physical constraint was freely

¹ *Archives Nationales*, A. F., ii. 70.

exercised in the name of 'the people,' and everywhere the real, breathing individual had to groan beneath a tyranny exercised in the name of an ideal 'State.' The men themselves who exercised the central power of this ideal State had one great anxiety, that of preserving from famine the seat of the Government. Everything that the most absolute and arbitrary power could do to effect this was, as has already been suggested, done. Military posts surrounded the city and patrolled the roads for fifty miles around it. The men who ruled felt that, to save themselves, Paris must be fed, no matter at what price, no matter who might suffer. It soon cost the State 547 million francs a month. Under the old Government, Paris, although overgrown, yet had its utility. If it absorbed a great deal, it produced a great deal, and instead of living upon the rest of the country, it paid seventy-seven millions of francs into the public treasury. Under the new Government, however, it became a monstrous ulcer on the heart of France, an insatiable parasite, which by its six hundred thousand suckers absorbed all nourishment for a hundred and twenty miles around, and, while devouring every month the whole annual revenue of the State, still remained famished and unappeased. Those who had now come to suffer in the most extreme degree were the lowest of the people, the very insurgents who had again and again urged on the mad Jacobin terror, as well as the far greater mass of miserable people who had had no hand or part in it.¹ 'How many times,' says a Swiss traveller² who was in Paris at the end of 1795, 'have I not seen men who had fallen from weakness, without strength to rise again!' We read of no less than seven wretched people falling down in one street through starvation, and of a woman fighting with a dog for a bone. Meanwhile those at the head of the Government were in very different case. 'Towards ten o'clock,' M. Taine tells

¹ Taine, pp. 537 and 539.

² Meissner, *Voyage à Paris*, p. 132.

us,¹ 'Cambacérès, the President—destined later on to be the Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, and renowned for his gastronomic inventions and other more exceptionable tastes—might be seen in the pavilion of Equality, seated before an ample *pot au feu*, with white bread and good wine. From twelve to two his colleagues arrived, fed, and went to their various occupations. Meanwhile Roux, the President of the Committee of Food and Supply—an unfrocked Benedictine, afterwards a Terrorist, and subsequently an *employé* of Fouché,—continued at intervals to harangue the crowds of wretched women who besieged the office, begging for bread. Towards nine or ten at night, the Committee of Public Safety assembled again. After more or less prolonged discussion, amicable gaiety ensued; jaws worked, champagne flowed, and jokes went round amongst those who thought little enough of the millions of empty stomachs amongst "the people," who were nominally their masters, but really their abject slaves.'

If such evils were wrought in the name of liberty in France itself, it is no wonder that dire calamities everywhere followed the footsteps of the 'liberating' armies which overflowed from France into the surrounding countries. Everywhere we find the same contrast between the 'nominal' and the 'real'; the same grandiloquent phrases served to screen the same crimes, and systematic brigandage invariably followed the proclamation of liberty. The sanguinary farce which had been first played in Paris was repeated in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Italy, and always ended with the same transformation scene—a shower of blows to force individuals and corporate bodies to yield up their last coins. The piece generally began with an insurrection, fomented by the nearest French general, whose agents were those discontented souls who are to be found everywhere—the Jacobins of the place. In the eyes of the French representatives these Jacobins were

¹ Page 548.

'the people,' even if they were but a handful, and of the worst kind. Then followed a command that they must not be repressed or punished, after which a French intervention upset the traditional government, whether Royal, Aristocratic, or Municipal. Next, a copy of the French system was instituted and sustained by French bayonets, and a subject-republic, with the title of 'ally,' was made to pass anti-Christian and levelling laws copied from those of Paris. Then the mushroom legislative body was 'purged' and 'purged' again, till it was sufficiently filled with servile tools. The army of the subject state was next added to that of France, and thus 20,000 Swiss were levied to fight against Switzerland and its friends. Belgium was subjected to the conscription, and oppressed and wounded in its national and religious sentiments, till there arose half a dozen local rebellions (like that of La Vendée) in Belgium, Switzerland, Piedmont, Venetia, Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, to repress which fire and sword were freely used, and, above all, pillage. Thus General Lorge brought away (as we learn from Mallet-du-Pan) 165,000 livres pillaged from Sion; Brune, 300,000 from Berne, and Rampen and Pijou 216,000 each. General Duhem, in Brisgau, contented himself with 100 florins daily. Masséna, on his entry into Milan at eleven o'clock at night, seized in four hours, without any inventory, the moneys of all the convents, confraternities, hospitals, and pawnbrokers. Altogether, that night brought him in 1,200,000 livres.¹ It may be estimated that the French Jacobins took a total of 655 millions of francs from Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Italy in hard cash. In jewels, gold and silver work, and movable property of all kinds, 666 millions; and in lands and possessions of the clergy and corporations, and of fugitives and opponents, 700 millions more, or about two milliards in all in the course of three years. To replace the multitudes

¹ Mallet-du-Pan, *Mercure Britannique*, February 10, 1799.

slain in effecting such plunder, other multitudes were required, and in October 1798, 200,000 more youths were called out. No wonder the Belgian youths revolted, with their motto, 'Better to die at home than abroad.' But it was in vain; they were brought in with hands bound, or, if they escaped, their relations had to smart for it, and the conscripts themselves were shot if taken, and the property of their relations sequestrated.¹ Thus the vile Directory gained either way. If it lost soldiers, it grasped money in their place, and, in fact, it filled both its coffers and the army list, and was enabled to pillage Europe by squandering French lives at will. A hundred thousand such lives were needed yearly, and thus, together with those sacrificed by the Convention, a mortality of nine hundred thousand was caused in eight years. And all this was for the profit of the five Directors and their creatures. Well may M. Taine say:² 'I do not believe that any civilised nation ever before made such a sacrifice for such an object: a remnant of a discredited sect; a few hundred declaimers who no longer believed in the dogma they preached; usurpers as much despised as detested;³ chance survivors carried upwards by the blind waves of revolution, not through any merit of theirs, but because their emptiness gave them little weight.' These were the wretches who strangled France to make her free, and drew her life-blood to give her strength; who conquered the people under the pretence of freeing them, plundered them under the pretence of regenerating them, and who, from Brest to Lucerne, and from Amsterdam to Naples, robbed and murdered systematically in order to obtain the means of perpetuating their incoherent, stupid, and corrupt rule.

¹ Decrees of the 19 Fructidor, year VI., and of the 27 Vendémiaire, year VII.

² Page 620.

³ Lord Malmesbury's *Diary*, ii. p. 164, July 14, 1799, shows the aversion of the people for the laws of the Republic.

The natural and inevitable end of such a system came, as we all know, through the means it was forced to make use of as the only support of its power—that is to say, the army. The advent of that inevitable end had been facilitated by the illegal acts of the chiefs of the State themselves, and the democratic revolts they induced against even the incipient order which was beginning legally and peacefully to arise after the cessation of the Terror.¹ These prepared the way for the final and decisive military revolt. The *coups d'état* of the 18 Fructidor, year V., of the 22 Floréal, year VI., and of the 30 Prairial, year VII.,² naturally led up to the not more illegal *coup d'état* of the 18 Brumaire, *i.e.* the 9th of November, 1799, by which Napoleon put an end to Republican Jacobinism, to the advantage of Democratic Imperialism.

When Napoleon came upon the scene, the Revolution had nearly dissolved the French nation. All the various bodies, which had constituted the tissues, organs, and systems of organs of the social body, had been destroyed and reduced to their component millions of isolated atoms. It was as impossible for such a mass of incoherent units to reconstitute a stable state as for the dust or mud of Paris to form itself into Notre Dame. Only two great bodies remained with their old spirit of union and strong internal cohesion. These were the Army and the Clergy; but the latter were persecuted, and had become almost socially impotent. As to the Army, in spite of the violences

¹ Lord Malmesbury testifies (ii. p. 544, Sept. 9, 1797) to the arrest of the best men by the Directory—men not Royalists, but who wished to limit the Directory's solitary power. He also witnesses (iii. p. 541) to the bad effect of one of the Directory's *coups d'état* which destroyed the hope of peace then nearly concluded; as also (p. 599) to the horror manifested at Lille at the prospect of a revival of the Terror after the *coup d'état*. Mallet-du-Pan also recounts (*Correspondance inédite avec la Cour de Vienne*, i. 253) the distress occasioned to all classes by the conduct of the Directory, and its *coups d'état*.

² Taine, pp. 588, 624, and 625.

perpetrated by its generals abroad, loyalty, submission, obedience, discipline, attachment, and fidelity were still to be found within its own body. Those strong and healthy sentiments which unite together human wills in a bond of mutual sympathy, confidence, and esteem, namely, frank comradeship and familiar gaiety such as the French love, were generally diffused in it. These soldiers were but skin-deep republicans, and deemed it natural and proper that the whole nation should be subjected to that sort of discipline with which they were familiar, and which they thought good for themselves. Naturally enough they gave a hearty aid to their recognised chief in his efforts to establish a rule, which he declared was founded on an alliance between philosophy and the sword. By 'philosophy' men then understood the application of abstract principles to politics and the constitution of a state on a uniform pattern according to certain simple general notions. The pattern might be anarchical, as that of the Jacobins, or else despotic; and naturally the second was chosen by Napoleon. As a practical man, he began to build a structure, every detail of which implied and promoted the omnipotence of the State. The Government became omnipresent. Local and voluntary initiative was everywhere suppressed, the action of all that smacked of hereditary authority was impeded, and those sentiments by which the individual seeks to live in the past and the future were in every possible way discouraged. Never was a more excellent barrack constructed, more symmetrical, more attractive to the vulgar, more satisfying to the superficial mind, more convenient to narrow egotism, more calculated to discipline the vicious and to corrupt the really noble, than that philosophic barrack in which, M. Taine says, the French nation has now dwelt for eighty years.

But the tendency to a recrudescence of Jacobinism is

clear in France, and a tendency to favour excessive State action and interference is clear amongst English Radicals. Nevertheless Jacobinism is essentially retrograde, and is, in fact, a reversion towards a type of slavery from which Christian civilisation set us free. In ancient Rome and Sparta, which Jacobins take for their models, there were two supreme anxieties—the due propitiation of the Immortal Gods, and adequate protection during what was an incessant state of war. In such a condition of things arbitrary power was a necessity, and no conduct of any citizen was exempt from claims requisite for the protection of the city by Divine and human arms. Individual morality, apart from devotion to the State, had no existence. But with the advent of Christianity, not only the external circumstances, but the mental groundwork of them, became changed, and two ideas are now generally diffused which were before unknown—those of *conscience* and *honour*.

Alone and in the presence of God, the Christian finds all the bonds by which the citizen of the ancient state was bound dissolve like wax before the fire. He is bound indeed by duty to his friends, his fellow-citizens, and his temporal rulers; but such duty reposes ultimately and supremely on his individual duty, as a reasonable soul, to his God. Before that awful Divine tribunal he must stand alone to answer individually for his acts, and no community of citizenship can save him from their consequences. Patriotism has gained an infinitely higher sanction by abdicating its absolute and supreme control.

The sentiment of honour also, as often yet more practically effective, is not less socially precious. Its history is inseparable from that of bygone Christian ages. In his castle, at the head of his retainers, the early feudal chief had only himself to look to for support, for the arm of the law was powerless. In such a world of armed anarchy, he who

tolerated the least encroachment on his rights, or who allowed to go unpunished a semblance of insult, showed weakness or cowardice, and quickly became the prey of his stronger and bolder neighbours. He was bound to be proud, under pain of death. Pride also was natural to a man who ruled over a domain in which he had no equal. His own person and all that belonged to him was sacred in his eyes, and with this sentiment of self-respect arose that of 'honour'—a generous self-respect which forbade base actions to the noble. Of course there were many individual exceptions; of course vanity and folly often led to the placing of the point of honour elsewhere than where it should have been placed. Nevertheless, broadly speaking, the sentiment thus generated was of prodigious efficacy, and as age succeeded age, it preserved the dignity of the nobility even under the most absolute sovereigns. The tradition has descended, modified, ameliorated, and softened, from the old feudal baron to the modern gentleman, ever broadening and extending its beneficent influence till, in our own day, the citizen, the artisan, and the peasant (as may be seen especially in Spain) has his point of honour—his nobility. Each man now has at the least his own moral castle, wherein his beliefs, his opinions, his sentiments, and his affections are sacred and inviolable. He is lord of a very sacred if very small domain, which honour bids him defend against every possible aggressor.

These two ideas, conscience and honour, reign supreme in the moral world of Europe. The first teaches each individual his duties, from which no State command can absolve him; the other reveals to him his rights, of which no one may justly deprive him. These are, as M. Taine truly says, the two roots of modern civilisation, and through them it flourishes. The modern European is what he is, because of a long past of Christian education, which has made his conscience a sanctuary, and through a long past of knightly

chivalry, which has constituted his home his castle, a castle which Radicalism and Jacobinism would summon him to surrender, nominally to an abstract ideal, but really to a few unscrupulous demagogues. It is a fact, that in no political system is it so necessary to restrict the powers of the Government as in a democratic State. To its representatives should be accorded the minimum of confidence and power; and conscience and honour should be specially kept on guard against their encroachments, for with every extension of the suffrage we necessarily have fewer and fewer guarantees for the competence and discretion of our rulers. The great French Revolution, as vividly depicted by M. Taine, has many an important warning for us in England. On these, however, space does not allow us to enlarge now. It must suffice to point out, as tendencies likely to be especially disastrous to us—a sentimental tenderness, as distinguished from a rational benevolence, for the less worthy members of the community; weakness in suppressing the beginnings of mob rule; too light an estimation of what is traditional and hereditary; and forgetfulness that the action of a political natural selection is more to be trusted as evidence of what is useful than the abstract speculations of individual minds.

SOREL'S 'EUROPE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.'

L'Europe et la Révolution Française. I. Les Mœurs Politiques et les Traditions. II. La Chute de la Royauté. Par ALBERT SOREL.
Paris : 1885, 1887.

M. SOREL'S work is as original as it is interesting and instructive. Instead of making one more of the many descriptions which we already possess of the French Revolution itself, it is devoted to a consideration of the environment of that Revolution and of the actions and reactions between France and the other nations of Europe which accompanied it. M. Sorel endeavours, with much success, to set before us how it was that a movement, more or less generally diffused over Europe, culminated in France, and why the waves of that widespread current of opinion, which rose to their highest level in Paris, subsequently produced such different results in different countries. Whereas before 1789 the ruling spirit of surrounding nations was more or less in harmony with that of France, the very success of the French movement evoked on all sides an antagonism which varied in its character according to the previous history and national traditions of the several European States. Thus it came about that a revolution, which was essentially cosmopolitan, ended by changing the relatively cosmopolitan spirit of the Europe of the eighteenth century into the intense nationalism of the nineteenth.

But however cosmopolitan were the ideas and principles professed by the leaders of thought at the dawn of the

Revolution, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Europe of the *ancien régime* was composed of States organised on common principles and ruled by monarchs animated by a sense of their common rights and mutual obligations. 'Christendom' had no longer anything more than a nominal existence, and the political ideas of the time of Louis IX. had long died out. Feudal institutions which were at one time generally diffused over Europe west of Muscovy (with the exception of Ireland), had, towards the end of the eighteenth century, either fallen, or were undermined and ready to fall, ruined by the 'Renaissance,' by the revival of the Roman civil law, and by the philosophic spirit. One idea was, however, common to every continental power—the idea of 'the State.' The interests of 'the State' were deemed supreme and absolute, and its rights were based upon 'prescription.' No one then thought of blaming Voltaire for saying:¹ 'Time, opportunity, custom, prescription, and power together constitute all rights.' The very different forms of government which then existed in Europe—hereditary and elective monarchies, and republics with very different constitutions—were all considered to be equally legitimate. There was no idea that one kind of constitution had any real superiority over the others, still less that there could be an ideal constitution applicable to all countries. Thus France, under Louis XVI., intervened in Sweden and Poland against the aristocracy and in favour of the King, while in Prussia it sought to support the aristocracy against the sovereign, and combated in Geneva the cause of democracy, which it supported in America, as it supported the national franchises in Belgium and in Holland. During the whole of the eighteenth century there was but one league of crowned heads followed by intervention, and that was against the Kings of Sweden and Poland. Thus a

¹ *Annales de l'Empire*, liv. ii.

coalition like that of the 'Holy Alliance' was an impossibility before 1789. It required such a cataclysm as that of the French Revolution to bring about even the conception of such a union. The arts of diplomacy usually afford a good idea of contemporary manners and opinions. In the midst of the most cultivated society of old Europe, the diplomatists constituted an especially refined but corrupt group, the study of which easily enables us to understand how it became possible for them to accommodate themselves easily, when the time came, to the men and the ways of the Revolution. Under the *ancien régime* statesmen did not even profess to be influenced by any considerations but those of 'State interest,' and it might, therefore, seem hardly possible for a diplomatist to attain anything which should be to the detriment of the government to which he was accredited, and in favour of that which he himself represented. His power to occasionally effect this, however, depended upon the fact that though 'reasons of State' *reigned*, the 'passions of men and women' *governed*. This it was which enabled a skilful diplomatist to attain his ends by dexterously playing now upon the jealousy or personal ambition of a minister, now on the affections or venality of a royal mistress. The politician who would succeed had often to stoop very low, and make short work of delicacy or scruples. The mistresses of Versailles, the morganatic wives of Potsdam, and the male favourites of St. Petersburg, had to be gained over by varying forms of corruption.

The ideas of 'reform' which permeated Europe in the midst of the break-up of the old order, consisted in the abolition of the last relics of mediævalism—the system of the 'dark ages'—by the action of absolute princes themselves, friends of the new order of ideas, and therefore what was then termed 'enlightened.' The whole political system of the philosophers consisted in placing the omnipotence of the

State at the service of the infallibility of reason. As Mercier de la Rivière said, the State 'must govern according to the ideas of men of social orders,' and, so governing, it must be all-powerful. Such conceptions naturally gave rise to the most profound contempt for the English Constitution. Here, says Letrosne, we can make in a moment reforms which change the whole condition of the country, while in England such reforms are always at the mercy of political parties. Rousseau¹ also had nothing but ridicule for the 'stupidity of the English nation.' The idea of the most advanced continental reformers was then by no means to abolish absolute power, but to obtain the use of it; not to increase the freedom of individual men, but to constrain them in the right direction—a direction good for all nations, or rather all mankind apart from their various nationalities. Thus Lessing loudly declared that he had no notion of what a mere love of one's country might be. In 1784 Schiller declared: 'I write as a citizen of the world; I early exchanged the narrow boundaries of my own country for the vast world.' 'Germans,' he cried, 'seek not to form a nation; be contented with being men.' In his *Don Carlos*, published in 1787, the Marquess of Posa is his ideal reformer; he says:² 'Man is more than you think, and will break the yoke of his long sleep . . . be generous, be strong, and scatter happiness about. . . . See around you how rich nature is in her liberty. . . . Consecrate to the happiness of the people that power which for so long has been devoted to the greatness of the throne.' This adjuration was no mere piece of rhetoric, but expressed the confidence then generally felt in the omnipotence of the State for good or evil. 'Liberty' was then understood to mean the reign of 'enlightenment,' as 'the love of philosophy' was 'virtue.' Much was permitted to those who professed such 'virtue.'

¹ *Contrat Social*, liv. iii. ch. xv.

² Act iii. scene 10.

The authorship of *La Pucelle* was not thought any degradation to Voltaire, any more than the *Rêve de d'Alembert* to Diderot, or his *Confessions* to Rousseau; such things rather contributed to their celebrity. Catherine II., who cleverly duped the philosophers, since in reality she no more possessed the virtue they esteemed than the virtue to which they were indifferent, was an especial object of their admiration. 'Ah! my friends, what a sovereign!' exclaimed Diderot. 'You must all recognise in her the soul of Brutus in the form of Cleopatra.' Not without apparent reason, then, did absolute rulers view with indulgence the caprices or even the turbulence of such philosophers. They felt they could hold them well in hand and make use of them as a sort of intellectual *condottieri* at their service.

A strange mixture of good and evil, of wise reforms and futile arbitrary acts, characterised the governments of that day. Everywhere, but especially in Italy and Germany, intellectual culture was encouraged, schools opened, and universities extended. Religious toleration reigned in Prussia. Gustavus III. introduced it into Sweden, and even the Prince Bishops patronised it. In 1783 the Bishop Elector of Trier made a decree in favour of dissenters for 'the honour of religion, and the increase of commerce.' Torture was abolished in Tuscany and Sweden, and was generally falling into desuetude. Serfdom was suppressed in Baden in 1783, and in Denmark in 1788. It was diminished and attenuated in Prussia by Frederick, and in Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, and Hungary by Joseph II., who in less than five years attempted, and in great part carried out by his absolute decrees, a revolution greater than that effected by the Constituent Assembly of France. He abolished the ancient territorial divisions and established in their place thirteen governments, each divided into 'circles'; he suppressed the various national and provincial diets, and (in the French

fashion) instituted 'intendants' in their place. The burgo-masters became his nominees, and the political functions of the nobility were abolished, while they and the clergy were alike subjected to taxation. He sought to impose the German tongue on his Hungarians, Croatians, Czechs, Poles, and Slavs, while he restricted commerce by a system of the most rigorous protection. It is true that he built many schools and hospitals, and ameliorated the condition of the peasantry, but his ideal was to form a State, all the subjects of which should be equal, under a uniform despotism which by education should form all its citizens upon one model. Though he decreed religious toleration, yet, in 1777, he declared that there ought to be only one religion—a religion which should guide all the inhabitants of his empire to efficiently contribute to the welfare of the State. And, indeed, philosophy had introduced a new religion into Europe, and one the hostility of which to the system of former days showed itself plainly in the actions even of rulers who supposed, or professed, themselves to be the main supporters of Catholicism. As we said before, Christendom, the ideal Christian republic, which was for a brief time realised under Innocent III., and which took common action in the earlier crusades, had no longer more than a nominal existence. The only common action taken by the Catholic Powers in the eighteenth century was that which brought about the suppression of the Jesuits. That famous company, which had so largely contributed to help on the despotism of the Catholic monarchs, had now to reap what it had so industriously and efficiently sown. The sovereigns of France, Spain, Naples, Parma, and Portugal had expelled the Jesuits from their domains, as their absolute and unconstitutional power enabled them to do. But they were by no means content with merely carnal weapons. They desired that the head of the Church should also smite them with the spiritual sword. Accordingly, the

representatives of the 'most faithful,' 'most Catholic,' and 'very Christian' kings made their representations to the Holy See to this effect, and they did so with scant courtesy and small consideration. Their demands were arrogant and menacing. They insisted that the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, should forbid every member of the hated order to enter his territory, and should, as supreme spiritual ruler, suppress them. When Clement XIII. tried to resist even the weakest of the allied sovereigns—the Duke of Parma—France immediately seized Avignon, while Naples occupied Beneventum. Only when his successor had capitulated and actually suppressed the company was the Holy See allowed to recover its States.

In the general movement of the European Governments towards an augmentation of despotic power, the Catholic States had to contend with that still powerful body, the Roman Church. That Church had also itself followed the common impulse towards centralisation, till it had come to realise the old Roman imperial power transferred to the domain of religion. A body so rich and apparently defenceless as the Church became a common object of attack. It was not to be expected that rulers who had humiliated and subjected their nobles, and dispersed the national or provincial assemblies of their States, should be content to see within their realms a corporate body, numerous, rich, powerful, well-disciplined, and under the control of a foreign sovereign. The ideal to which they looked with envy was a Church similar to that of Russia, the illustrious monarch of which was declared¹ by Voltaire to be the only rational one, inasmuch as she paid the priests, whose mouths were opened or shut at her orders. Even in Catholic Spain there was a constant struggle to depress the Church from the beginning of the reign of Philip V. to the end of that of Charles III.

¹ In a letter to Count Schouvalof of December 3, 1768.

Pombal followed suit in Portugal, while Ferdinand of Parma and Leopold of Tuscany were active in the same direction, suppressing convents, and even interfering in the details of public worship. The Republic of Venice imitated the monarchies, and the very Prince Bishops of Germany joined the movement. In 1785 those of Trier, Mainz, Köln, and Strasburg sent a formal notice to the Roman *curia* intimating that, if they were not allowed to reject papal bulls when they thought fit so to do, they would convoke a national council.

Thus it was that, when the French Revolution broke out, it found ready to its hand accepted maxims and received views which had but to be vigorously applied in order, as it seemed, to make an end for good and all of the despised and detested tyranny of centuries past. Yet, by the irony of fate, the very measures thus initiated, by occasioning war with Europe, and the rise of Napoleon, served to raise papal absolutism in the spiritual domain to a far higher level than it had ever before attained under the most powerful of the mediæval pontiffs.

It was the decrees of the Constituent Assembly in favour of the civil constitution of the clergy which finally decided Louis XVI. to demand the intervention of Europe, and which let loose civil war in France. M. Sorel himself says:—

‘One may say that of all the errors of the Assembly that was the most calamitous; it exercised the most dissolving action on the State and nation, and opened the abyss into which the Revolution plunged headlong. The Assembly was led into it less by a false appreciation of what was politically expedient than by the blinding effect of its own passions. The strongest sentiment of the most “enlightened” of the eighteenth century was anti-religious passion. In their eyes the Church not only represented a tyranny, but they hated it as a privileged and very opulent corporation. They ardently desired to suppress its privileges, confiscate its wealth, and reduce its members to an equality with other citizens.’ (Vol. ii. p. 115.)

It would have been possible to do this without producing a fatal crisis. The Church would, of course, have protested, but the necessities of the moment, and the intense national sentiment which had been evolved, would have sufficed to cause the acceptance of a measure which harmonised with the principles of the new constitution. But the Assembly made a profound mistake when it attempted, at one and the same time, to proclaim freedom of worship while erecting a new State Church on an exaggeration of the principles of 1682. Professed freethinkers, inveterate enemies of all religious belief and of every church; legists, experts in all the subtleties of the Roman civil law but quite indifferent or hostile to Christian doctrine; Protestants, just emancipated from iniquitous laws which regarded their faith as treason, with a few Jansenists and unfrocked priests, composed the strange council which sat at Paris pretending to found a new State Church. The decrees of that council were such as might have been expected. Pastors were to be nominated by an electoral college of each district, the members of which might be of any religion or of none, and the loudly vaunted religious freedom was soon violated in the persons of the nonjuring clergy and their followers. They, as we know, quickly became objects, first of suspicion, then of active hostility, and ultimately of furious persecution. Thus, as M. Sorel observes, 'this assembly of philosophers found itself led by the force of logic to violate, almost as soon as decreed, one of the principles most passionately demanded by the philosophy of the age—religious toleration.'

We will next follow our author in a brief survey of the various nations of Europe at this eventful period.

Holland owed much to France. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. had largely aided the establishment of the Dutch Republic, and an active and influential French party had existed in

Holland since the end of the sixteenth century. Nevertheless, there also existed a germ of hostility to a French alliance, because the independence of Holland was more directly threatened by the preponderance of France than even by that of the house of Austria, while it had little to fear from England. Thus it came about that the Dutch Government joined with England and Sweden in resisting the advance of Louis XIV., which act led to the invasion of Holland, and ultimately to the peace of Utrecht. The earlier half of the eighteenth century was passed by the Dutch in easy confidence and prosperous commerce, but in the latter half a struggle began between the Stadholder and the burghers, the former being favoured by England, the latter by France. The action of France, however, was soon paralysed by the incipient stages of its Revolution, so that it could not contend with England and Prussia, or prevent the Stadholder becoming established as a sort of constitutional sovereign. Many of his opponents and many Dutch democrats migrated to France, and thus it was that the Revolution found Holland under a hostile ruler, while yet an important part of the nation was sympathetic with the French. Later on, however, the success of the French revolutionary government brought about the same position of affairs as had existed under Louis XIV.; for the Dutch democracy could no more see with equanimity the power of France extending to the Meuse and to the Rhine than could the Dutch patricians before. Thus, after an interval of a century, a similar succession of circumstances first associated and then dissociated the two countries and led to a similar struggle, resulting (after the fall of Napoleon) in even a greater triumph for Holland than that which followed upon the humiliation of the *Grand Monarque*.

While Holland was thus, by its interests, alternately attracted to France and England, Spain, in 1789, seemed

indissolubly attached to France. The two dynasties, the two governments, and the two nations were united in the closest bonds by what was called the *Pacte de famille*. This was a treaty of alliance, signed on August 15, 1761, during the most disastrous crisis of the Seven Years' War, when Spanish intervention alone saved France from the most crushing defeat. In spite of all efforts on the part of Charles III., Spain was in a state of rapid decay. The main immediate cause of this was the constant decrease in the amount of the treasure sent to the mother country by its American colonies, which suffered from every kind of bad government, and became more and more affected by a spirit of revolt, greatly promoted by the struggle going on with England in North America. Oppressed and exhausted, and with no foreign trade, the Spanish colonies participated in all the causes of Spain's decline, without having that support which the mother country derived from the traditions of her past. In 1788 Charles IV. came to the throne, unhappily for Spain. Corpulent and weak-minded, chaste and devout, he was incapable of thinking evil of any one, and was the slave of his worthless wife, Marie Louise of Parma, who despised him heartily, and who, though thirty-four years of age (her husband was not forty), was herself the slave of the handsome guardsman Godoy, thirteen years her junior. Thus, at the eve of the French Revolution, the grave and once terrible Spanish monarchy was represented, to use M. Sorel's expression, by the three characters so familiar in old comedy—namely, a good-natured husband duped by a mature wife, the catspaw of a needy young lover. Charles III. had been one of Europe's 'enlightened' rulers, but his well-intended reforms were in opposition to the sentiment of the nation. Spain, as we have seen, felt the effects of the flood of philosophic reform which flowed over Europe. But it was, in our author's opinion, a very shallow wave

which passed over the Iberian peninsula, and its soil was not of a nature to be gravely affected by it. Much attached to the national dynasty, hostile to innovations, and indifferent to general political liberty, the Spaniards were passionately affected by two things only—their religion and their provincial franchises. Their habitual external obedience to their rulers, however, disguised an ardent spirit of independence, which showed itself unmistakably whenever they were deeply stirred. This was plainly shown later on when their dynasty was overthrown, their religion threatened, and their customs and habits of life outraged by the results of the French Revolution. Then it was that those Spaniards who had been deemed as of no account, except as examples of national decay, rose with a burst of patriotism and furious fanaticism which disconcerted most of Europe's politicians.

To these deep-seated conservative tendencies the new reign appealed. Charles IV., his queen, and Godoy became, before all things, devout—the king conscientiously, the queen hypocritically, Godoy politically. They instituted a reaction which became popular, and for which the course taken by the French Revolution afforded a pretext. The Inquisition was re-established, the Church regained her power, and the people were content. Nevertheless, the government was not seriously and persistently hostile to that of revolutionary Paris, because the queen only desired war that her lover might have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, while she desired peace that he might be popular. Thus Spain became alternately the ally of England and of France. It condemned the revolutionary government violently, combated it feebly, and finally sought it and succumbed to it.

Italy was, in the eighteenth century, growing to be again more than 'a geographical expression.' Literature and art were creating the idea of her nationality, and Italians were

looking back with longing eyes to their own distant past. As Catherine II. wrote, in 1780, 'Italy waits and hopes'; and Madame de Staël gave expression to what had long been the feeling of cultured Italy when she said,¹ 'The Italians are much more remarkable for what they have been, and for what they may be, than for what they are at present.' In a country so divided politically, and which had undergone such repeated transformations, local loyalty was not to be expected. Only the Piedmontese had any real attachment to their government. The dynasties of Parma, Tuscany, and Naples had had too little permanence to inspire loyalty, and the Pope was, of course, an elected sovereign whose reign could be but short. In Northern Italy feudalism was hated almost as much as in France, and the clergy were very commonly detested. Thus the Revolution found that part of the country cordially sympathetic. The democratic passion for abstract rights was widely disseminated, and the lower classes were already seeking to give practical expression to their sentiments. A Piedmontese gentleman having forbidden a procession to pass through his grounds, the peasants cried out, 'If the nobles are not quiet we will burn their houses.' At Carouge, in 1789, the mob threatened to hang the Intendant, who fled, and at Chambéry the governor resigned his powers to the town council.² In 1790 there were revolts in Leghorn, Pistoia, and Florence. Bernis, the French ambassador, wrote home that the regency had yielded all the people asked, and that, nevertheless, tranquillity was not established in the Grand Duchy.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was under the nominal rule of Ferdinand IV., but was really governed by his wife, Marie Caroline, and her favourite, Acton. The sympathies

¹ *Corinne*, liv. i. ch. v.

² Bianchi, *Storia della Monarchia Piemontese*, vol. i. ch. ix., Sections 2 and 3. Bolta, *Hist. d'Italie*, liv. ii. Paris, 1824.

of the latter were entirely on the side of the English, and thus the southern end of the peninsula was in antagonism to the north. The Pope was naturally, and of necessity, anti-revolutionary. The Republics of Genoa and Venice were in a state of most unstable equilibrium. At each deliberation of the Genoese Senate, the doge exclaimed, 'Remember, senators, the safety of the republic depends on its neutrality.' At Venice, the doge, Renier, declared, 'If there is a State which has need of peace it is ours. We possess neither army, nor fleet, nor allies; but live hazardously on our great reputation for wisdom. This is all our power.' The Venetians trembled before Austria, which coveted their territory, and leaned, or tried to lean, on the support of France, while owing their continued existence to the rivalry between those powerful nations.

The only State with a traditional policy was Sardinia, which also tried to balance itself between France and Austria, making use of the former to obtain additions to its territory, and of the latter to assure the continued possession of what had thus been gained. Towards 1789 very cordial relations existed between France and Sardinia, which were promoted by the double marriage of Louis XVI.'s brothers with the daughters of Victor Amadeus. When Russia and Austria were threatening Turkey, the Sardinians felt that if they were to make a figure in the world they ought to take part in the then Eastern question, and that they should ally themselves with France and England—a curious anticipation of the Sardinian policy in the Crimean war.

In 1789 the Holy Roman Empire had become but a shadow of what it once had been. Whilst in England and France feudalism had disappeared, to give place to a centralised monarchy, in Germany the very reverse process had taken place, and the feudatory States had become practically independent, their independence having been solemnly con-

firmed by the treaty of Westphalia. In theory, Imperial Germany extended over 660,000 square kilometres, with from 28 to 30 millions of inhabitants. The map of the empire exhibited an extraordinary number of territorial divisions most unequal in extent. In Suabia, the Upper Rhine, and Westphalia, the map resembled a veritable mosaic, and States of every kind, from those of simple knights upwards, were therein included. The free cities and ecclesiastical principalities together formed about a seventh part of the whole. The Holy Roman Empire was an empire without subjects, without a constitution, and without a sovereign. The only imperial institutions were the Chamber of Wetzlar, the aulic council at Vienna, and the diet which, in 1788, had been convoked at Ratisbon. The diet was an assemblage of delegated diplomatic lawyers, which could never really deliberate, or even discuss. A question addressed to it by the Emperor had to be referred by each delegate to his government, which replied at its leisure by a note which its delegate had to communicate to the diet. This assembly was composed of three colleges, and the consent of two of these was necessary to the validity of any resolution. The first college was the electoral college, which chose the Emperor, and consisted of the Electors of Mainz, Trier, Bohemia, the Palatinate, Saxony, Brandenburg, and Hanover. The second was the college of princes, and had an ecclesiastical bench and a lay bench. The third college was that of the free cities. The diet was little more than a court for registering the decisions of the various States therein represented by their delegates. So cumbrous a piece of machinery came, naturally, to be little used and much neglected. Out of the hundred delegates the princes had power to send there were but fourteen at Ratisbon in 1788, and only eight out of the fifty-one to which the free cities were entitled.

The Emperor was but the pompous image of a sovereign. He had the command of an army, which could not be assembled except by a decree of the diet. His normal budget amounted but to 13,884 florins, and a decree for an extraordinary credit was needed for any further sum. His government consisted of a vice-chancellor and some clerks, and his functions were to bring business before the diet and to promulgate its decrees. He was, in fact, the very dignified president of a confederation of practically sovereign States. His feudatories, from Prussia and Bavaria downwards, were actuated by but two desires—to increase their possessions and their power.

Thus it was that the princes saw at first in the French Revolution nothing but an opportunity for obtaining emancipation and aggrandisement. Towards 1789 the States bordering the Rhine had sought French protection and were under French influence. The only hostile potentate was the Archbishop Elector of Köln, who was the brother of the Queen of France. The French King had been accustomed to find not only allies but recruits in Western Germany, and some of his regiments were levied there. As has been said, Germany was then agitated by ideas which were akin, as far as expressions and appearances went, to those of revolutionary France. But the very different antecedents of the two peoples gave very different meanings to the same phrases. The German, however he might declaim about a citizenship of the world, held firmly to his traditional customs. The poet who was most thoroughly impregnated by the sentiments of Rousseau could yet say,¹ ten years after the meeting of the States-General, 'Unhappy he who would deprive men of their affection for things venerable, the precious legacy of our ancestors! Time consecrates them, and makes things which were but respect-

¹ *Wallenstein*, act i. scene 4, 1799.

able in the eyes of the old, absolutely sacred in the eyes of childhood.'

The Germans had also preserved their religious traditions; Voltairian scepticism had affected but the mere surface of society, and had not penetrated beneath it. In France, irreligion preceded the Revolution, prepared the way for it, and stamped it with its anti-Christian character. In Germany, on the other hand, rationalism assumed airs of piety, and men sought to harmonise their new ideas with old doctrines. 'La Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard,' which only suggested to France the paradox of the civil constitution of the clergy, produced a religious revival in Germany. It was the same thing with respect to democracy. The whole history of France had prepared the way for it, and it was in the manners and character of the people. In 1789 one decree sufficed to bring the law into harmony with this sentiment. In Germany, enlightenment, reform, and progress had come from the princes. If the people had wants it was for the State to satisfy them, and if they had desires it was for the Princes to gratify them. They habitually showed great deference towards the established powers, not as a matter of prudence, but from taste and conviction. Their idea was to strengthen the powers by reforming them, and in no way to upset them. A levelling of ranks was a thing repugnant to them, and anarchy they held in horror. This Teutonic spirit was well expressed by Lessing, when he said, 'Do not throw away your muddy water till you get clean water to replace it; do not pull down the temple, but construct another beside it.' In spite, however, of these characteristic differences, the first outburst of the French Revolution not only profoundly moved them, but strongly attracted their sympathies. The passion which roused them, however, was thoroughly German, and it was into their own

modes of thought and feeling that they unconsciously translated the French proclamations of the rights of a sovereign people and the lofty virtue of patriotism. To them it appeared that the first of the rights of man was the right for them to be Germans. The very spread of French patriotic principles gave to the Germans a new love for their own language, a new taste for their own poetry, an intense sentiment of their nationality, the worship of their own history, and a respect for themselves. The revolutionary spirit which in France produced a rupture with the past, contempt for which was its very first principle, became for Germans the reunion of ties broken centuries before, and the re-establishment of a worship of ancestors.

In spite of the antecedently wide extent of French influence in Germany and the fashion which had so long existed of copying the ways of France, the principles of its Revolution raised up in Germany a nation which soon became, first suspicious of the French Government, and then hostile to it. Nevertheless, these sentiments showed themselves differently in different parts of the empire. In those regions where the traditions of the Middle Ages had become, as in France, all but extinct, the Revolution was heartily accepted and acted on. This was especially the case on the left side of the Rhine, above all at Mainz, where a group of men existed eager for liberty and full of the new ideas—such as Förster and all the future leaders of the 'République Rhénane.' The Prince Bishop Frederick Charles Joseph d'Ecthal invited innovators, attempted to make reforms, and tried to found an 'enlightened' government. He only succeeded, however, in encouraging the taste for change, and in preparing the way for the Revolution. For the rest, reforms were more or less to the taste of each government, which saw how much the State had to gain by them, and by identifying itself with many

of the French principles and practices. Nassau gave birth to the famous reformer, Baron Frederick Charles Stein, the greatest statesman of his country, and one of the most noble and penetrating geniuses which Germany has at any time produced. He belonged to one of the few families, barons of the empire, who had not only preserved feudal customs, but their public utility also, and legitimated their rights and privileges—as their mediæval predecessors had done—by services rendered; gradually emancipating and elevating their subjects, whose forefathers their ancestors had protected against misery and brigandage. It was Stein who suggested to the Princes of Germany the idea of benefiting themselves by the abolition of feudal burdens, by useful reforms, and by presenting themselves to their subjects as incarnations of patriotism. Curiously fatal to France were the results of the great French movement. As M. Sorel observes—

‘In simplifying the map of Germany . . . France did away with those material obstacles which had previously opposed the union and consolidation of Germany. By secularisations and mediatisations France took from the ecclesiastical governments and the nobles holding directly of the Emperor (a condition which isolated them and kept them in a sort of reciprocal exile) populations which were no sooner transferred to lay States than they became rapidly fused together. She thus agglomerated and concentrated populations, and opened avenues for the advance of that national spirit which her revolutionary propaganda had set going. Finally, in 1806, the Holy Roman Empire was indeed destroyed, but thereby Germany was resuscitated. The tie which France had broken was one which had long been worn and feeble, while she founded in its place indestructible attachments amongst the German peoples. In dissolving the empire, which was but the phantom of a State, she united the Germans into the most redoubtable of nations. It was the scattered, separated condition of these peoples which had made the destruction of the empire so easy; in reuniting them, the re-establishment of the empire itself was prepared.’

Thus it was that, though at the end of the eighteenth century the 'House of Austria' was a great power and had practically a continuous possession of the legally elective imperial dignity, it was not as 'Emperor,' but as the ruler of his scattered hereditary States, that the head of that house was powerful. These States, besides the Austrian Archduchy and the Kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, included Croatia, Sclavonia, Transylvania, the Bukowina, part of Galicia, a fragment of Silesia, with Moravia, Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, and the Tyrol. To these were added the Milanese territory (divided by Venice and the Valtelina from the other Austrian dominions), together with Belgium and Luxemburg (separated off by the Bishopric of Liège), and a number of towns and lordships in Suabia. The official title of the ruler of these varied domains, before his election to the empire, was 'King of Bohemia and Hungary'; but, little by little, the custom arose of designating the totality of his possessions by the appellation which its reigning house had derived from its ancient archduchy. Altogether these States included 140,000 square kilometres, and about 24,000,000 of inhabitants. These were about the proportions of France; but whereas in France the whole State was homogeneous and coherent, in Austria all was heterogeneous and disintegrated. The difficulty of bringing about harmonious action with States so different in conditions and antecedents was necessarily immense. Add to this the cumbrous complications of the imperial rule, and it becomes plain that the 'internal affairs' of the Austrian government must have resembled the 'foreign affairs' of any more centralised State. The monarchy was reduced to apply to itself those rules of conduct which the other Powers of Europe, in their perpetual rivalry, were accustomed to apply to each other, and popular aspirations

were similarly exceptional. In France federalism was considered treason to the nation. In Austria every movement which had any chance of becoming popular must necessarily tend to federalism. The one constant aim of the Austrian monarch was to make his shadowy imperial position a substantial reality, and to become the effective as well as legal ruler of a united Germany. Hence arose a profound hostility to Prussia, the weakening or dismemberment of which was necessary to the success of his plans. One great means of increasing Austrian power was the much-desired acquisition of Bavaria, either by conquest or by exchanging the distant province of Belgium for it.

As to Poland, Austria was strongly interested in maintaining it as a barrier against Russia, while at the same time she feared the consequences which might ensue to herself from an effective reform of the Polish Republic. She therefore, in M. Sorel's opinion, preferred to maintain anarchy in that State, regarding it as a reserve whence provinces might be carved out in the future. Austria also, he tells us, looked forward to aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, and on that account, as also for other reasons, was glad that France should have its hands full, that it might not be able to join with Prussia in any hostile action. In 1788, therefore, Joseph II. judged that the state of affairs at Versailles was critical enough to permit him to do as he liked in the East, and so undertook, in concert with Catherine II., a war of conquest against the Ottoman Empire. It thus became his interest that France, while possessing the external appearance of a normally constituted State, should neither recover its wonted elasticity nor its vigorous activity. The French Revolution, therefore, appeared to him to be singularly opportune, and his passive attitude with regard to it, as

well as that of his brother Leopold, who succeeded him, was perfectly consistent.

The intellectual development of Austria was very inferior to that of France. 'Enlightenment,' though patronised by such statesmen as Kaunitz, and popular in certain circles, was generally but little esteemed and somewhat dreaded. Up to 1764 the Jesuits were the chief teachers. The universities, colleges, and schools were in their hands, and they controlled the censorship, which was rigid enough, however formal and ineffective education might be. Thus it needed an express command of the Empress Maria Theresa to enable Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* to pass the frontier. Intellectually inferior, the morality of Vienna was in no way superior. The famous 'Commission concerning Chastity,' established by the Empress, and the rude lessons she gave to those about her, had but small effect in checking the sensual frivolity so common in her capital. Meanwhile the various Austrian States only understood political liberty as being a sanction for those forms of local government which were traditional—for the most part aristocratic institutions, the spirit of which was quite opposed to the Revolution. The peasantry desired, indeed, relief from feudal burdens, but these they expected from the hands of the sovereign alone, from whom they awaited some such enlargement of their civil liberty. Thus there was an actual antithesis in Austria between these two forms of freedom. An advance in political liberty seemed to Austrians to make civil liberty more difficult of attainment, while such civil reforms as were accomplished turned to the profit of absolute power, and were hostile to that political liberty which in many parts of the Monarchy was much more highly prized. Thus the reforms of Joseph II., radical, arbitrary, decreed with violence, and applied with feebleness, gave rise to widespread revolt

and almost to revolution. The nobles and clergy, clamouring for their immunities, would lend no support to the central power; while the imperial agents, puzzled and paralysed by contradictory orders, produced by their acts an intensification of that provincialism they were instituted to destroy. In Bohemia, the nobility began again to speak Czech and to demand the convocation of 'the States,' while the Hungarians clamoured for their diet. In the Low Countries a revolt took place, which was only suppressed with much difficulty by Joseph's successor, the Emperor Leopold. It was a very interesting movement, as it illustrated the existence there, before 1789, of French democratic ideas side by side with that more dominant passion for antique rights and liberties which culminated in actions of bloodthirsty cruelty, anticipating in the cause of religion excesses afterwards perpetrated in Paris by the enemies of all religious faith. The Belgian revolt was mainly directed to bring about the restoration of mediæval institutions and clerical privileges. Yet then, as in our own day, two very different parties existed, which, though they acted in concert against the Emperor, divided in mutual hostility as soon as they thought they had safely established a Republic. There was a vigorous minority, led by a citizen named Vonck, which was animated by a democratic anti-clerical spirit. The much more numerous and popular party, however, was that of the nobility and clergy, who treated the Vonckists, suspected of philosophy, much as the French democrats afterwards treated the suspected aristocrats. The Jesuit Fuller and Canon Duvivier, denounced the Vonckists as disciples of Voltaire and accomplices of Austria. A pamphlet advised the people to confiscate their goods and make use of them for the service of the State. 'You will only take back,' they said, 'what your slaughtered patriots have been robbed

of.' On March 15, 1790, placards were posted up in Brussels inviting the 'patriots' to assemble in the great square for the defence of religion, the constitution, and liberty. Lists of 'the suspected' were drawn up, and houses marked for plunder and massacre in the name of the people. An imprudent word meant death. One day a casual passer-by was charged with insulting an image of the Virgin which was being carried in procession. Instantly he was seized and hanged to a street lamp. The cord broke. The crowd made him kneel down and then sawed his head off, which they triumphantly carried about on a pike through the city. Such was the discordant and divided condition then existing in the various parts of the wide dominions of the 'House of Austria.'

Very different, indeed, was the condition of the Prussian monarchy. In 1786 Mirabeau wrote, 'To-day Prussia is the pivot upon which hangs peace or war.' In the last years of the *ancien régime* that country occupied the attention of all political minds in France. It excited their ardent admiration. Those who were most eager for reform spoke of the Prussian monarchy as the 'great and efficient machine at which superior artists have laboured for centuries.' It was, for the philosophers, the very ideal of an 'enlightened' government; yet it rapidly became the most ardent adversary of the Revolution, and afterwards effected those repeated changes of policy with which history has made us familiar. They did but serve, however, to further develop those characteristics which Prussia had had from its very beginning. It would not be easy to imagine a government more antithetic to Austria. In Prussia all the social and political forces tended to produce a compact and coherent State, which, instead of being modified by its environment, itself gave forth vigorous impulses on all sides. Formed in the sixteenth century by the

forcible union of the March of Brandenburg with the territory of the Order of the Teutonic Knights, it was at its very outset essentially military and dynastic, the sovereign being at the head of a thoroughly warlike nobility and of an army organised like a military order. The State was, as it were, conceived in aggression and born in conquest; and aggression and conquest were its continual pre-occupation. Its territory being without well-defined frontiers, all lands in its vicinity were welcome prey. But though very often easy to conquer, they were almost always difficult to retain; hence the continued preponderance of the military spirit. Part of Poland was interposed between the two primitive constituents of the State, and therefore there could be no rest till that was appropriated. Conquerors at first by necessity, the Prussians acquired the taste and temperament for conquest. War was said to be their 'national industry,' an industry which culminated under Frederick the Great. The religious liberty he instituted was peculiar, in Europe, to Prussia. It sprung, however, from no respect for conscience or love for freedom on his part, but was the result both of his scepticism and moral indifference, as well as of his political interest—since it served as a bait to attract useful strangers. At Berlin, scepticism became for a time the fashion, and was accompanied by the most profound and gross moral depravity. When, however, the great warrior was succeeded by his nephew, Frederick William II., a complete reaction set in. In 1788 two edicts appeared, one against liberty of conscience, the other against liberty of the press; and philosophic writings had to be submitted to an examination by orthodox ministers. A victim to superstition of all kinds, and a devotee of what we should now call 'spiritism,' Frederick William was curiously lax in his conjugal relations. In 1790 the King of Prussia was a widower who had three living wives: the Princess of Brunswick, whom he had

repudiated; the Princess of Darmstadt, who, though divorced, retained the title of queen; and Madame Dœnhof, his second morganatic wife. In 1792 he separated from Madame Dœnhof, and offered his hand to a Mademoiselle Bethmann, the daughter of a banker, who, however, declined the equivocal honour. This curious mixture of practical libertinism with pietistic scruples greatly diverted Catherine II. of Russia, who did not think herself bound to practise so many formalities. Writing to Grimm of the King, in June 1790, she said: 'That "gaillard" never has enough legitimate wives to satisfy him; if there ever was a conscientious *gaillard*, he is one.' The political results of his curious character were as confused and contradictory as were his moral tendencies; and the outbreak of the French Revolution found him in a state of vacillation and uncertainty from which much was to be hoped, but hardly less was to be feared.

Sweden had played a great, though transitory, part in the world of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, but it had suffered much from its princes. After Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII. lost his Baltic provinces, and, yielding the empire of the north to Russia, left his country discouraged, exhausted, and divided against itself. One party sought a guarantee against royal caprice in their nation's ancient 'liberties,' but the result was an advance towards aristocratic anarchy and national enfeeblement. In 1772 Gustavus III. made his successful *coup d'état*, and firmly established the royal power. The philosophers applauded. Gustavus was their disciple. He loved 'enlightenment,' and 'overthrew the altars of fanaticism.' In truth, however, he did employ the power he had seized in the reform of various abuses. But such success as he had achieved by no means sufficed him. Bold, but twenty-six years of age, and animated by an ardent love of glory, he burned with a desire to astonish the world and to make the famous *salons* of Paris

(which had possessed so great a fascination for him ever since he first figured in them) re-echo with his praises and with admiration at the renown he had gained. It was with the spirit of a knight-errant that the King of Sweden received the news of the French troubles.

Poland, the faults of the anarchical constitution of which are an historical commonplace, was remarkable for its physically defenceless condition. A country of vast plains with indistinct frontiers, it invited invasion. The 'nation' consisted of an army of nobles living in an enslaved and conquered country, the wretched serfs of which were entirely at the mercy of their masters' passions. These nobles loved *fêtes* and social pleasure, and to enable them to gratify their tastes, the peasants were ruined by exactions and ground down by oppression. To the latter it mattered little what might be the national denomination of their tyrants if the character of their rule remained unchanged; while any change was welcome which improved or was likely to improve their hard lot. In arming the peasantry against the enemy, the nobility always exposed themselves to a *jacquerie*. When Poland was first partitioned, in 1772, by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, the Poles awaked at last to their extreme peril, profited by the example which Gustavus III. had just set in Sweden, and at the celebrated Diet of Grodno, in 1788, laws were passed which at last gave some stability to the monarchy and placed some restraint upon the nobility. It was, however, too late. The king, Stanislas Poniatowski, had no other title to reign than the fact of his having been a lover of the Empress Catherine. Upon the throne of Poland he still remained under the spell of her influence, and the ties of past favouritism always paralysed in him the patriotic wishes of 'the king.' Jealousies and dissensions soon abounded, and the French Revolution still further ex-

aggregated the division of parties. In so far as its spirit penetrated amongst the people, it excited them against their lords. Everything, in fact, tended in Poland towards the extension of anarchy and the decay of the State, and at the same time everything concurred to strengthen and elevate Russia. Burke condemned the French Revolution because it let loose anarchy; he admired that of Poland because it repressed anarchy. This repression of anarchy was, however, precisely that which constituted its crime in the eyes of most of the statesmen of old Europe. It thwarted their policy; and, as they were guided by no principles but those of self-interest, neither the diversity of the events, nor the contradiction between the judgments they respectively formed concerning them, caused them any embarrassment. In spite of the warmth of patriotism which animated those who carried out the Polish Revolution, reforms advanced but slowly. The diet had decreed that the army should consist of 100,000 men. It was only with great difficulty that 50,000 could be raised and very moderately equipped. Those who had had to give way—that is to say, the old Russian party and chief of the ultra-aristocratic faction—soon recovered courage. Seeing no way of restoring the old state of things except that of following the old ways, they addressed themselves to Catherine. They claimed their traditional 'liberties,' by which they meant the *liberum veto* and the 'right of confederation'—which, in reality, represented nothing but the permanence of anarchy and the right of civil war. These men, the confederates of Targowitz, allied themselves with the Russians to destroy the new constitution, and so effected the final ruin of their country, as the national resistance was ineffectual. When Europe invaded France—in the beginning of that war to which the work here reviewed is introductory—French patriots boldly faced the

invasion, resisted and repelled it. In Poland the patriots tried to arrest it, but in spite of their valour they succumbed. The reason was that in France a most lively national spirit aroused in all men those passions which are the safeguard of a nation—the love of independence and the horror of foreign intervention. In Poland, on the other hand, civil wars, confederations between parties of the nobility, foreign alliances, and the insubordination of individuals and parties, were the necessary outcome of their past history. In France, after a transitory anarchy, the people spontaneously returned to the habits of more than six centuries of monarchy and national concentration; but Poland returned to her traditional anarchy and dissension. In Poland there was no middle class and no peasant proprietors as in France, and, in fact, no true nation. There were but a few thousand nobles, who formed parties, tore the State into pieces, and disputed its fragments. The Polish Revolution, good so far as it went, was, after all, a revolution made by nobles for the good of nobles, and it perished because there was no real nation which could or would vigorously sustain it.

In Russia such artistocratic turbulence was impossible, while the democratic revolutionary propaganda could not influence it. This was the case not merely on account of distance, but still more on account of the national character. Three conditions which made the Revolution possible in France were absent in Russia. There was no *noblesse* at the same time powerless and privileged; there was no strong and ambitious *bourgeoisie*; and there were no peasant proprietors. The Russians mistook revolutionary France for another Poland; that is to say, they regarded it as an object meriting the most profound contempt. Ruling a country united in the bonds of one religious belief and animated by one political aspiration, the extension of the

empire, each Russian sovereign in turn was driven by a continuous instinct towards aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, Sweden, and Poland. The Empress Catherine was sixty years old in 1789. In spite of the number of her lovers, she always remained the sovereign, and never, like Louis xv., allowed her passions to mar her political projects. Her person she would bestow, but her power she jealously reserved. It was the same with her friendships: though she styled the 'philosophers' her masters, and treated them as familiar friends, that did not for an instant blind her to the absurdities of the French Republic, or prevent her from expressing her scathing contempt for it. Neither did it disarm her hostility, although this hostility conveniently confined itself to pushing others forward to contend with it in her place. It should not surprise us that she favoured anarchy in Poland, though she hated and contended against it in Paris. Both sentiments were due to one cause—the perception of her own interests. The Polish anarchy favoured her designs, but that of Paris deranged her calculations. As M. Sorel tells us, at the moment of the assembly of the States-General, Catherine had extorted a reluctant assent to her policy on the part of Louis xvi., who painfully felt his abandonment of Sweden (so old an ally of France) and the shame of recognising the partition of Poland. The further and final absorption of that country was what Catherine had then most at heart. France was momentarily paralysed, though still envied for its wealth and the energy of its sentiment of nationality. Catherine, as has been said, hated the Revolution from the first. The quadruple alliance which she had proposed to form with Austria, France, and Spain became impossible. She had nothing to gain by it, and there were no bounds to her contempt for that 'hydra with 1200 heads,' the Assembly; for a King who allowed laws to be dictated to

him; for a nobility which abdicated its privileges; or for a *bourgeoisie* which presumed to meddle with State affairs. She had no dread of the revolutionary propaganda in her own dominions. A simple order of police sufficed to silence the few freemasons who represented, in her states, the only element of an agitation resembling that which existed in France. Nevertheless, the French colony in Russia was placed under strict supervision, while for natives with democratic sympathies there was the knout or the galleys. Her favourite prescription for France may well excite a smile. It was the recall of the Jesuits! Such was the advice of this disciple of the philosophers, whom Voltaire placed in the ranks of the gods, and whom Diderot desired for a French sovereign! She showed herself ultra-royalist as to French affairs, and admitted no system but that of a thorough counter-revolution. Yet she had nothing but sarcasms for the agonies and weaknesses of the royal prisoners of the Tuileries, and only replied by railleries to prayers for the help of her Cossacks in effecting their deliverance. Her passions and those of Gustavus III. led them both to combat the Revolution. But her exclusive devotion to her own interest hindered her from taking any active or costly part in that combat, which the quixotic Gustavus was ready enough to do. Meanwhile, France being weakened and discredited, the attention of Europe was fixed upon the East. During 1789 and the greater part of 1790, Europe abandoned France to her own courses and her internal disorders. Thus, says M. Sorel, 'the Revolution went its way, and old Europe went hers, and for nearly two years persisted in mistaking and under-estimating the powers and real tendencies of the Revolution.'

Our own country presented a strange and gratifying contrast to what was elsewhere to be met with. No contrast, indeed, could well be greater than that which then

existed between France and England. In the former country the struggle was against the still privileged relics of what had been an aggressive and oppressive feudality, while the *tiers état* had traditionally worked with the king against the nobility. In England it was the 'gentry' which formed the essence of the nation, and the people had joined with them in many a struggle against an oppressive monarchy. Everything had conspired in France to produce a unity of power; in England, a diversity. The English had no need to fear invasion, while in France it was the one dread which constantly dominated all domestic disputes. There was ever a danger there lest some foreign Power should avail itself of civil discords in order to invade and dominate. Thus it was often needful to patch up matters in hot haste, the desire for national independence overpowering that for political freedom. But in a monarchy so circumstanced, much is demanded of its monarch. France willingly abdicated its political rights, but not its critical judgment. This Henry iv. well understood. With Louis xiv. royalty in France culminated and entered on its decline. He left behind him a nation crushed by war, and impatient of a yoke which was felt to be ruinous. Things had come to such a crisis that either a really great king or a revolutionary cataclysm was inevitable. If it did not burst forth in the reign of Louis xv., it was because France still remained profoundly royalist in sentiment, and was full of hope as to the possibilities of a new reign.

M. Sorel shows much intelligent appreciation of England.

'The English had a political interest which was absolutely wanting in France; they possessed a constitution and liberal traditions. The *ancien régime*, which in France had founded a caste of nobles, developed in England a true aristocracy. That aristocracy only retained such privileges as its public services made reasonable, and it valued and gloried in its political functions. It was willing to pay

liberally for its position, and bore its burden of taxation. In France men had become more and more alike, while they differed widely as to their privileges, and that difference was the less endurable to the unprivileged because they felt themselves to be in all essentials the equals of the *noblesse*. In England the possession of common rights before the law made men indifferent concerning diversities of social condition. Feeling themselves free, they were the less anxious to appear equal. Moreover, the English aristocracy was a very open one.' (Vol. i. p. 353.)

Irreligion also, in England, was, as our author says, but a fashion of the day, and an affectation of the *beau monde*. In France it was a general and dominant passion which extended even to the lowest classes. Fanaticism in England was sectarian, and all the sects made common cause against infidelity, so that the French Revolution found all of them almost equally hostile. As to the few who made a public profession of unbelief, experience of what was going on in France gave them much matter for reflection, and supplied them with grave reasons for distrusting even some of their own principles. Irreligion passed out of fashion, and scepticism itself fell a victim to the critical and sceptical spirit. Almost the whole English nation became for a time more or less strongly conservative. Turbulent as the people might be, they loved their constitution, and though there was much commotion about 'reform,' it was relatively but very small changes which any one desired.

'While,' says M. Sorel, 'the French despised their government, detested their clergy, hated their *noblesse*, and rebelled against the laws, the English were proud of their religion, their constitution, their King and their House of Lords. . . . Just as in the middle ages the people joined with the barons to combat the royal prerogative, so now the people united with the aristocracy to defend their King and constitution against the Revolution. In this England was only faithful to the tradition of its history, and the anti-Jacobin war was a thoroughly national war. England was the one only Power the French Revolution had to fear, because it was the one only Power

which combated it with its own weapons—national sentiment and popular passion. . . . If the English made so great a figure in that crisis wherein Europe appeared so contemptible, the reason was they justified that judgment which Montesquieu had so long before passed upon them: "It is the one people which best understands how to avail itself of three great influences—religion, commerce, and liberty." (Vol. i. p. 358.)

When disorder broke out in France, George III. and Pitt saw with some natural satisfaction the apparently rapid decay of a State which had done so much harm to England in her war with her North American colonies. Nevertheless, the King was deeply offended at the disrespect which was soon shown to royalty in France—a sentiment which was by no means uninfluential in the promotion of that dogged resistance to which the French had ultimately to succumb.

Following M. de Tocqueville, M. Sorel points out that it was by no means because abuses were worse in France than in other European countries that the new modern movement culminated there and first exploded in political convulsion. In other nations feudal dues were more oppressive, governments less intelligent, and the mass of the people in far greater misery. The Revolution, which finally put an end to so many mediæval ways and institutions, commenced in that very country where they were most rapidly disappearing of themselves. Their weight appeared the more insupportable to the French because they were less heavy, and their effects were felt to be exasperating because they were no longer crushing. Serfdom was quite extinct save in a few districts bordering on Germany. Not only was the peasant no longer a serf—he was a proprietor, and the land in very many districts was already subdivided to excess.

'The very prosperity of the early part of Louis XVI.'s reign hurried on the movement, causing men to feel more keenly such

vexations as remained, and to desire more ardently to rid themselves of them. France was the country wherein ideas of reform were the most widely spread, minds were the most cultivated, men were the most alike, the government was the most centralised, the nobility were the most politically reduced to insignificance, the corporate bodies were the most subjected to control, and the nation was the most homogeneous.' (Vol. i. p. 145.)

The very fact that so much practical equality between men of different classes already existed rendered the privileges of the small minority the more odious. Civil liberty had entered into the manners and customs of the French, and it was this which made them so much desire that such liberty should have the sanction of the laws. Political freedom, on the other hand, was an innovation, and contrary to all precedent. Nothing less was required than an entire change in the habits and instincts of the people to cause such freedom to be understood and practised. Since all were equally without any practical experience of liberty, each formed his own abstract idea of it, and imagined that nothing more was required to ensure it than the destruction of the already decaying ancient institutions of the country. Hence anarchy became almost inevitable. It was not so much the Revolution which destroyed the government as it was the spontaneous collapse of the government which caused the Revolution to triumph. The government of France had grown strong together with the monarchy which had formed the nation, and its power depended on the personal character of the King. 'The French,' said Cardinal Richelieu, 'are capable of anything, provided that those who command them are capable of directing them. I do not hesitate to affirm that if your Majesty will find leaders worthy to command them, there will be no lack of subjects willing to obey.'

Such being the general condition and antecedents of

France and the countries which environed it, the latter were utterly taken by surprise by the Revolution, which they entirely misunderstood, and therefore combated much too late for their own interests and with most inadequate measures. Prussia, with the first army in Europe, was kept in check by the vacillations of its sovereign and the jealousies of its subsequent allies. Russia, full of designs first against Turkey and afterwards against Poland, only sought in European crises means for its own aggrandisement. Austria, always tempted to great enterprises and always hesitating to execute them, was divided between the hope of exchanging Belgium for Bavaria, and of defeating, or profiting by, the action of Russia in Poland. Europe took the French Revolution to be a mere political crisis such as had often happened before. It recurred to the precedents suggested by such actions as those of Mazarin and Louis XIV. towards the English disorders, and sought nothing but means to profit by the crisis. It was long before it awoke from its error, and even then only assembled incoherent armies, and was divided before hostilities commenced by disputes about the prizes of victory. The monarchs who invaded France opposed what they termed the rights of sovereigns to the rights of the people, but they interpreted the former according to the traditions of centuries of covetous rivalries and jealous conflicts. Meanwhile the spirit of nascent liberalism, so widely diffused in Europe, caused the first impressions produced on surrounding nations by the movement to be, on the whole, favourable. On the taking of the Bastille, the Duke of Dorset wrote home to the effect that we might now regard France as a free country, with a king limited in power and a nobility reduced to the general level of the nation. In Germany, many advanced thinkers considered that the French Revolution was at last the realisation of an ideal

they had pursued as followers of Puffendorf and Wolf. It was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the traveller and naturalist, George Förster, librarian at Mainz, and by Kant and William Humboldt. Varnhagen von Ense told how his sisters mounted a tricoloured scarf, and how his father went to Strasburg to take the civic oath and serve on the national guard. Klopstock exclaimed, 'Why have I not a hundred voices to celebrate French liberty?' The Suabian poet Schubert, who had been imprisoned ten years for seditious writings, was set free in 1787, and devoted his powers to the propagation of French ideas. At Weimar the older men, thoroughly penetrated with the eighteenth century spirit—such as Wieland and Herder—showed themselves more sympathetic than some of their juniors, especially Goethe, who became by degrees detached from Rousseau, and hostile to French disorder. On the left bank of the Rhine, according to our author, a democratic spirit showed itself, especially in the ecclesiastical principalities. Papers were circulated with the words, 'We desire to be free from the yoke of the monks,' and several convents were attacked and their inmates dispersed. In the bishopric of Liège there was a complete revolution. The Bishop refused, on demand, to convoke the States, whereupon the inhabitants of Spa drove out the episcopal garrison, and the bishop, alarmed by disorders at Liège, took refuge at Trier. The same influence caused in different places strangely different results. Thus, as we have seen, it gave rise in Belgium to a revolt in support of clericalism, while in Hungary there was an aristocratic agitation, and in Poland a monarchical one. Not only did the lofty designs and declarations of the National Assembly¹ attract the sympathy and admira-

¹ Such as the decree voted by it with enthusiasm in 1790: 'The French nation renounces all wars of conquest, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people.'

tion of neighbouring peoples, but the powerlessness of the government reassured cabinets which viewed with satisfaction the apparent total collapse of French power. The Emperor's brother had more foresight than most of his contemporaries. 'If,' said he,¹ 'all that becomes firmly established, then France will become the most powerful State in Europe.' All the signs of anarchy and of discredit to the French State were greedily collected by Prussian agents, and acrimoniously commented on by the court of the devout royal bigamist of Berlin, who deemed that the French power was paralysed for a long time and to a greater degree than he had ever dared to hope. In the eastern provinces of France grave disputes were caused by the feudal and ecclesiastical rights of certain German Powers, which rights had been guaranteed to them by treaties under Louis XIV. The German princes, especially those of the Rhine, began to clamour vigorously for the maintenance of their feudal rights. Disputes also arose with the Bishops of Speyer, Trier, Liège, and Basle, to whom the treaty of 1648 had preserved certain rights of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in French territory, rights practically abolished by the decrees concerning the civil constitution of the clergy. Troubled in their leisure, menaced as to their property, and excited by the influence of the French *émigrés*, these ordinarily pusillanimous princes became violent in their hostility and vehement in their declarations. The Bishop of Speyer refused to enter into any negotiations, and the Prince Bishop of Köln threatened to place a cordon of troops along the French frontier, to prohibit the entrance of French goods into his territories, to sequester the goods of Frenchmen, and to punish the agents of the revolutionary propaganda. The Elector of Mainz demanded the abrogation of the obnoxious French decrees, while the Bishop of Trier appealed

¹ Letter of June 4, 1789, to Marie Christine.

for support even to schismatical Russia. The Austrian minister, Kaunitz, was the representative of a special form of opposition to the dominant French movement. His was not a hatred like that of the *émigrés*, nor that which drew forth the anathemas of Burke; it was a protest on the part of 'enlightened despotism' against democratic enthusiasm, a cry of alarm from the aristocratic disciples of Voltaire aroused by the invasion of the disciples of Rousseau.

With such discordant elements mixed up in the incipient coalition against the French Revolution, any honest and sustained efforts in support of an ideal political system were impossible.

The hope of plundering France insinuated itself into minds which were at first mainly actuated by a desire to combat the Revolution. Before even the 'Holy Alliance' of 1792 was concluded, before even it was negotiated—when it only existed as a distant conception—the vice which was destined to paralyse its development already corrupted its germ. It was born of intrigue, was nursed in covetousness, and was destined to perish through the mutual treachery of its members. The Europe of the eighteenth century was in fact incapable of otherwise conceiving of or conducting a 'league for the public good.' It could only be called a 'crusade' ironically—'a crusade without faith, without apostles, and without knights.' The allies had magazines, arsenals, skilful organisation, discipline, and supplies, but they lacked that eager and animating spirit of patriotism which made up to France her many material deficiencies.

But had all the allies been animated perseveringly with the very best spirit and intentions, it is questionable whether the weakness and irresolution of the French monarch would not in any case have frustrated their efforts. M. Sorel very clearly and forcibly, but with calm moderation, portrays the characteristics, both good and bad, of that most unfortunate

sovereign. Endowed with many qualities which, in prosperous times, would make a ruler popular, Louis XVI. had none of those which are necessary to found or rejuvenate a dynasty amidst the agitations of political trouble. He was both slow and irresolute in the extreme; he was modest, heavy, and resigned. His brother, the Count de Provence, declared:¹ 'The weakness and indecision of the King are inexpressible. Imagine trying to hold together ivory balls dipped in oil.' He allowed acts to be committed and events to pass by, through indifferent optimism and distrust in himself and others. Full of aspirations after what was best, he was incapable of following up a resolution, and was always prone to recede from it through apathy or conscientious scruples. It was his conscience above all which was more effective in making him take such action as he did take. After signing the decrees for the civil constitution of the clergy, he exclaimed, 'I would rather be King of Metz than remain King of France in such a position.' It was this conscientiousness which made it impossible for him to avail himself of the foresight and talents of those who would, if they could, have made him a powerful and popular revolutionary king. While the contemptuous indifference of Europe allowed France, in 1789 and 1790, leisure to define and apply the policy which suited her new principles, Louis XVI. was incapable of applying them to his own profit. Mirabeau saw clearly how the King could do so, and worked hard to bring about those acts and measures which subsequent history shows us might have been an easy task for a sovereign more intellectual, more vigorous, and less scrupulous. M. Sorel remarks that

'in 1790, neither the King nor the Assembly was able to understand Mirabeau's views. The King was too narrow-minded, the Assembly too chimerical. Both, at the same time, had too little political

¹ Bacourt's *Mirabeau et Lamarque*, vol. i. p. 125.

insight and too much virtue to give themselves up to the hands of such an operator. To arrive at that which he planned, it would have been necessary to anticipate ten years of history—and what a history! Mirabeau, if he had been understood, appreciated, and seconded, might have done this, and for a moment he seemed called on to do it, but fate arrested his career in what, under such a king, was the pursuit of a chimera. In spite of his conscientious scruples, however, Louis XVI. could be fatally insincere.'

He was, as it were, conscientiously insincere from his inherited and acquired views concerning royalty, due probably to defects in his religious education. He considered that kings had no rule but what they deemed the good of the State; that they held their power from God alone, and had only to obey their own consciences. When he found himself constrained by circumstances to appear to reign according to the new system, he mentally held tenaciously to the old one. This sort of mental reservation and equivocation permitted him to sign anything without feeling himself really thereby bound. He gave way at first by simple inertia, or through imprudence; but at last through a deliberate calculation. Thus he passed insensibly from one equivocation to another till he reached those deplorable enterprises which decided the catastrophe of the monarchy and the ruin of the royal family. After his arrest at Varennes, Louis XVI., who had left Paris as a fugitive, only returned as a hostage. Captives in the Tuileries, the royal family had but one thought—the thought of all captives—their liberty. During that period their history was made up of one perpetual plot for their deliverance. A characteristic incident took place on his acceptance of the constitution of 1791:—

'The King went to the Assembly to swear to the law which he had sanctioned. The arrangements for the ceremony were in conformity with the new principles. There was no throne upon the dais, but only an ordinary armchair, placed at the left-hand of the president's

chair. The King came forward in front of his seat, the deputies standing uncovered. The King, also standing and uncovered, began to pronounce the formula of the oath, when the deputies seated themselves, and put on their hats. The King did not expect this; he hesitated an instant, became very pale, and sat down suddenly, finishing his oath in a troubled voice. The applause and cries of "Vive le Roi!" which followed consoled him neither for his own awkwardness, which he felt had lowered him, nor for the action of the Assembly, in which he saw only an outrage on himself. He returned to the Tuileries more moved by that silent manifestation of national sovereignty than he had been by all the howlings and violence of the mob. That revolution in etiquette seemed to have revealed to him the depth of the French Revolution, and the abyss into which he had fallen.'¹

On September 18, 1781, Louis XVI. notified to foreign sovereigns the establishment of the constitution, and by a public letter disowned the acts of his royal brothers. 'But while before the public he held this very prudent language and took all these constitutional steps, his secret agents everywhere contradicted his official declarations. The latter, they said, were but vain formalities, the result of necessity. Europe should consider them as *nil*, and see nothing in them beyond an expedient for putting the factions to sleep till the day should come when foreign intervention would compel them to submit.'

A sincere devotion on the part of those who called themselves his allies, a loyal obedience on the part of those who proclaimed themselves his partisans, alone could have diminished the peril of an enterprise in which Louis XVI. was led by the force of circumstances and the weakness of his own character. But, unhappily for him, the kings his allies were interested in professing to believe his official declarations in order not to have to succour him, while his brothers judged it useful to betray his secret in order to

¹ *Memoirs of Madame de Campan*, vol. ii. ch. xiv.

force Europe to come to his assistance. The result was that Europe put off that congress, the meeting of which the *émigrés* approved, and Louis XVI. became discredited in France, as an accomplice of foreign Powers, at the very moment that the latter abandoned him. He thus lost that confidence on the part of his people which was necessary in order that the proposed congress should have the results which he expected from it. Later on, in June 1792, the same tergiversation was carried yet further. The sinister crisis approached.

'The servants of the King trembled for his life. Neither the manifestations demanded and dictated by his ministers, nor the decrees imposed by the Assembly, nor the oaths exacted on pain of deposition, were any longer a trial to Louis XVI. The force which exacted them rendered them all alike illicit and *nil* in his eyes, and seemed to him to absolve his mendacity. In the midst of his most anxious and zealous efforts to bring about foreign intervention in his favour, he announced to the deputies his declaration of war against the King of Prussia. "I count," said he, "upon the union and courage of all Frenchmen to combat and drive back the enemies of the country and of liberty." On July 14 he did not hesitate to repair to the *fête* of the federation, there to renew publicly his constitutional oath.'

The royal family went in state for the last time. As Madame de Staël tells us,—¹

'The expression of the Queen's face will never leave my memory. Her eyes were sunk and worn with weeping, and the splendour of her toilette and the dignity of her carriage contrasted strangely with those about her. . . . The King went on foot to the altar in the Champ de Mars. From that day the people never saw him till he mounted the scaffold.'

M. Sorel gives, we think, a very fair estimate of the character of the Queen:—

'Marie Antoinette was in no way a woman fitted for affairs of State. She was simply a woman. That was her charm and her

¹ *Considerations sur la Révolution Française*, vol. i. p. 381.

misfortune. There was no trace in her of the genius of her mother, Maria Theresa. She was simply a young Viennese princess. Fond of pleasure, and sympathetic, she was too proud of her rank and birth and too disdainful of the opinions of the world, to sacrifice to them even a trifling caprice. Frivolous, but little educated and never reading, difficult to advise and impatient of schooling, which bored her, she judged of policies by persons, and of persons by the opinions of coteries. With little judgment she had plenty of courage, but her valour was apt to dissipate itself in anger or tears. Her heart, nevertheless, was noble, and honour was with her a passion. When the dignity of the crown seemed compromised or lowered—when it was outraged amidst provocation and insult—she hardened herself against attack, and one could then recognise in her the daughter of Maria Theresa.' (Vol. ii. p. 138.)

Though only frivolous, she was at first frivolous to excess, and allowed herself a freedom which the Court never pardoned—neglect of etiquette. The follies of Trianon, which would have delighted the respectful good-nature of the Viennese, scandalised the Parisians, who were ready to pardon anything except the sin of not seeming to believe they meant what they said.

Painful to and fatal for her was the hostility, so early developed, of the King's brother, the Count de Provence. This hostility outraged one of the strongest instincts of her nature when the Count aspired to assume the title of Regent amongst the *émigrés*. After the unhappy flight to Varennes,

'these pretensions of "monsieur" to the regency even aroused for a moment her husband from his torpor. He endured the Revolution as a sort of malady he could not understand. But in the intrigues of his brothers and their counsellors he detected both ambition and perfidy. . . . He formally disowned and protested against this regency, and the queen eagerly supported him, for the Count de Provence's action troubled her in the only hope which animated her—namely, the happiness and future glory of her son. "If," said she, "the *émigrés* should, against all expectation, succeed, we should fall into a new slavery worse than the other. Nothing with them nor for

them—the emperor must insist on this ; it is the only way in which he can do us—and especially me—a service. The cowards ! after having abandoned us, they desire that we alone should run risks to serve their interests.”

In spite of all her efforts the brothers would not yield, and the distress this caused at the Tuileries was all the greater because the insubordination of these princes caused the most distressing family dissensions. Madame Elisabeth had not, like the King and Queen, been astonished and revolted by the conduct of her brothers. On the contrary, she thought them in the right, and surrounded herself with their emissaries. ‘Our home is a perfect hell,’ wrote Marie Antoinette;¹ ‘one cannot speak, and there is nothing but quarrelling all day long.’ But the King did not sufficiently support his wife, and his invincible repugnance to any sustained thought was destined to paralyse him in the end. Her courage did not fail, and to relieve the pain caused her by the dissimulation she was forced to practise, she occasionally found satisfaction in giving free vent to her real sentiments. ‘What a pleasure it will be,’ she once exclaimed, ‘if I can one day make evident to all these ruffians that I was never really their dupe!’ She became plainly guilty of treason to the nation:—

‘For a long time (in 1792) she had seen in the ministry—the Assembly and the revolutionary part of the nation—nothing more than criminals, against whom all arms were legitimate. Maternal affection sustained her royal pride, and the feelings of her heart supported her policy. Thus she made no scruple of spying into the secrets of her adversaries and betraying their plans to the enemies of France. In her eyes the King was France, and her business was to save him and her children and restore his power. Louis had no secrets from her, and she had no secrets from her allies. Everything she could find out about the conduct of the war she communicated to Montmorin, Fersen, and Mercy.’

¹ Letter to Fersen of October 31, t. i. p. 207.

The royal intrigues only ended at last in a deplorable conflict of projects which destroyed each other. There was a too passionate queen, an apathetic king, at once the victim of the fears of his countrymen and the unscrupulous covetousness of foreign Powers. There were to be seen at the foreign courts, M. Sorel tells us, agents declaring on the part of the French ministry that the King desired their complete neutrality, while others, agents of the King himself, declared that no attention was to be paid to what the ministry said. There were also the emissaries of the emigrant princes, who protested that the King was not free, and that those who spoke in his name were not to be trusted in the least.

Such was the deplorable confusion, the sad tergiversation, and the helpless and hopeless abyss of fatal disaster into which circumstances had led an amiable and, on the whole, estimable woman and one of the best-intentioned of men. Of them M. Sorel says with truth that

'they were born to reign far from storms upon some modest throne of Germany or Italy, where they would have made their subjects happy and been happy themselves. In France—where, by a singular contrast, the people, insubordinate, turbulent, and apparently frivolous, never attach themselves to any but strong kings and austere queens—they had nothing to do but to die.' (Vol. ii. p. 134.)

Meantime, while the immense majority of the French nation, thoroughly impregnated with the revolutionary spirit, were rapidly developing towards what we know as modern France, a curious survival of old France continued to exist external to it. The emigration of 1790 was, in fact, as M. Sorel says, the *ancien régime* surviving its fall, and damning itself irretrievably. France, he tells us, had banished it, and it tried to reconstitute itself on the frontier, and then advance to the reconquest of France. Most of the *émigrés* had taken refuge at Coblenz, Mainz,

or Worms. It had become the fashion to emigrate, and those who went were fully convinced that they would very soon return in triumph. The ecclesiastical princes of the Rhine, especially the Elector of Mainz, received them magnificently. According to the account of one of these *émigrés*,¹ 'his court was brilliant, and I was constantly invited to dine and sup, not only at ceremonious banquets, but also in the most private society of the Elector, at the houses of Madame F. and Madame G., who were, as was whispered, his two "ministers."' Coblenz also, under the Elector of Trier, was a place of fashionable reunion. The *émigrés* had but one passionate desire—the counter-revolution—and were as fanatical in their way as were the Jacobins themselves. At Coblenz, 'Monsieur' (the Count de Provence) had his *maîtresse en titre*, who was one of his wife's maids of honour. It was in her drawing-room that the Count held his court, seated by the fireplace, indulging his taste for refined wit. The emigrant camp at Worms, though it exhibited all the defects of the old French army, was greatly superior in tone to the court at Coblenz. Though plenty of folly was to be found there, it was at least a thoroughly sincere folly, where each man was prepared to shed his blood for the cause he had at heart. Every one there also was devoted to their commander, Condé, who in the episcopal palace made a great parade of his mistress, Madame de Monaco. The *émigrés* showed but little respect for the King even before his arrest at Varennes. After that they showed him none. In their eyes the monarchy was of more account than the King, and the *noblesse* of more account than the monarchy. Under the title of 'Union des Provinces,' they formed a sort of league, which became disseminated all over France. If they had succeeded in re-establishing royalty, they would have liked

¹ The Baron d'Escars. See Geoffroy's *Gustave III.*, vol. ii. p. 152.

to treat it as Guise treated the Valois. The King would have been head of the league only in order that he might obey it. They wished that he should reign indeed, but that the nobility should govern. While waiting thus to bring about the subjection of Louis XVI., they insulted him, calling him 'the poor man' or 'the imbecile.' It was the courtiers of 'Monsieur' who brought the use of these expressions into fashion. The *émigrés* sought eagerly the support of Austria, though they had little love for and much dread of that Power. What they most feared and detested of all, however, was 'constitutional government.' 'The worst of all evils would be,' they said,¹ 'to receive a constitution at the hands of Austria. . . . It would be far better to lose a whole province than to have a constitution.' There was a remarkable resemblance, as M. Sorel points out, between the French *émigrés* and the Polish aristocrats. The former placed their privileges above the King's life, the latter made their privileges the most important of all State affairs. The French *émigrés*, taking refuge in the States of an hereditary enemy of their country, solicited and obtained help from that enemy to try and regain their privileges and the supremacy of their faction. The confederates of Targowitz similarly allied themselves with the Russians to destroy the Polish constitution of May 3. The *émigrés* desired the re-establishment of all their privileges, and to undo the whole beneficent work of the constituent assembly. They desired also to effect all this by the most unscrupulous violence, and by striking terror into the supporters of the French government. The impotence of the partisans of the *ancien régime* to understand or to lessen the evils of the Revolution left them no resource but to endeavour to crush it. No one repudiated the use of the most extreme violence and the sinister influence of fear. 'I hold it to be necessary

¹ Bombelles and Breteuil, May 8, 1792. See Fersen, vol. ii. p. 267.

to strike terror into the Parisians,' said Montmorin.¹ 'Fear will drive the Assembly along the road it at present follows, till another fear propels it in the contrary direction. Depend upon it, those men are to be acted on by nothing but terror.' The royalist manifesto of July 25, 1792, declared that the allied Powers

'will treat as enemies and punish as rebels such national guards as may resist them, and will burn down and destroy the houses of, and treat with the utmost rigour, all those who dare to offer opposition. . . . The inhabitants of Paris are summoned to submit to the King forthwith, and the members of the National Assembly will have to answer with their heads for whatever may take place. The smallest outrage on the royal family is to be punished with exemplary vengeance, and Paris delivered over to military execution and complete destruction.'

At Coblenz the *émigrés* declared that this manifesto should be executed to the letter, and talked of nothing but subjugation and extermination. A minister of Gustavus III. declared that it was absolutely necessary to annihilate that den of assassins, 'for as long as Paris exists there will never be kings.' Under these circumstances the French populace might well be alarmed. They held with much truth that 'the King was apathetic and dominated by others, the Queen hostile, the nobility implacable, and that Austria was an enemy.' It was not very likely that the French people could be made to believe that 100,000 Germans would invade France, animated with no desire but that of establishing there a temperate monarchy and astonishing the world by their disinterestedness; that a king restored by foreigners to the plenitude of his power would only make use of it in order to effect constitutional reforms; that the Queen would only employ Austrian troops to regain her legitimate influence; or that the *émigrés*, when triumphantly restored,

¹ Letter to Lamarque, July 13, 1792.

would humbly obey those laws against which they were constantly declaiming with so much violence, and would forget their privileges, or would be promptly constrained to obedience by the King should they exhibit any disposition to oppose constitutional liberalism. These things it was evidently impossible for them to believe. The revolutionists, on the contrary, expected fresh *dragonnades* and a new St. Bartholomew from their triumphant adversaries, and, expecting this, were not unwilling to be beforehand in the matter. This natural alarm might be taken as a sufficient reason for the 'terror,' and as affording some palliation even for its excesses. But this M. Sorel does not by any means allow. The alarm had, no doubt, its effect in hastening on and intensifying the terror; but that portentous phenomenon was really due to other and anterior causes. Our author tells us 'that army of anarchy was already collected together and well exercised, even before the elections of 1789. It had its recognised chiefs, who soon got a name in insurrections.' From the beginning their aid was sought, first by one and then by another party, as each successively ousted its predecessor. But their leaders were ever at the mercy of the lower grades of anarchists, who composed their army, and who continually cried out for pay, and soon began to try and make practical and real that 'reign of the people' which had been continually held out to them as a bait, but which, as they advanced, continually receded from their grasp. The only way to hold such men in hand was to be ever ready to make new denunciations and fresh revelations of treason—to put before them new obstacles to overcome and destroy, and thus continually to augment their frenzy. This impulse, which we may detect from the very commencement of the Revolution, necessarily led to the reign of the most fanatical, the most violent, and the most unscrupulous.

It was the inevitable lot of the leaders to be successively overwhelmed by the torrent which bore them along.

'The apologists of the terror—and what tyranny has not found its apologists?—have presented it to us,' says M. Sorel, 'as the necessary consequence of the war, and as a sort of superhuman effort, made by certain colossal minds, for the salvation of the country. . . . But the terror was no real novelty. To dominate men by fear has been at all times a favourite expedient of gross and barbarous despotisms.'

The leaders of the Revolution had recourse to it because they desired to remain in power, and they could not sustain themselves in power without it. They really made use of it for their own interests, and then pretended that it was for the salvation of the State. Moreover, the attempt to make use of 'terror' was not an expedient peculiar to the revolutionists, for their adversaries, as we have seen, did the very same thing for analogous reasons.

M. Sorel's two volumes bring us down to the opening of the war between Europe and the French revolutionary government. At that moment took place the last solemn manifestation of old Europe and of such Teutonic mediævalism as survived towards the close of the eighteenth century. During the agony of the French monarchy the German courts were *en fête*. The Holy Roman Empire, at the very moment when it was beginning a war in which it was destined to perish, shone out with an expiring flame. On July 5, 1792, Francis was elected Emperor; on the 14th he made his solemn entry into Frankfort. The ceremony recalled to men's minds recollections of the most prosperous imperial coronations. The ecclesiastical Electors fulfilled, for the last time, their venerable functions according to the rite prescribed by the golden bull. The last of the long series of Holy Roman Emperors appeared with his mediæval surroundings amidst the representatives of Europe, and

before the people, who acclaimed him with enthusiasm. On the very same day the last king of the old French monarchy took, on the Champ de Mars, as a sort of public penance, the oath which in his mouth was equivalent to an abdication. That evening, when all was agony and humiliation at the Tuileries, there was at Frankfort nothing but illuminations and endless trains of carriages filled with the guests invited to the splendid *fête* which Count Esterhazy, electoral ambassador to the crown of Bohemia, offered to his sovereign. The Count Clement Metternich opened the ball with a young princess of Mecklenburg, whose grace, beauty, and vivacity excited general admiration. She was the future Queen Louisa of Prussia, one of the most noble and touching victims of the war which then commenced. At supper were assembled around the imperial family and the princes all the greatest of the German nobility. Who could then have suspected that the magnificent banquet was in fact a funeral repast, and that the Holy Roman Empire itself had but a few miserable years to live? Little did any one then present imagine that the Queen of France, whom they boasted of being about to rescue, would in a few months perish on the scaffold; that the army of *sans-culottes*, which they talked of driving before them with their whips, would rout all their forces, and that from out of its ranks would arise a Cæsar of whom they would all in turn become allies, clients, or tributaries, and to whom the just-crowned Emperor would gladly accord the hand of his daughter in marriage!

The King of Prussia had promised to meet the Emperor at Mainz, and his journey was a sort of triumphal march. The Prince Archbishop Elector of Mainz made it a point of honour to display all his luxury and magnificence, and all Germany hastened to avail itself of his hospitality. From the 19th to the 21st of July the sovereigns of Austria and

Prussia, the young Francis, and the stately, urbane, and gigantic Frederick William, lodged in his palace. Fifty princes, a hundred counts and barons, made for them a military and feudal court. The French princes, august courtiers of these warriors armed in their quarrel, appeared, followed by a train of *émigrés*. The city was full of officers and gentlemen in gala costume, and resounded with military preparations and social festivities. The German nobility presented a magnificent spectacle, not again to appear till fifteen years later, and then in a strangely different fashion. But the tale of that future is reserved by M. Sorel for his subsequent volumes. His work at present ends with that moment of tragic suspense at Paris, and of mistaken elation in Germany, which marked the fatally eventful outbreak of the great revolutionary war. From the interest of what M. Sorel has already published, we look forward with a very confident anticipation of pleasure and profit to other volumes of his, the appearance of which we trust will not be long delayed.

MEMOIRS OF A ROYALIST.

Mémoires d'un Royaliste. Par le COMTE DE FALLOUX. 2 vols.
Paris, 1888.

IN these Memoirs we have the candid record of the feelings, thoughts, and experiences of a man evidently loyal and honest, and of a limpid transparency of character. Count de Falloux was a thorough Frenchman; unlike his friend Montalembert, he had no English blood in his veins. Yet he possessed, in quite an exceptional degree, those characteristics which Englishmen most admire. Untiring in his fidelity, he tempered his zeal with prudence. His conservatism was progressive and intelligent. His philanthropy was replete with common-sense, and eminently practical, and his religious sentiments, though necessarily divergent from those of most Englishmen, were manly and sincere. His zeal for the Church never led him to sanction or desire an act of bigotry and intolerance, and his devotion to the Comte de Chambord never restrained him from opposing various acts of that prince, and of his friends, with a vigour which the circumstances of his parentage and early education make the more noteworthy. Over and above the interest which these memoirs possess as the picture of a noble life, and a peculiarly clear revelation of an estimable phase of French thought and character, they have another special interest and value. For they bring out, with singular clearness, how great is the delusion of those persons who think, with the late Mr. Buckle, that the influence of individuals on the course of history is small. The influence of two men, extremely diver-

gent in character, acting in opposite ways from most opposite motives, are here shown to have unconsciously concurred in bringing about the same calamitous result. We can recall no character in all past history who so gratuitously ruined his own cause and that of his friends, almost at the very instant of fruition, as did the Comte de Chambord. He was the main founder of the present French Republic. Its second author was M. Thiers.

We read in these pages, with increasing wonder, authentic revelations of the lamentable vanity, weakness, and short-sightedness of the latter. From 1830 to 1880, his defects of character have been most fatal to France, and yet it must be affirmed that, but for the action of the Count de Chambord himself, M. Thiers would have performed an act of self-abnegation which might have gone far to compensate for the errors of his earlier years, and have saved him from the moral degradation which attended the end of his career. We see depicted in these pages how, after the Revolution of 1848 and the disasters of 1870, the most enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen united, with extraordinary unanimity and accord, in an endeavour to found a stable system of free government—as we understand it in England—and how in each case one or two persons, on whose action all depended, ruined everything by their vanity or folly. Every Englishman who reads this book must feel that he has indeed cause to be both grateful to Providence, and proud of his country, which has so long been happily preserved from calamity by the good sense and moderation of most of its politicians, and especially from that combination of opposite extremes which has again and again proved so fatal to the prosperity of France.

M. de Falloux was born at Angers on the 7th of May 1811, in a small house near the old family residence, which his parents were not then wealthy enough to dwell in. In summer they dwelt at Bourg d'Iré, a village in a picturesque

but most primitive part of Anjou, close to Brittany. His parents had each good cause to detest the French Revolution. His father had emigrated when only fourteen (serving in the Talleyrand-Périgord regiment at Maestricht and Quiberon), and had returned—under the Consulate—to find but a small part of his fortune left. His mother was the daughter of the Marquis de Soucy, who held a command at Cherbourg when the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was planning a retreat there for Louis XVI. The King had said, ‘Soucy, I count upon you,’ and this had prevented his emigrating, and cost him his life. His wife had been governess to the royal children, and was called to the Temple when the young Princess was exchanged for the Olmutz hostages. Born and brought up as a child in Versailles, she and her mother, the Baroness de Mackau,¹ also refused to emigrate, in order to be near the Queen. They stood by her on the 20th of June, and when violently separated from her on the fatal 10th of August, they retired to Vitry to be still near her. M. de Falloux’s paternal grandmother died in prison, in consequence of having received in her house General de la Rochejacquelin.

The families of the vicinity were also mostly ardent Royalists. The Vicomte de Turpin was a somewhat eccentric neighbour devoted to a country life. Really pious, but with an affectation of Voltairianism in his conversation, he had been intimate with Louis XVIII. when Comte de Provence. After the Restoration he made one journey to Paris, and asked for an audience. No answer coming for a whole day, he repaired to the first gentleman-in-waiting, and begged him to represent

¹ A sister of the Baroness had married the Marquis de Bombelles, who had four children by her, and became a priest after her death. He was named Bishop of Amiens at the Restoration, and used to relate how, in 1814, on visiting the Hotel de Rougé, he was asked by an old servant, ‘*Que dois-je annoncer ?*’—‘*Annoncez l’évêque d’Amiens et ses enfants.*’—‘*Monsieur, je n’annoncerai jamais cela à Madame la Marquise !*’ Afterwards the Bishop, in introducing his sons, would playfully say, ‘*Je vous présente les neveux de mon frère.*’

to the King that if he could not have the honour of seeing him that day, he must return to walk with his wife to church on Sunday morning, as it was more than three miles. Louis XVIII., much amused, saw him at once, laughingly saying, 'Hé bien ! Mon pauvre Turpin, vous êtes donc devenu enfant de chœur.' He then asked if he did not want anything of the King : 'Sire, vous m'avez accordé tout ce que je désire, puisque je vous revoir.'

Thus M. de Falloux's childhood was passed amongst persons who either after having lived at Court had made all sorts of sacrifices for royalty, or who professed or practised the same devotion without even having known Court life, and whose conversation was a reiterated eulogium of either the splendour of Versailles, or the courage and merits of its royal occupants.

Young De Falloux began his education at the Lycée of Angers, and while there was greatly taken with pulpit eloquence. He showed some juvenile oratorical talent, and his parents—who had inherited a large property from a cousin who died intestate—removed him to Paris for study, but under the superintendence of a private tutor from Angers, who sometimes took his pupil to the Théâtre Français, where the dramatic genius of Talma soon caused his love for sermons to yield to a new-born passion for tragedy. So enthusiastic was his admiration for the great actor, that one day he played truant from school to pay a clandestine visit in the Rue Tours-des-Dames, where the tragedian resided. He soon got access to him, but, once in his presence, he could say nothing, and began to cry. Talma spoke to him with extreme gentleness, and when he had drawn forth the confession that the boy's one object had been to see him, he said : 'Mon enfant, j'ai reçu beaucoup d'hommages, mais je vous assure que le vôtre me touche tout à fait.' He did not dismiss him till he had made kind inquiries about his studies, and encouraged him to work hard. A little time afterwards,

having persuaded his mother to leave the theatre as soon as the tragedy had ended, while waiting for their carriage, Talma passed them, and recognising the boy, saluted him, saying, to the astonishment of the mother and the embarrassment of the lad: 'Eh bien! mon petit ami, avez-vous été content ce soir?' Confession, reproof, and ready pardon followed, and shortly afterwards Talma died. A few years passed and the days of the Restoration were drawing towards their close. As to the King's fatal friend, the Prince de Polignac, M. de Falloux tells us that nothing was further from his wish or intention than the introduction of a despotism. His dream was to found a parliamentary aristocracy. He dreamed, unfortunately, other dreams, believing himself to be the recipient of preternatural communications. He had, however, been a friend of M. de Falloux's grandmother before the Revolution, so that there was a family hope and expectation of obtaining an appointment for him in the Foreign Office. The youth had a strong inclination for that career, and eagerly devoted himself to the study of modern languages.

The dull Court of Charles X. was just enlivened by the visit of the King and Queen of Naples (the parents of the Duchesse de Berry), who were going to Spain with their daughter Christina, the unhappy great-grandmother of the present child-King. This visit offered young De Falloux his solitary experience of Court splendour, he having been present at a ball given by the Duke of Orléans, and for a few moments even close to the King himself, who was walking on the terrace and rejoicing in the fine weather for his fleet, then on its way to Algiers. The opera of 'La Muette de Portici' (Masaniello) first appeared at that time, and its lively airs—so soon to be popular with Belgian revolutionists—were played frequently at Paris as a compliment to the King and Queen of Naples.

De Falloux's father was a great sufferer from gout, and on

that account the party visited the baths of Savoy, and arrived at Chambéry on the same day as Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, and his Queen, who gave them an experience of royal simplicity quite patriarchal. Their Majesties readily accorded an audience, receiving them seated in two arm-chairs in the middle of a field ; a torn and faded paper screen being behind that of the Queen because she was suffering from toothache. It was immediately after this visit that the news of the eventful three days of July reached them. Young Falloux begged leave to fly to Anjou and join the insurrection which he fully expected would immediately break out ; but his father restrained his imprudence, though willing to allow him to take any action in obedience to a command from Charles x. A little delay sufficed to convince him that a new epoch had begun in France.

‘My intelligence,’ he tells¹ us, ‘became convinced before my sentiment of devotion was ready to bow to it ; and, as soon as I returned to Paris, I associated myself with men who nourished the hope that royalty should have its turn once more.’

He took his part, meanwhile, in the ‘*guerre de salon*’ which was immediately declared, and nothing, he tells us, would have induced him to set foot in an Orleanist drawing-room. Nevertheless, the very keenness of his Royalist instinct kept him from making use of the disrespectful nicknames, and from joining in the exaggerated abuse, then common amongst his associates.

The ex-King was opposed to any armed effort at restoration, and the Duchesse d’Angoulême was piously resigned. As we know, it was quite otherwise with the Duchesse de Berry, whose wild attempt in 1832 finally put an end to the exceptional loyalty of La Vendée. The country was transformed and conquered at the same time. The Government of July could not rest content to remain exposed to the

¹ Vol. i. p. 45.

dangers presented by a disaffected province, and careful precautions were taken. The Restoration—which was by no means that system of party domination it was accused of being—had been rather ungrateful to La Vendée, which, in spite of its heroic loyalty, had received no exceptional favour. The Princes had scarcely visited it, while its agriculture decayed and its roads were more neglected than in any other part of France. The new Government saw and seized its opportunity. New roads, markets, and all commercial facilities were lavishly provided, and thus an acquiescence in a new order of things, which neither fire nor sword could obtain, was secured by an increase of local prosperity. When the Duchess was arrested at Nantes, there was found amongst her correspondence violent denunciations of M. Berryer, as to whom M. de Falloux testifies :—

‘ He was a Royalist, not by profession or through any calculation, but from his deepest conviction and with his whole heart and mind. He was the soul of the Legitimist party for forty years, without relaxation or reserve. He would have constituted the greatness and the success of the Royal cause, if God had not condemned royalty itself to a total blindness. No one knew better than M. Berryer the suspicion and the calumnies of which he was the object ; but they neither chilled the warmth of his zeal, nor damped the ardour of his courage.’¹

During the imprisonment of the Duchesse de Berry, the Royalists in Paris wore mourning, abstained from balls, and instituted certain literary reunions in honour of various popular writers. Amongst them figured Eugène Sue, who was then a dandy of the first water, assumed studied attitudes, and what he deemed aristocratic manners. The following winter, however, he became at once the flaming democrat of the ‘ *Mystères de Paris* ’—one of the minor consequences of the marriage of the Duchesse de Berry with Count Luchesi,

¹ Vol. i. p. 50.

which horrified the Royalists far and wide. At first the announcement met with general disbelief, and was the occasion of not a few challenges being given and accepted. When the truth no longer admitted of doubt, the irritation of some and the distress of others were beyond description.

‘The Royalists had been till then spared a trial of that nature. They had maintained their party in spite of defeat, loss of property, and the guillotine. They still maintained it in spite of a more irritating, though less cruel, deception, as the event strikingly proved.’

Chateaubriand made it a point of honour to show that his previous opposition had not signified a change of principles, and his trial¹ was the occasion of De Falloux’s introduction to him. To obtain access to the Court he disguised himself as a barrister, and in the midst of the surging crowd—vehemently applauding Chateaubriand and his advocate Berryer—the seeming young *avocat* found himself, as he was leaving, close to the former, who seized his arm and entreated him to get him out of the throng and to his carriage. This having been effected in the greatest confusion and with no slight difficulty, and the carriage having driven rapidly away, De Falloux found that he had still in his hand a portfolio of Chateaubriand’s papers. Accordingly he called with it the same evening. The great author, who had no knowledge of his name, as soon as he saw his face, advanced holding out both hands and crying out, ‘Here, Madame, is the young barrister who rescued me this morning!’ His wife greeted him cordially, and thenceforth he was a welcome guest. Chateaubriand seems to have been ready to converse on any subject, but rarely started one himself. M. de Falloux once heard him, out of complaisance to a visitor, converse for a

¹ For having published a pamphlet with the title, ‘Madame, votre fils est mon roi!’—words which he had uttered in Louis Philippe’s presence.

full half-hour about the different confectioners of Paris and their various kinds of cakes. It was his wife who gave vivacity to the conversation. She once said, 'M. de Chateaubriand is so silly that, if I was not there, he would never speak ill of anybody.'

M. de Falloux having, after the fall of Charles x., no more chance of that he had before anticipated, namely a residence abroad in the character of a diplomatist, determined to travel, and having passed rapidly through Belgium and Holland, went up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence to Prague by Frankfort. It was at Prague, in the palace of the Hradschin, that Charles x., the Dauphin and his wife, with the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister, resided, with a small number of followers. The little exiled Court (which seemed lost in the innumerable chambers and passages of the vast palace so rarely inhabited and only half furnished) is thus described by M. de Falloux :—

'The old King maintained a serene affability ; one felt that events had made no change in him, and that he thought it was impossible to have acted otherwise or more wisely. He received French visitors with pleasure, but without emotion, and one was puzzled whether to regard him as a model of religious resignation or as being naturally indifferent to a fault. The Dauphin was taciturn and melancholy ; and one saw that his respect for his father suppressed the external signs of very severe mental distress. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had, beyond all comparison, the best right to complain of her country ; but it was she who, beyond all comparison, loved it the most. . . . Every evening the King played his game at whist with the Cardinal de Latil, the Duc de Blacas, and the Prince Louis de Rohan. A bad player, he often lost his temper ; and I have more than once heard the Duc de Blacas reply, "Quand le coup sera fini, Votre Majesté verra si elle a raison. . . ." About ten o'clock the King finished his whist, and with a few gracious words, dismissed his little Court. Every one rose ; the Dauphin broke off his game of chess, and his wife folded up her tapestry. At the Hradschin this was called "étiquette" ; but it might also be described as a spontaneous manifestation of unreserved respect.'

A considerable division soon arose between the members of this small Court as to the question of adding a Jesuit to the Duc de Bordeaux's teachers, and as to the time of his majority and emancipation. The King thereupon took him with him to Burchtiehrad, where M. de Falloux presented himself to take leave on his departure for Vienna, when his first visit was to the ex-King's confidential ambassador, M. de Montbel,¹ who helped him to make acquaintance with Prince Metternich. He thus describes² him in 1830 :—

‘I was greatly surprised to find the Prince so different from what I had imagined. Always having heard him spoken of at Paris as the representative of retrograde ideas, I had expected to find him old-fashioned in appearance. He was, however, one of the handsomest and most elegant men of his time. He followed the fashion as closely as was consistent with that distinction of manner and appearance he never laid aside. His conversation was, in like manner, thoroughly modern, but thoroughly dignified. . . . He very sensibly suited his conversation to my youth, speaking of his own juvenile reminiscences with agreeable vivacity. Silvio Pellico's book on his prisons had just appeared, and had excited general attention. I should not, of course have presumed to speak on such a matter myself, but he began the subject, and defended himself, saying, “It is not all false, but it is all exaggerated. I will willingly permit any one to visit the prisons of Venice and Spielberg.” I only replied by praising Silvio Pellico,

¹ One day he directed his visitor's attention to two men across the street, one of whom was standing motionless while the other was talking. ‘Look,’ he said, ‘depend upon it those are two Germans, and the silent one is waiting for the verb.’ ‘The remark struck me,’ says M. de Falloux, ‘as good, and showing how the German language reflects the German character. Fénelon, analysing the French language, and humorously describing its methodic regularity, said, “First always comes the noun substantive in the nominative case, leading along his adjective by the hand. Close behind walks the verb, followed by an adverb.” In German, when the verb comes at the end of the sentence, the very necessity of waiting for it prevents haste and reciprocal interruptions, the interlocutors not being able, as in French, to catch each other's meaning from the first words used. M. de Montbel's witty remark served to remind me how necessary it was to guard against the vivacity and natural volubility of my compatriots.’

² Vol. i. p. 77.

whose book I had devoured. "M. Pellico may be a brave and honest man," he rejoined; "but what he asked was, that Austria should relinquish Italy. Could I possibly propose such a thing as that to the Emperor to please persons who certainly would never enrich Italy as we enrich it daily?"

M. de Falloux soon discovered that the aristocracies and sovereign houses of Europe were by no means so warmly Legitimist in their sentiments as he had supposed them necessarily to be. In the drawing-rooms, even of Vienna, he not only heard the conduct of Charles x. very freely commented on, but also political regrets for the death of the Duke of Reichstadt—a pacific Napoleon introducing the Austrian system into France, being evidently a favourite idea.

M. de Montbel also introduced M. de Falloux to the Countess Batthyani, a confirmed invalid, who not only never went out, but to whom visitors were not admitted till they had remained long enough in one of two exterior drawing-rooms to be no longer likely to introduce cold air or humidity from without. Her young niece, the Countess Nina Gyraf—who shared with her aunt's husband the task of entertaining these visitors in quarantine—married M. de Montbel. He showed a strange eccentricity during the ceremony, and on their wedding journey to Prague the bridegroom, with great agitation, began to open and read the letters confided to him by Prince Metternich for the royal exiles, giving vent, at the same time, to incoherent exclamations. The bride soon acquired the horrible conviction that she was travelling with a madman. He recovered, but the shock was fatal to his young wife in spite of the maternal kindness of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who undertook to give the violated letters to the King.

M. de Falloux's next visit was to Italy and to Rome under Gregory xvi.—the last Pope to receive and transmit intact his temporal power, of whom he says:—

‘He maintained upon the throne the customs and austere simplicity of his Camaldolese cloister. His features were commonplace, but intelligent and benevolent. Etiquette was maintained in his antechamber, but dispensed with in his presence, where one knelt as to a father rather than to a sovereign. . . . At our last audience we brought so large a basket of rosaries for him to bless, that he laughingly asked how we had got them there. We replied that our servants had carried them up to his very door. “Are they,” he asked, “also from your good province of La Vendée? then make them come in. I will give my blessing to them at the same time as to you.” He had them sent for, and with great affability asked various questions of both the man and his wife, without any apparent consciousness that he was setting an example of that sort of equality which Christianity introduced and of which it is still the only model.’

There was a great variety in the members of the Sacred College. Amongst them was Cardinal Mastai, the future Pío Nono, of whom Gregory remarked, with an indulgent smile, ‘In casa Mastai, anche il gatto è liberale!’ Another member was the celebrated linguist, Mezzofanti, who was fond of improvising verses. One day, when giving the prizes at the College of the Propaganda, a young Chinaman affecting to translate the Chinese equivalent of his name into Latin, said: ‘Hic est qui *tacitus* virtutes perficit omnes.’ To which the Cardinal immediately replied: ‘At loquitur semper, perficit ergo nihil.’ Amongst the persons he met at Rome was M. de Montmorency, who, in spite of his antipathy to all the more modern ideas, had felt, when at Geneva, that family claims bound him to pay a visit to Madame de Staël. She, on receiving him, said: ‘I ought to be very grateful to “Corinne,” who, no doubt, has occasioned this visit.’ ‘No, Madame, for I have never read it, and must frankly say I never shall, and wish that others would not either, for I believe there would be much less disorder in the world if romantic literature had never been invented.’ Madame de Staël, much astonished, and wishing to administer a gentle rebuke, replied: ‘Are there not some gifts given us by God which impose corre-

sponding efforts on our part? Those to whom the gift of imagination has been imparted ought no more to refuse to employ it than you, born a Montmorency, can help being chivalrous and courteous.' Ignoring the sarcasm, the old Marquis rejoined: 'Every comparison is necessarily imperfect; I cannot help having been born a Montmorency, but those persons whose fingers itch for a pen can refuse to grasp it.'

In 1835 M. de Falloux came to England and saw, amongst other distinguished persons, the Duke of Wellington, whose grave natural dignity, he tells us, 'was expressed at once by a peculiar art of shaking hands which some Englishmen possess.' The cordiality of his reception was augmented by the Duke having been sent as a youth to Angers, where, before the Revolution, there was a cavalry riding-school with a European reputation, and where, in 1835, his name was to be seen over the door of a small room. He found London, he declares, more astonishing and enormous than attractive; but as soon as he was outside it, he declares that 'England assumes an unequalled charm. Nothing elsewhere is comparable, not only with English country houses, large and small, and with the shady, winding roads, so different from the inflexible regularity of those of France.' He gave Windsor greatly the preference over Versailles, but nothing delighted him so much as Oxford. After a hasty visit to Scotland, and a pious pilgrimage to Abbotsford, he returned to Grillon's Hotel, where he was introduced to Vicomte de Persigny, an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship, continued throughout their subsequent, very divergent, careers.

De Persigny had surprised him by extreme frankness in expressing his political views. One morning he entered De Falloux's room, saying that unexpected news compelled him to leave suddenly without waiting for money which he expected from France. His luggage, he said, was ample

security, but he begged M. de Falloux to take charge of a few books and some other things he valued, and bring them with him back to France. Our author immediately placed his purse at his disposal, and begged him to pay his bill and take all his property with him—an offer accepted with cordiality and dignity.

‘I thought he was gone, but he returned, saying, “I feel so grateful for your kindness; I must tell you why I have to go. Prince Louis Napoleon, to whom I am entirely devoted, insists on my joining him immediately in Switzerland. Let me beg of you to come with me. You will see for yourself that the future of our country is there; and I know the Prince well enough to be sure he will do you justice.” . . . “You know,” said I, “that I come from a Province where fidelity to the Royal cause is not to be shaken; the eagerness of your wish is gratifying, but absolutely impotent to change me.” A last effort having convinced him that my determination was invincible, he said, with a certain solemnity of manner: “I respect your sincerity, but I also know your patriotism. Your eyes will be opened hereafter; Prince Napoleon will reign, and you will form part of his first Ministry.” In spite of his prophetic air I received his prediction with a peal of laughter, and in a joking tone replied, “Promise me, in that case, that you will give me my portfolio.” “Well, then, I promise it.” What is really sad is that the destinies of France were unsettled enough to make it possible for two young men of twenty to enter, even jokingly, into such an agreement.’

On returning from England he resided for a time in Paris, where he saw more of De Persigny and gained a real friendship for him. He also made the acquaintance of Madame Swetchine, the Abbé Lacordaire and Lamartine, and proceeded on a tour in Russia, returning thence through Munich and Strasburg. On leaving the Strasburg Opera-house one evening he was addressed by a friend, the Comte de Bruc, who said, ‘I think you will be pleased to learn that M. de Persigny is here, but quite *incognito*.’

M. de Falloux replied that he should like to see him, but

was compelled to leave early next morning, when his friend urged him to pay his visit at once, as midnight was just the time to see De Persigny. Our author then tells us:—

‘I yielded to his urgent request, . . . and after traversing two or three winding streets and a low entrance, we ascended to a garret, where I found myself face to face with six or seven young men round a bowl of punch. It was Prince Louis’s *état-major*.

‘De Persigny was for a moment overcome with astonishment, and then putting his arms round my neck exclaimed, “Can we at last then count upon you?”—“Always as a friend, never as a Napoleonist.” The circumstances having been explained, he remarked: “Rest assured, it is Providence who sends you to us. The Prince is close by, just across the frontier. The garrison is ours, and in two or three days we shall be welcomed by the whole of France. . . .” After an hour’s useless discussion I arose, and cordially embracing M. de Persigny, but with sad forebodings, regained my lodgings at five o’clock in the morning, and started for Paris without breathing a word of my secret. A few days after Prince Louis was a prisoner. M. de Persigny had escaped across the frontier.’

In default of a directly political arena, M. de Falloux devoted himself to literature and matters of social utility. He was also, with other members of the Legitimist party, most zealous in works of active beneficence. The Government of July, which had to defend itself against both memories of the past and aspirations for the future, leant almost exclusively upon the middle class. The friends of M. de Falloux—such as Frédéric Ozanam, Armand de Melun, Adolph Baudon, Werner de Merode, Augustin Cochin and others—were emphatically the friends of the poor. His beneficence was closely connected with his religion, but in his piety he was independent and judged for himself. Thus a certain divergence of opinion gradually arose between our author and a great leader of the religious party. Montalembert was strongly impressed with the evil consequences to religion of too close an alliance between it and the State, and had

nothing more at heart than to keep Church questions entirely separated from contact with Legitimacy. Against this De Falloux remonstrated, saying:—

‘It is impossible to maintain men’s religious and political consciences for ever separate and distinct. Normally they should dwell together, and mutually aid and enlighten each other in society as well as with individuals. You have refused to follow De Lamennais in his doctrine of the absolute separation of Church and State; do not then let us, and get it an octave lower.’

In this dispute all Conservatives and very many Liberal Englishmen now consider he was right.

His first literary attempt was a study of the reign of Louis XVI., for which he prepared himself by very carefully reading all the memoirs he could obtain on the history of France from Joinville to Mirabeau. He was aided by Baron Monnier, whose father had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and M. Laborie, an ardent but eccentric¹ man, who in 1793 was a young barrister and secretary to M. de Malesherbes.

Of his comparatively juvenile work he writes:—

‘If I had undertaken to write the Life of Louis XVI. towards the end of my career instead of at its commencement, . . . I should have made more prominent the fact that it was the long disuse of the States-General which was the main cause of the danger in 1789, and should have more insisted on the prolonged blindness and consequent responsibility of the privileged classes. . . . Nevertheless, I did not devote one line to an apology for absolute power, and I deplored the dismissal of Turgot and Malesherbes at the beginning of the reign.’

De Falloux was about to publish his works, when the newspapers announced that the Count de Chambord would assist at the manœuvres of the Austrian Camp at Verona.

¹ He was known for the brevity of his letters. On one occasion, writing to condole with a lady who had just lost her husband, he limited himself to the simple exclamation, ‘Ah! madame!’ A year afterwards, when she had just married again, he congratulated her by one monosyllabic exclamation more, and wrote, ‘Ah! ah! madame!’

The temptation to go there was irresistible, and at once De Falloux set out for Italy, where at Parma he saw Maria Theresa, Napoleon's widow, now married for the third time.

'I do not know whether the Empress had been beautiful; at any rate, when I had the honour of seeing her, her person was by no means attractive, . . . and she looked older than she was. . . . As to the Emperor Napoleon, there was no bust or portrait of him anywhere, nor of the Duc de Reichstadt. Everything betokened either the most complete forgetfulness, or the most courageous resignation.'

He found Rome in a great state of agitation on account of the presence there of the Count de Chambord, who had given no notice of his coming, out of consideration for the Pope's relations with Louis Philippe.

The French colony rapidly increased in numbers, all hastening to the Palazzo Conti, where the Count had taken up his residence with the Duc de Lévis, Count Locmaria, Count Fernand de la Ferronays, the Abbé Trébuquet, and Mgr. Frayssinous. The impression he produced was in most respects favourable, but already an excess of timidity displayed itself in his *entourage*. By degrees the Duc de Lévis established a sort of quarantine about the Court

'which allowed no ideas and no advice to reach him without having first passed through a sort of fumigation. The doors were thrown widely open for short, cordial audiences, which only admitted homage full of emotion on one side, and manifestations of an unaffected kindness on the other. But if one wished to go further, and by indiscretion, or on the strength of some special claim, one ventured to ask a question or give a grave reply, or enter upon some question of any political importance, immediately M. de Lévis's face became clouded, and access was diminished or even denied.'

Already he showed that vague indecision (as to what was to be his course of action) which was the real cause why the Count died without having attained, for however brief a time, the throne of France.

Soon after M. de Falloux's second return home from Italy, Louis Napoleon made his singular attempt at Boulogne, and his trial was to begin in September 1840. M. Berryer was engaged to defend him, and had to go daily to consult his client at the Luxembourg. There also was imprisoned Napoleon's enthusiastic follower, Vicomte Fiolin de Persigny, whom M. de Falloux obtained permission to visit through M. Berryer's aid, and whom he was able subsequently to befriend, thus adding another link to the chain which bound together the two faithful, but strangely divergent friends.

In 1841 M. de Falloux married Mlle. de Caradeuc de la Chalotais, an ardent Royalist and an ardent lover of his cherished Anjou. The following year he became an almost successful candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, and was actually elected for Angers in 1846. It was the period of struggle between Thiers and Guizot, and the new deputy was at first under the spell of the latter's influence.

'I certainly did not enter the Chamber a disciple of M. Guizot, whom I hardly knew by sight; but I was strongly impressed by the grandeur of his language, the firmness of his character, as well as by his statesmanlike qualities, . . . but I soon had to modify my views. Guizot had overcome a parliamentary crisis by the imposing words, "Your insults will never attain the altitude of my disdain." Had he, however, the same energy in action? This I soon had reason to doubt. I saw his inclination for delay, and his tendency to think more of the promulgation of theories than of practical activity, and to have little regard for the needs of the country with respect to ordinary everyday matters. . . . He lived as a poor man, he died poor, and, after 1848, during his noble retirement under the Empire, I said to myself, as I ascended an endless staircase to his modest dwelling, "Our respect for such men should augment with every floor we have to mount." Nevertheless, when in full power, he drew towards some men of decidedly inferior morality.'

M. de Falloux became the ardent and persevering advocate of liberty in education, and after many efforts, succeeded in passing the equitable law which is known as 'la loi Falloux.'

M. Guizot was not opposed to such freedom in principle, and might have gained, by adopting it, considerable support. But he dreaded the storm it might raise, and the opportunity it might afford for the hostile eloquence of M. Thiers and the Left of the Chamber. He even vehemently opposed an inoffensive postal reform which M. de Falloux, who was quite outside all party disputes, warmly supported. He was placed on the Committee appointed to consider the subject, and spoke so successfully in the Chamber that M. Guizot found himself compelled to submit to a reduction. The question of liberty in education was making progress. M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, even proposed a law upon the subject, when the 24th of February arrived, and Ministry, Chamber, and King were carried away by the revolutionary torrent.

The Revolution of 1848 has been more than once said to have been an effect without a cause; it was rather an effect out of proportion to its causes, whereof the more decisive was the unexpected weakness of the King. He had seen the fall of Napoleon through war, and this had made him cling to peace. He had seen Charles x. fall after having violated his 'Charter' of 1814, and he was deeply persuaded that a scrupulous fidelity to his Charter of 1830 would secure his throne from every danger.

'A contemporary and friend of La Fayette, and owing his election to the National Guard, he had never contemplated the possibility of a rupture with the citizen force; and when, in his presence, in the Place Carrousel, some of its battalions cried, "Vive la réforme!" he retreated, overcome by a cry he felt himself quite unable to repress. Pale, overwhelmed, unresisting, he returned to the Tuileries, took, without resistance, the pen presented to him to sign his abdication, and allowed himself to be carried into exile without giving an order or taking a single measure in favour of a regency he thought little about or had little faith in. He may have been also the victim of some remorse, for he was heard to repeat several times in a low voice, "Like Charles x., like Charles x.!"'

Just as the irreconcilable antagonism between M. Villèle and M. de Chateaubriand was the immediate occasion of the fall of Legitimate monarchy, so that of Louis Philippe was immediately occasioned by the violent opposition between M. Thiers and M. Guizot; although in neither case was the result desired by either disputant.

As we all know, the prohibition of a banquet in honour of electoral reform brought about the actual explosion. In spite of their opposition to the July *régime*, M. Berryer and his followers refused to take part in this attack against it. At a general meeting of all parties of the opposition, he spoke twice, warning the supporters of the movement that the ground they were marching towards would give way beneath their feet. M. de Lamartine violently repelled every counsel of prudence and moderation. He was then enjoying, with a sort of intoxication, the popularity which his *History of the Girondins* had procured him, and he assumed the attitude of a man no longer content with mere description, but aspiring to actually play a great part himself. The conduct of M. Thiers was by no means straightforward. He kept at the door of the meeting-room without saying a word, though he heard everything, and every now and then, by some gesture, gave encouragement to the most vehement expressions.

‘When the increasing tumult showed that the time of reasoning was over, M. Berryer retired. I and M. Rainneville followed him, M. Thiers leaving at the same time, and accompanying us a short distance. On the way, I said to him, “Are you not alarmed at all we have just heard and seen?” “Not in the least.” “But we seem to be on the eve of a revolution!” He shrugged his shoulders and cheerfully replied, with the utmost confidence, “A revolution! a revolution! It is plain you know nothing of the power of a government! I do; it is ten times greater than the strength of any possible revolt. With a few thousand men commanded by my friend, Marshal Bugeaud, I would answer for everything. You will pardon

me, my dear M. de Falloux, if I frankly say the Restoration was overthrown by nothing but stupidity, and I will guarantee that we shall not be overthrown as that was. The National Guard will give M. Guizot a good lesson. The King's ear is sharp enough ; he will understand and yield in time.”’

The next day the aspect of the Chamber of Deputies seemed to justify Thiers' words. The majority were full of confidence in the firmness of Guizot, as was Guizot in that of the King. But soon after, he suddenly ascended the tribune, and with melancholy calmness told them that M. Molé had been summoned to the Tuileries to form a new Cabinet. Immediately there were loud cries of ‘Treason ! Betrayal ! It is the King's abdication—a revolution !’

At six o'clock next morning M. Thiers was Prime Minister ; at seven he was powerless ; at noon the King had abdicated, and Thiers, greatly agitated, ‘too much so for a man who had sought so great a responsibility,’ was seeking in the Chamber of Deputies an exit by which he could safely make his escape. The efforts of Odilon Barrot and others in favour of moderate changes and a regency were repelled, as we learn, mainly by Ledru-Rollin, who, with Lamartine, became together the representatives of the movement in spite of their divergent ambitions. In the Chamber filled by a crowd of insurgents the deputies did what they could.

The Legitimists remained, resolved to close round and protect the Duchess of Orléans and her children, together with her own partisans, and only separated when her safety was secured.

M. de Falloux gives abundant evidence of that patriotic union of men of very different parties which took place on the fall of the Monarchy of July ; and this was the case even with the women. The *Moniteur* of March 11, 1848, announced the names of the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain side by side with those of Mesdames

Dupont (de l'Eure), Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Crémieux, etc., etc., as patronesses of a charitable effort. Still more remarkable, as contrasted with the Revolution of 1830, and with the existing French Republic, is the absence of anti-religious passion. The Archbishop of Paris, attended by his two 'grande vicaires,' assured M. Dupont de l'Eure of the friendly aid of the clergy, and received the following reply: 'The Provisional Government receives your adhesion to the French Republic with the most lively satisfaction. Freedom and Religion are two sisters, equally interested in living happily together.' A few days afterwards, M. Carnot, Minister of Education and Worship, and father of the present French President, addressed a circular letter to the French Bishops, which ended thus:—

'Do not allow the priests of your diocese to forget that they belong to the great family—the nation—and participate in all the rights of French citizens, and that in Electoral Assemblies or in the National Assembly, to which the confidence of their fellow-citizens may call them, they have but one interest to defend—that of the country, in intimate union with that of religion.'

The Legitimists of the West worked shoulder to shoulder in support of the cause of order, and M. de Falloux was elected to a seat in the Constitutional Assembly.

Universal suffrage surprised both Conservatives and Revolutionists. The despotism which Ledru-Rollin had imposed on the provinces by means of his commissaries became disconcerted and irresolute before the passive resistance of the population. Easter Day had been fixed for the elections by Ledru-Rollin's friends, in the hope of thereby practically disenfranchising the more zealous Catholics. But the Bishops gave free permission to change the hours of worship, and the curés marched to the poll at the head of their parishioners. Père Lacordaire, the Bishops of Langres, Quimper, and Orléans, as well as some curés and clerical

professors, were elected, as well as not a few of the old Chamber of Peers, M. Molé and M. Montalembert being among the number.

It had been absurdly decreed that the deputies, at the first meeting of the Assembly (May 4th) should wear as their official costume a coat and waistcoat *à la Robespierre*. No one, however, but the members of the Government assumed that odious costume, and the impression produced was such that they dare no more appear in it. At that first sitting, amongst other exaggerations, it was proposed that the Government and Assembly should appear outside to fraternise with the people, a proposition welcomed by the Ministers in their revolutionary costume, who carried the Left with them, and ultimately the whole Assembly. M. de Falloux tells us:—

‘I was one of the last, and joined Père Lacordaire, for whom I felt some uneasiness . . . but who received a special ovation. With reiterated applause and hand-shakings, he was drawn away into the middle of the crowd, and only regained the chamber with much difficulty.

‘In the evening a great number of us went to M. Lamartine’s and congratulated him on his heroic struggles of March and April. But we also wished to make him understand our disapprobation of the theatrical scenes of the morning. . . . Thereupon he appeared profoundly surprised. . . . Did he not alone suffice for everything? This thought, which he did not fear to manifest, was supplemented by those in his confidence, who, taking each of us aside, said to us, “What are you troubling yourself about? Make haste and establish the Executive and give it the largest powers. The Executive will be M. de Lamartine; give him the reins, and everything will be safe!”’

Excessive vanity, and entire want of political ability, made the eloquence of Lamartine at that time a great danger, which was strongly brought home to M. de Falloux by a fact told him by Marrast. It appears that the latter wanted much to know what the old Liberals thought of him and his

Provisional Government. Our author told him that Thiers, speaking of the admirable harangue of Lamartine against the Red flag, had said :—

‘That is more than I expected of him. I should have thought him more ready to yield to every wind that blew, and I could have fancied him say—“You are right : every new crisis demands a new symbol, and I salute the red flag !” To this statement Marrast replied : “Thiers is a devilish sharp fellow ! He said that, did he ? Well, that is just what Lamartine did really say, word for word, in our private deliberation ; . . . finding himself in a minority, he loyally carried out our desire, and supported with all the powers of his eloquence the very arguments we had used against his own view.”’

A Commission of Five¹ having been elected to replace the Provisional Government, the Assembly organised itself into fifteen special committees, and M. de Falloux joined that which was set apart to consider questions concerning labour :—

‘As soon as I had entered the Committee I perceived that its demagogic section was less occupied about organising any pacific amelioration than about preparing as rapidly as possible a rising against the Assembly, and against every civilised State with the help of its army in the National workshops. The Government had long before promised to close the National workshops, but neither Louis Blanc nor Ledru-Rollin would carry it out, and Lamartine never thought of it, so when the Chamber opened, there were 100,000 men paid by the State for pretending to work, which had become a most dangerous army of Socialism. Thereupon followed the invasion of the Assembly on the 15th of May, which, thanks to the Conservatives, and not a little to the exertions of M. de Falloux, was so speedily suppressed. The dissolution or complete transformation of the National workshops was desired by every section of the Assembly, and the report of the Committee of Labour on the subject was accepted by the Government and the Assembly, in spite of the unavowed hostility of Ledru-Rollin, greatly through the efforts and

¹ Of these, Ledru-Rollin had the fewest votes (458), and Lamartine the next lowest (643), Arago, Garnier-Pagès, and Marie had 725, 715, and 702 votes respectively.

industry of M. de Falloux. On the 23rd of June, barricades were raised all over Paris, the Committee of Five resigned, and General Cavaignac was intrusted with the executive power and repressed the revolt with vigour, as every one knows, but it is not so well known that in the four days' violent struggle France lost more general officers than were killed in the most memorable battles of the Empire. M. de Falloux went with a friend to the Hôtel Dieu to carry relief to the wounded.

'At first the wounded National Guards and insurgents had been placed in the wards indiscriminately ; but it was soon seen to be necessary to separate them. Some insurgents were found to have dragged themselves from their own bed to that of a wounded Guard, and bitten him till the blood came, if he could not be wounded afresh in other ways. It is necessary to have witnessed such scenes to be able to appreciate the crime of those who, by lies coolly reiterated, had aroused such fury in the masses. At that time nothing would have convinced these unhappy, misled men that the National Assembly was not the enemy of the people and thirsted for its blood ; and that the barricades had been raised to protect the working man and his family from such pitiless barbarism.'

On leaving the hospital he encountered the Archbishop of Paris on his way to the barricade, where he so nobly ended his life.

'I solicited the honour of accompanying him ; but, touching his own purple cassock with one hand, and my representative's scarf with the other, he smilingly said, "I think, for my protection, that this is better than that."'

General Cavaignac encountered what was at first but a vague opposition from the friends of the old Government, the most prominent being MM. Jules Favre, Pagnerre, and Garnier-Pagès. His main support was a group known as the 'Union of the Rue de Poitiers,' consisting of Legitimists, Orléanists, and Republicans, intent only upon maintaining order, and so desirous of not being hampered in their action by the past, that they had excluded all members of former political notoriety. After the terrible days of June, however, they admitted Odilon-Barrot, Molé, Thiers, and some others.

M. de Falloux formed one of a deputation from the Union, which visited Cavaignac, by appointment, at seven o'clock in the morning and found him still worn out with the fatigue of the struggle, lying on his camp bed.

'General Cavaignac had rare and lofty qualities. His dignified and military appearance inspired respect; his sober, energetic speech was sometimes eloquent in its brevity. He had no affectation or pretension, and his character was as noble as his person. He had not Christian humility, but he had modesty. His accent and gesture could not be surpassed when addressing the Assembly, and, pointing to General de la Moricière, he said, "What amazes me is to see him in the second place, when I am in the first." What he lacked was an education worthy of him. His rich nature had unhappily been exposed to bad influences. He was born and educated in the midst of unjust passions and narrow prejudices. Son and brother of men far more extreme, he had accepted as an inheritance, and as a point of honour, opinions and habits which, had he been firm, he would certainly never have sought or adopted. This influence appeared at first to aid him; but soon it compromised and paralysed him, and ultimately ruined him. When one perceived what was defective and mistaken in him, one left him with regret, sadly looking back to see if he would not advance or whether one could not return; and when the rupture became definite, one retained for him both regret and sympathy. Such are the real sentiments experienced in his regard, and for a long time such were also the sentiments of the whole Conservative party.'

The first sign of discord arose from the General's persistence in appointing M. Carnot Minister of Public Instruction; a vain effort, for on Bonjean bringing forward some school-books authorised by Carnot, the latter was forced at once to resign. His second ill-advised but fruitless attempt was to send commissioners with almost unlimited powers into the provinces to stimulate republican feeling. The next task was the settlement of the Constitution. M. de Falloux only took part in the discussion of its eighth article which proclaimed the natural rights of French citizens,—those of 'association,' 'peaceable assemblage,' 'petition,' and 'proclamation of

opinions,' orally or by the press. M. de Montalembert and M. Roux-Lavergne proposed to add to these 'freedom of instruction.' As we know, the really critical question was the mode of electing the President of the Republic. The first tendency was to confer that power on the Assembly, who would, without doubt, have elected General Cavaignac, but he either refused to give guarantees to the majority, or, what was worse, gave only evasive replies. The Bonapartists and the Left advocated a plebiscite. It was then that Lamartine, hoping thus himself to be elected, emerged from the obscurity in which he had dwelt, and once more misled his country with his fatal gift of eloquence. He said:—

“I well know that a multitude may have moments of aberration, and that some names carry away crowds as a scarlet rag may attract senseless animals.” Nevertheless he added: “Men may be corrupted in groups, but not in masses. A glass of water may be poisoned, but not a river. An assembly is open to suspicion, but a nation is as incorruptible as the ocean.”

As if masses of men could not be misled or an ocean be tempest-tossed! His eloquence carried away the majority of his auditors, a memorable warning of the danger that a nation runs which has but a single legislative body.

Soon after the vote which elected Louis Napoleon, M. de Falloux learnt what had really been Lamartine's anticipations, which had been naïvely expressed in the following words:—

‘With universal suffrage no individual will obtain a sufficient majority; but Prince Louis, Ledru-Rollin, and I shall obtain enough to have to appear before the National Assembly. When that comes I will give full vent to my political aspirations, and I will paint the future in such magnificent colours that the Assembly, carried away, will elect me, perhaps unanimously.’

M. de Falloux would have strongly supported Cavaignac had only the General allowed him so to do. But he outraged the sentiments of the majority by gratuitously

recalling to mind his father's vote in favour of Louis XVI.'s death, and by other similar exaggerations, and it was asserted in the Assembly that public recompenses were to be given to the accomplices of Fieschi. Votes then became rapidly transferred to support the plebiscite and favour Napoleon. Thiers expressed frankly his views thus:—

“I had myself thought of becoming a candidate; but I see that idea must be given up, and Louis Napoleon supported without, however, assuming his livery. If I were to try, and fail, it would be a disaster for the cause of order, while, if I were to succeed, I should be obliged to wed the Republic, and I am not the lad for such a worthless bride as that.” Thereupon he became the most ardent supporter of the Prince, seduced by the latter's apparent incapacity, thinking he could lead him as he liked, and ready once more, as in February, to “answer for everything.”

In the first days of December 1848, M. Odilon-Barrot came in the name of Louis Napoleon to M. de Falloux and offered him, to his great surprise, the Ministry of Education and Public Worship. He refused for a considerable time, but yielded at last to the arguments of his friends, especially those of the Abbé Dupanloup. Before assenting finally, however, he went to Thiers and made it a condition that the latter should aid him to carry a bill in favour of liberty of education.

“I promise it you, I promise it you,” Thiers answered with emotion; “and, believe me, I do it willingly. Count on me, for my conviction is now the same as yours; I and my Liberal friends have been on the wrong road in religious matters; I own it frankly.”

On the 20th of December a list of the Ministry of Odilon-Barrot was published in the *Moniteur*.

‘When,’ says M. de Falloux, ‘I took my place as Grand Master of the University, the first thing which struck my eyes in the office was a beautiful portfolio of red morocco, on which was inscribed, “From M. de Persigny, in remembrance of London in 1835. . . .”’

‘The relations of Louis Bonaparte with his Ministers were much embarrassed at first, and sometimes amusing. Odilon-Barrot was the only one he had previously known. One may say that he was familiar with no one outside the little group of Napoleonists, in the midst of which he habitually lived. He had really to make acquaintance with France itself. He was thus liable to all sorts of mistakes; and his foreign accent, which the *Charivari* was always ridiculing, added to his embarrassment.’

The initial meeting took place in the drawing-room of Madame Clary in the Rue d’Anjou. The Ministers found the Prince alone, and he shook hands with each in a cordial manner, saying simply, ‘I thank you.’ Misunderstandings arose almost immediately, and it was found impossible to put trust in the President, who would pass from an apparently profound calm to some sudden, unexpected action. Never was the proverb ‘Silence gives consent’ less true than in his case. Though he did not sustain his opinions, he did not, for all that, renounce them, and they felt the justice of Lord Palmerston’s saying that the projects of his brain were as numerous as the rabbits of a warren, and as ready to retire and hide themselves. An amnesty for the insurgents of June was one of the first projects of Louis Napoleon, which his Ministers strenuously opposed.

M. de Falloux, however, persevered with his great project of liberty of education, and his Clerical and Conservative friends made a strong point of insisting on liberty for all and no privilege, and he gained the warm support of Thiers and Victor Cousin. On quitting the final sitting of the Commission on the subject Thiers caught hold of the philosopher’s arm, exclaiming, ‘Cousin! Cousin! what a lesson have we not received! The Abbé Doupanloup is right. Yes, we have fought against reason and justice, and we owe them reparation.’ After prolonged and persevering efforts, and in spite of the violent opposition of the radicals and that irrational journal *l’Univers*, the Law was voted by 399 against 237 on

the 15th of March 1850. A few months after he had relinquished office.

The expedition to Rome and the letter to Edgar Ney are of course familiar to us all, but the firmness through which M. de Falloux obtained a public disavowal in the *Moniteur* of its intentional publicity should also be known. He had entered the Ministry with two objects in view—the Law on Education, and the restoration of the Pope's temporal power. These appearing both secured, he felt justified in retiring and seeking that repose which his failing health had for some time seemed to render necessary. He wrote to the President sincerely thanking him for his constant goodness towards him, and received in reply a letter containing the following expressions:—

‘Elysée National, 24th October 1849.

‘MY DEAR M. DE FALLOUX,—I have learnt with sincere regret that your health is so uncertain, and that you absolutely need repose of body and mind. Persigny has given me the details as to how you are. . . . You will understand how much it costs me to separate from one who has given so many proofs of his devotion to the country, and I trust that when no longer a minister, you will retain the same feelings of regard for me.’

He went to the Elysée to take leave, and found the President just about to mount his horse, who excused himself, saying:—

‘I wish to thank you in your own home and see Madame de Falloux; I will call on my way home, and talk over the situation.’

They waited for him all day, but he did not come, and on the following they started for Nice, and during his stay there his father suddenly died. Meantime that struggle between the President and the Assembly began which ended with the *coup d'état*.

Immediately after the Revolution of February, the Orléanists split into two factions. Louis Philippe at Clare-

mont fully admitted that only the Count de Chambord could sustain the monarchical cause, and that his undoubted right coincided as fully with the political needs of the country now as they had diverged in 1830. The Queen Marie-Amélie, the Duc de Nemours, and the Princess Clémentine took the same view. The Duchess of Orléans, however, would not agree to the postponement of her children's hopes, and she was more or less supported by the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale. M. Molé and M. Guizot followed the King, while M. Thiers, with Generals Changarnier, De la Moricière, and Bedeau, took the opposite side. In justice to Thiers it must be said that he then desired above all things to maintain the union of the Conservative party:—

“‘It is not my business,” he said, “to bring about the fusion. That would not harmonise with my antecedents or with my taste. Once, however, it is carried out it will find no enemy in me. On that day I shall cry: ‘Long live the King!’ whatever happens. For a Republic is impossible in France, and no personal dislikes or advantages will ever make me either a Republican or a Bonapartist.”

General Changarnier, as Commander of the Army of Paris, lived at the Tuileries, and spoke his mind about what had happened at the Elysée and other matters—such as the President's debts and gallantries—with utter carelessness; and this although the servants who waited at table were not his, but were attached to the palace. He was possessed with the idea that before the monarchical restoration took place, a dictatorial interregnum was necessary, with himself for Dictator. He had no doubt of his own power and influence over the army. M. de Falloux was convinced that the time had come to oppose the Legitimate Monarchy to the Republic. The Legitimists had as early as 1832¹ been divided into two parties. The Parliamentary party—who rallied round MM.

¹ Vol. i. p. 220.

de Chateaubriand, Berryer, Hyde de Neuville, and De Vatinesnil—and the party which dreamt of an appeal to arms, which was headed by the Duc des Cars and General de la Rochejacquelin. The Vicomte de Saint-Priest and the Marquis de Pastoret stood between the two. In 1850 the immense majority of the Legitimists desired to make the country see that M. Berryer was the true representative of the sentiments and intentions of the Comte de Chambord, and the Orléanists, headed by Thiers and Guizot, treated with him much as they would have done with the Prince in person. The only thing which seemed necessary was that this view should be officially confirmed. M. de Falloux had conceived certain suspicions, owing to words dropped by M. de Saint-Priest and the Duc des Cars; but he was on the point of starting to see the Comte de Chambord to set the matter at rest when a remarkable incident took place.

Louis Philippe had died in August, and the Comte de Chambord was at Wiesbaden with a considerable number of Frenchmen. He immediately put on mourning and ordered a funeral service, as also did the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Frohnsdorf. The Legitimists generally, and especially all those who had been at Wiesbaden, were full of hopes of reconciliation and fusion, when a manifesto suddenly appeared, known as the 'Circular of Wiesbaden.' Therein the most uncompromising principles of ultra-royalism—of absolutism—were expressed, and not only was any *appel au peuple* formally and absolutely condemned, but no loophole was left for any assertion of the right of the nation to determine its own future. It ended by naming as his representatives the Duc des Cars, the Marquis de Pastoret, the General Saint-Priest, the Duc de Lévis, and M. Berryer. This manifesto threw the Legitimist party into consternation and confusion, which gave rise to remonstrances, one effect of which was the publication of another letter more favourable to constitutional principles, while a further result was an invitation to M. de

Falloux from the Comte de Chambord to join his Committee of Five, which received the following reply :—

‘MONSEIGNEUR,—At the moment when you deigned to direct your thoughts to me I was overwhelmed with grief. I had just lost a mother to whom I am greatly indebted, were it only for that sentiment of unalterable devotion to Monseigneur, which she cherished. Although a new proof of Monseigneur’s goodness is the greatest consolation I could receive, even that is powerless to recover me from prostrating weakness. It is very painful to me to recognise the fact that I am a useless servant. Nevertheless the reiterated blows I have received may seem to excuse me. It is impossible for me now to foresee on what day I may be able to return to Paris and the Assembly, but if my failing health allows me to go anywhere, it is to Venice that I hope to go, to present to Monseigneur the homage of those sentiments of profound respect with which I am always his humble and faithful servant,

A. DE FALLOUX.’

To Venice he went, and had the satisfaction of seeing the cordial reception which the Emperor of Austria there met with. M. de Falloux was most graciously received by the Comte de Chambord, but dismayed at finding him so ill-informed as to the possibilities of armed support for his cause in France. The Prince said :—

‘The Duc des Cars has illusions which I do not share. He thinks that at any moment he could raise 200,000 men ; but I know perfectly well that he could hardly raise half that number.’

In spite of the pain he felt at undeceiving him, M. de Falloux replied with deliberate firmness :—

‘M. le Duc des Cars has no more 100,000 men under his orders than he has 200,000, and it is most necessary that Monseigneur should be well assured of this. Scattered in the west and south the Duc has 4000 or 5000, who are more or less willing to be enrolled ; some ready to sacrifice their lives ; others who will take time for reflection.’

The next day he added the following reasonable remarks :—

‘Whatever is to be believed as to our military force, the first

thing is to assume one constant line of conduct. The warlike idea requires an absolutely different policy from that of an appeal to the tribune and the press. To seek both at the same time is to render both impossible. . . . What would be at stake in such a double game would be the authority and honour of your word.'

M. de Falloux retired, thinking he had gained his object, and with the promise that an invitation to Frohnsdorf for M. Berryer should be taken to Paris by the Duc de Lévis.

Meantime the plans of Louis Napoleon were maturing, and the critical question of a revision of the constitution, which would allow of his continuing at the head of the State, was started by the Elysée.¹ Although the suspicions of the Assembly were aroused, that body felt secure as long as General Changarnier (then called 'le sphinx') remained at the head of the army of Paris. He was, however, dismissed after General Neumayer, for having, like the latter, forbidden the troops, while under arms, to utter cries—such as the *Vive l'Empereur!*—which had been shouted at Satory.

At this time the question of the flag to be adopted by the Comte de Chambord appears to have been first discussed without any definite result. It was declared in his name that he by no means repelled the symbol of a reconciliation which he had at heart, but that until he was invited by the country to do so, he could not display before the eyes of the daughter of Louis XVI. a flag that recalled to her such agonising recollections. The Duc de Lévis declared that the matter was to be decided by the nation itself, and it was asserted by M. de la Ferronnays that the Count had ordered a new uniform with a tricoloured cockade. But no movement was made by him to invite a fusion, and the Royalist party remained profoundly divided, as also was the Republican Left. The result of the confusion of parties was that the revision was rejected; the majority being almost one hundred less

¹ Vol. ii. p. 43.

than was required to carry it, and this was followed by a prorogation from July to the 4th of November. Before the latter date the President openly showed his hand by dismissing his Ministry, and choosing one altogether outside the Assembly—General Saint-Arnaud being made Minister of War. The alarm thence resulting moved the Chamber to attempt an energetic measure of self-defence, but the attempt was defeated by the radical party. Amongst them were some real accomplices of the Elysée, while many others preferred the despotism of a Bonaparte to a Monarchical restoration. Amongst the supporters of the Government were Jules Favre and Crémieux. Not freedom, but domination, was always the real aspiration of that section of the Liberal party. Still more guilty, however, was Louis Veillot and the coterie represented by '*L'Univers*.'¹

Everything was now prepared for the *coup d'état* except the selection of the day, and the anxiety of those men who were neither accomplices nor blind, continually augmented. At the end of November the Duc de Noailles, M. Berryer, General Changarnier, M. Vitet, and M. de Falloux dined with M. Molé. When the servants had left, they consulted General Changarnier as to the chances of the attack and the defence. His confidence was complete, believing himself able to lead the army. Irritated at the incredulity of his friends, he frankly stated the grounds of his confidence. He did not believe that the President would be able to employ any but obscure and contemptible agents, and certainly none of his (Changarnier's) companions in arms. All that was needed, therefore, was a brief opposition. 'My lodging,' he said, 'is a little fortress; the people in my house are devoted to me, especially the confectioner on the ground floor and his cooks.' This speech filled his auditors with sadness and consternation. The end was evidently at hand.

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 128-133.

When Thiers was seized in his bed he was as astonished as he had been in 1830. Changarnier was so cleverly and suddenly attacked that he had not time even to seize the pistols he kept ready. Bedeau was the only general who was able to make a brief struggle in the street, and he was quickly overpowered and carried off in a *fiacre*.

M. de Falloux only heard of what had happened next morning from his servant. He arose immediately, and was quickly visited by some of his friends. They went at once to a meeting of representatives in the Rue de Lille, where 300 members had just voted the President's dismissal, when they perceived a mass of troops under their windows. They were quickly invaded, but the Vice-Presidents and General Oudinot addressed the soldiers, in the name of the law and military honour, with so much dignity, that their leader, visibly overcome, retired after a little hesitation, taking his men with him.

Fresh orders and reinforcements were necessary, and then a hand was placed on each of the Vice-Presidents, and the whole 300 were made to descend and pass between two rows of soldiers and a mocking crowd, to the barrack on the Quai d'Orsay, where they were turned first into the courtyard, and at night into a large hall. An officer from Anjou, M. de Jourdan, recognised M. de Falloux, and procured him a room which he shared with M. de Rességnier and M. Berryer. At midnight a commissary of police summoned them to be driven elsewhere, and their surprise was great to find they were to be taken in prison vans to an unknown destination, which turned out to be the fortress of Mount Valérien. There some infantry officers and soldiers made excuses for the disorder of the dormitory, saying, with great politeness, 'We did not expect you,' and received a laughing reply from M. de Falloux's friends.

At the end of the dormitory was an outlook over all

Paris, and then two members of the Left said one to the other, not seeing M. de Falloux, 'It is strange no place on fire yet!' showing what were the hopes of some even of the so-called Moderate Republicans. Fire had often been threatened by the demagogic press.

The next day they received a visit from the Duchesse de Luynes, she having obtained permission from the President, who 'allowed nobody to grant one but himself. As they were leaving, M. Leverrier was entering, and her son called her attention to him, saying, 'It is the great astronomer, whom no one can surpass in discovering new stars.'

The charming Duchesse, who had brought two 'patés de foiegras' for her husband, and a newspaper containing a letter of Molé, which we all warmly applauded, accepted with charming grace a number of commissions from the Republicans who crowded round her. The most comic of these was M. Thouret, who lamented that he had had the destiny of France in his hands, and had allowed his opportunity to slip from him. During the Constituent Assembly he had, in fact, proposed an amendment, which rendered ineligible members of families that had reigned in France.

'Prince Louis ascended the tribune to repel it, but expressed himself so badly, and with so foreign an accent, that the Assembly interrupted him by violent fits of laughter. M. Thouret then spoke again, saying: "After what the Assembly has just heard, which all France will read to-morrow, my amendment has become useless." The indignity was intensified by applause, and the amendment was let drop. From that day Louis Napoleon very rarely came to the Assembly. The 2nd of December was his return blow.'

Soon a letter was brought to M. de Falloux, expressed as follows:—

'If you will consent to see me, I am waiting for you in the porter's lodge.
PERSIGNY.'

He hesitated, but feeling no bitterness against M. de Persigny, who had been ever faithful, at serious risks, to one cause, he went to him. He had not, however, succeeded in obtaining his friend's release, which only took place three days later. It was then proposed to detain certain individuals but the rest refused to leave unless all could do so. They only yielded to a threat of force, and, similarly, they refused to quit the omnibuses voluntarily. This second difficulty was got over by taking out the horses, and leaving the Deputies to do what they liked.

It is impossible to affirm that the *coup d'état* was truly unpopular, when six millions of votes sanctioned it. That the overthrow of the moderate Monarchy of Louis Philippe should have resulted in the establishment of a despotic Monarchy astonished not a few observers; but the tide had turned. M. de Falloux forcibly depicts the contrast which existed between 1789 and 1848:—

‘In ’89 all events converged to effect destruction; in 1848 all the attempts of the revolutionists only profited their opponents. In ’89 the nation aspired to an object soon left behind; in 1848 the feeling was for the conservation and enjoyment of good things acquired. At the former epoch everything proved fatal to royalty—virtue, intelligence, the best intentions, and the most sincere devotion—while perverseness, baseness, violence, ferocity, and ignorance conquered and reigned. Obstacles deemed unsurmountable were surmounted; things thought indispensable were dispensed with. . . . In 1848 the parts had changed. The mob was powerless, and seductions and seditions failed. In the first revolution a few revolutionary bands of *sansculottes* from Marseilles terrorised and overthrew a civilisation of centuries. In the revolution of 1848 a formidable army in the Parisian “*Atelier nationaux*” was gathered together, and yet its attack was quickly defeated and order triumphed. In ’89 the guardians of royalty were the supporters of insurrection; in 1848 the children of insurrection (the *Gardes Mobiles*) were the champions of conservative resistance. . . . What in my opinion . . . is disputed in France, is not the political conquests of 1789, but the best mode of ensuring their pre-

servation and development. . . . France is no longer revolutionary, but mainly conservative, the revolution of 1789 being included in what it would conserve. . . . But the latter-day Jacobins and Terrorists imagined that France was going to sacrifice for them, without need or motive, all that had been sacrificed sixty years before to bring about a complete social renovation . . . persisting in their blindness, the common-sense of the public made their ruin, in one form or another, inevitable.'

But blindness and narrow bigotry characterised the men of the extreme Right as well as of the extreme Left, and it was into the hands of the former that the interests of the Count de Chambord were more and more confided, while the services of M. Berryer were more and more repelled. It appears that the *coup d'état* had inspired the Count with a futile desire to hope for some such measure, without its violence, rather than to depend on the efforts of the Parliamentary Legitimists, and he strictly forbade his followers to join any elective public body from the Municipal Councils to the Assembly. A fatal injunction, which our author thinks ought to have been treated as the Spanish Cortes once treated a royal decree: 'Received with respect, and not executed, for the service of His Majesty.'

Meantime M. de Falloux retired altogether from political life, and occupied himself with rebuilding his house at Bourg d'Iré, with the peaceful struggles of agricultural competition, and with very active and intelligent philanthropy.

He divided his house into two distinct parts—one for his guests, the other for the family—so that the former might be free, and the latter tranquil; quiet being still better ensured by the non-erection of any rooms over the day-rooms of the family. For pictures he chose for himself copies of Ary Scheffer's 'Monica and St. Augustine'—his favourite of all modern paintings¹—and of Le Sueur's 'Death of St. Bruno.' In the guest staircase he placed copies of Horace Vernet's

¹ Now in our National Gallery.

‘Battle of Fontenoy,’ and of Tintoret’s ‘Battle of Lepanto,’ and between them a bust of Pius ix.

M. Berryer also loved his country residence of Angerville, with its old towers and moat. In 1855 Mgr. Dupanloup, M. de Salvandy, Montalembert, Thiers, and De Falloux happened to be there assembled as guests, when the following conversation took place which richly merits preservation. Looking at a portrait of Charles x. given to M. Berryer by the King, M. Thiers said :—

“There is a face which breathes loyalty and goodness. Tell us, Berryer, what was really in the King’s mind when he signed the ordonnances. Did he positively intend to violate the Charter, or did he sincerely believe in his right, on account of Article xiv., to do as he did?”

“I will answer with complete frankness, if you, in turn, will tell me what was in the mind of the Duke of Orléans, and what you really meant in bringing about the revolution in July.”

“It is a bargain,” answered Thiers, who seldom wanted much asking to relate a tale; and, leaning against the fire-place with his hands behind his back, he described the three days with the most perfect good nature, in true and lively colours, much as follows :—

“I must first tell you that in bringing on the Revolution of July, neither the Duke, Laffitte, nor any of us knew clearly how far we should be carried. The Duke willingly courted popularity; but he desired it as a safeguard against the mistakes of the King, and to protect his property, for which he cared more as a family man than as a miser, for he was not the miser he was said to be. I admit he had no elevation of taste, but he liked to spend money in his own way, and every now and then could be prodigal of it. He had really but two fixed ideas. One was not to overthrow the King, the other was not to be driven into exile after him. His one object was to make a separate place for himself, without absolute devotion, but also without treachery. When, after the three days, one wanted to give him the crown, one had to drag him out of his retreat, just as if one had to put him in irons, and make him see that he had no choice but the throne or proscription. M. Laffitte was a vain, honest, simple bourgeois, who hated riots, but wished to play a part. He would just as willingly have accepted Charles x. as Louis Philippe, if the

offer had been made soon enough. Casimir Périer roared like a lion when one spoke of interfering with the dynasty, and Guizot was too completely a disciple of Royer-Collard to go along with us. It was only La Fayette who had a vindictive feeling against the Bourbons ; and it was necessary to gain him over to our view in order that he might gain others. As for myself, I was frankly a child of the Revolution, and I only loved my mother ; but, for that very reason, I had no desire to compromise it lightly. I thought the Restoration was much stronger than it really was. There was not the slightest reason to doubt the fidelity of the army, and I never could have supposed it would not have been made use of.

“ We gained courage and confidence every hour in proportion as the defence became weaker, while nevertheless expecting, and being resigned to, a renewal of the attack. You may be quite sure that for several hours the Duc de Mortemart really held the destinies of France in his hands. If he had been quicker, cleverer, or more resolute, we should have had to have given in. Several of us secretly wished that so it should be ; and all would have submitted with more or less grumbling. Even at Rambouillet the Monarchy might have been saved, if the King himself would have made the effort. When we saw the rabble sent off in pursuit of the King, we were convinced they would come back to Paris the worse for their venture. They were sent off much more with the idea of preserving Paris from serious disorders, than from any hope that they could overcome soldiers and artillery commanded by brave General Vincent, and only waiting for one sign from the King.

“ We carried through the Revolution of July simply because we were allowed to carry it through. If the Charter had been again offered us, with a regency under the Duke of Orléans, we should have jumped at it.” M. Berryer then told his tale with as good a grace as M. Thiers.

“ I never knew,” he said, “ a more amiable and loyal disposition than that of Charles x. He had the faults common in his generation, and those due to his bringing up ; but he also had their good qualities. He loved his country, and sincerely believed that the best way to save it was carefully to preserve and maintain all the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. That in this idea he was fundamentally right, subsequent events have shown. But that friction which is inseparable from periods of transition alarmed him beyond reason, and his alarm was kept up by friends less sincere than he was him-

self. If the Left of the Chamber had given a better reception to the Martignac Ministry, the King would not, of his own accord, have abandoned that policy. He had been long the friend of several members of the Cabinet, notably of MM. de la Ferronnays and Hyde de Neuville, and he, like every one else, felt the charm of M. de Martignac.

“ He had no great opinion of the political competency of Prince de Polignac, and rather distrusted him, though he was a friend of his youth. His sudden, importunate adhesion to him was due to the fact that M. de Polignac and his friends at the Tuileries had always told the King that his concessions would be useless, that they would never disarm the Opposition, and that sooner or later he would be compelled to summon an exclusively Royalist Ministry to wage and win the last battle between Royalty and the Revolution.

“ On his return from his progress in Alsace, the King was in a state of exultation, and he lavished signs of his satisfaction on his Ministry. But when the Left, thanks to the connivance of the extreme Right, committed the unpardonable fault of putting M. de Martignac in a minority, the King recalled to mind M. de Polignac’s prophecies. He believed himself thus doing but tardy justice to the political penetration of a friend he had under-estimated, and put himself altogether into his hands, not, as has been generally believed, on account of any personal affection, but rather as a sort of *amende honorable*. Even after that it took a whole year to lead him, with great difficulty and sorely against the grain, to sign the ordonnances. At that very last moment, if only some of the Ministry had been as courageous as clear-sighted, if they had not given in to the fatal doctrine of mute and passive fidelity, if they had placed their resignation in the King’s hands, instead of silently risking their own heads for him, the Monarchy might still have been saved.

“ Of Prince Polignac I will only speak with regret and respect,” said M. Berryer, after a little hesitation. “ He it was who started me on my political career. He had great respect for his family, and a high opinion of his own destiny. The Polignacs came from Auvergne, where popular sayings witnessed to their great importance. . . . ‘ If the King came to an end, who would then be king ?—M. de Polignac. If God came to an end, who would then be God ?—M. de Polignac,—that is, if he was willing.’ This ancestral pride,” M. Berryer added, “ was not the only danger which beset him. I must admit he was a visionary, and believed himself the object of

supernatural Divine communications. . . . This is how I came to know it. M. Mandaroux-Vertamy, a distinguished member of the Paris Bar, was also from Auvergne. He laboured there to carry my first election, and, immediately after it, presented me to the President of the Council. I had the kindest reception. Prince Polignac spoke to me of my father and of myself in terms the remembrance of which yet moves me, and offered me the Ministry of Justice. I refused the offer on the ground of my political inexperience. 'There are some men,' he replied, 'who do not need experience.' This expression in his mouth pained me much, for I felt that he referred to himself. I was about to protest against such a view, when he added, 'You think me rash, but do not like to say so. Then ! I shall have more confidence in you than you have in me. Well ! I should not perhaps have strength to carry all through successfully, if I was alone. But I will confide to you a matter that I have only let very few friends know. God assists me daily, by communications, as to the source of which I cannot be mistaken.' "At these words," said M. Berryer, "a perfect terror seized me. I saw at once the ruin of the Monarchy, and the era of revolutions reopened. I muttered a few incoherent words, and retired precipitately."

An anecdote about certain expressions used by M. Thiers the next day is also worth perusal.

He had come suddenly into the Bishop of Orléans' room, who was closeted with M. de Montalembert and M. de Falloux, when the latter said to him :—

"Will you allow me to express freely to you a feeling which has haunted me since yesterday ? You have shown us how the Revolution of July was due to a misunderstanding, and M. Berryer showed us that Charles x. no more desired to destroy public liberty than the Duke of Orléans to snatch the crown from him. Well ! Ought France always to continue the victim of mere mistakes ? Will you consent to say publicly what you have told us confidentially ? . . . Do you not fear that one day your country may write on your tomb : 'M. Thiers, who saw clearly all our ills, but would heal none ?' "

"No ! no !" he replied, with an accent of profound resolution ; "my country will never appeal to my patriotism in vain. . . . I am a Monarchist as much as you are, if in a somewhat different fashion. I am convinced of the superiority of the monarchical system, and I

am especially convinced that the Republican system and the French temperament are incompatible. When nothing more is needed than that we should come to an understanding about small matters, you will see that I will do for Monarchy what you have already seen me do for religion in conjunction with my venerated friend the Bishop of Orléans."

'With these words M. Thiers rose and pressed the hand of the Bishop, who was moved to tears. I am convinced Thiers at that moment was sincere. There are various proofs of it. His conviction and language never varied till the terrible year 1871. From that time a visible change came over his mind.'

M. de Falloux was a member of the Academy, and in 1857 had to be presented to the Emperor, because since its foundation that institution counted amongst its privileges the right of demanding an audience for such a purpose, without the formality of applying to a minister. It was its place to inform the Chief of the State concerning each nomination, and these customs had been carefully adhered to through all the various *régimes* which had successively governed France.

Napoleon III. liked these audiences, and he spoke on such occasions exceptionally well, if not taken suddenly aback. When in the preceding year he received the Duc de Broglie—who in his speech had praised the *coup-d'état* of Napoleon I.—he said: 'I hope, Monsieur le Duc, that your grandson will speak of the 2nd of December as you have spoken of the *Dixhuit Brumaire*.'

M. de Falloux was presented by M. Brifont¹ in the usual formal terms. But the Emperor interrupted him, saying, in a very gracious manner, 'Oh! I know M. de Falloux very well,' and after a short pause added the evidently pre-

¹ During the Revolution of 1830, when so many persons of different views assumed the tricolour for protection, M. Brifont refused to wear it. A work-ing-man meeting him in the street addressed him with, 'Citizen! why do you not wear the badge of freedom?' To which he promptly replied, 'Why, my friend, to show that I am free, to be sure.'

meditated words: 'M. de Falloux, public disorder brought us together; I regret that order has not re-united us.' His visitor had it in his mind to reply, 'Sire, this is not order;' but repressing it, he answered simply, 'I have always retained a grateful recollection of M. le Président's goodness to me.'

Three years later it was our author's duty to go and announce to the Emperor the election of Père Lacordaire, who had dared from the pulpit to utter a most scathing denunciation of despotism. He therefore anticipated some Imperial epigram when he officially asked the sanction of Lacordaire's election in the place of M. de Tocqueville.

The Emperor merely said:—

“I sanction the election with pleasure, although I will not disguise from you that it appears to me a somewhat strange one, which has not been made with any intention of pleasing me.”

Thereupon followed a long and interesting colloquy, wherein M. de Falloux protested against the Imperial policy, the Emperor defending himself on the ground of the difficulties which surrounded him, and ending with the words:—

“I have been pleased to see you and to hear what you say.”

‘He then squeezed my hand sadly and kindly as I withdrew. In the course of the long conversation the Emperor appeared oppressed with melancholy, and hardly disguised the painful docility of his obedience to the secret difficulties he had referred to without explaining.’

M. de Falloux had no further relations with the Emperor. He was occupied with the interests of religion and legitimacy, and broken-hearted at the loss of his most valued friends, Lacordaire, De la Moricière, Berryer, and Montalembert, immediately after which war was declared, and the Empire fell.

The elections for the National Assembly took place during the armistice, and were the expression of the supreme need of peace which was felt by the nation. The fact that

Gambetta and the Left advocated a continuance of the war was probably the cause of their electoral defeat, which would have been yet more crushing had not the Right spontaneously given them a place on their lists. The Assembly, though strongly conservative as a whole, nevertheless included men of very divergent views. Yet more unfortunate was the ascendancy which M. Thiers was universally allowed to exercise as the great opponent of war, and the principal negotiator of a peace.

A great question debated amongst the Conservatives was whether before the opening of the Assembly, and before the signing of the treaty of peace, the Monarchy should or should not be proclaimed. The idea was rejected, because it was thought that to recall the Bourbons while foreign armies were encamped on French territory, to cause portions of France to be signed away by a descendant of Louis XIV., and to bring about a third Restoration with the escort of a third invading army, would be to do the greatest dis-service to the Monarchy. As it was, the Republic had the responsibility it had voluntarily assumed; Paris was on the eve of the Commune, and the great centres were in the hands of criminals or idiots. The Monarchy, therefore, was postponed, and M. de Falloux approved of its postponement. An interregnum was thought necessary by his friends now, as it had so foolishly been thought necessary by Changarnier on the eve of the *coup d'état*.

It was naturally resolved to consult the Royal Family on this question, and M. de Saint-Victor, deputy from the Rhone, was despatched to the Count de Chambord, from whom he returned with a gracious adhesion to the provisional programme of Bordeaux. The Duc Decazes brought a similar adhesion from the Orléans Princes, but without any distinct engagement with respect to the fusion. Both Legitimists and Orléanists were anxious to know thoroughly the ideas

and wishes of the Duc d'Aumale, for whom his young nephews felt a great deference.

The Count de Chambord expressed no disinclination to go to England to see the Count de Paris, but the idea excited much opposition on the part of some Legitimists.¹ The Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier was one of the most successful of those who sought to bring about a fusion, and he had then staying with him both the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville.

Altogether it was agreed that the provisional programme should be adhered to, and that no sudden action should be taken by any Royalist. We need hardly remind our readers that M. Thiers warmly supported the postponement. M. de Falloux does not express the opinion that the 'liberator of the territory' could have done better than he did, but he was none the less shocked and somewhat startled by certain peculiarities of manner and conduct on his part. He several times irritated the members of the Commission by narrating the compliments he had received from Bismarck, which were so excessive they might well have been ironical. He also expressed a preference for forfeiting territory rather than money, saying, 'One may get back provinces, but one can never get back money,' a contention which laid him open to a really stinging rejoinder.² He was also madly anxious to return to Paris, and it was due to him that the Assembly removed to Versailles instead of to Orléans.

He was not less blind and obstinate with respect to the preparation for the Commune. It was announced to him, and people saw it rapidly approaching, while he remained placid and smiling at the Quai d'Orsay. Then the same change took place which had occurred in 1848. He passed at a bound from confidence to panic, and rushed to Versailles, which then seemed to him all too near, without

¹ Vol. ii. p. 468.

² Vol. ii. p. 450.

taking any precautions, or leaving any orders behind him, and it was no thanks to him—but to MM. Buffet, Daru, and others—that Mount Valérien was occupied, and so made able to save Versailles, and France.

Nevertheless, on one most important occasion, as we before observed, Thiers showed as truly patriotic a spirit of self-abnegation as the Count de Chambord manifested his utter political incapacity.

When the Assembly removed to Versailles, M. de Falloux, on the 1st of July, took up his residence there,¹ and on that day received a visit from two secretaries of the Assembly.

“You have just come in time,” they said joyously; “the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres dine with Thiers to-day, and go to Belgium on Monday, where the Comte de Chambord is waiting for them.” Resisting their pressing invitation to be present, they promised him to return next day and tell him the result.

‘They kept their word, and M. de Meaux, who came first, showed by his radiant appearance that all had gone well.

‘It was the Monarchy that was the host yesterday in the house of the Republic. The Princes stood in the middle of the drawing-room, and the guests were presented to them by M. Thiers, who was no longer the master of the house. During dinner and all the evening nothing was talked of but the reconciliation of the Royal Family. The Princes freely announced their intention of going to Bruges, where the Comte de Chambord resided, and every one warmly expressed good wishes.

“And how did M. Thiers speak?” “Excellently! excellently! He seemed enchanted with the success of the two Princes, and spoke

¹ M. de Falloux, on account of his health, absolutely needed quiet, and this he obtained in a large house with a fine garden in the Rue de Satory, belonging to the Baroness de Fréville, who had lent it to the Bishop of Orléans, whose mode of life just suited the Count’s infirmities. The Bishop went to bed at nine and rose at five, going to work in his study before six—as soon as he had said his mass. Then the door-bell was muffled, and no one could come in who was not provided with a key. M. de Falloux, of course, had one, and was thus at his ease, being able, as he says, ‘without causing any disturbance, to introduce into this little Orléans diocese almost worldly ways—not coming home till ten o’clock at night, and not getting up till seven or eight in the morning.’

in the highest terms of the head of the house of France. Some one having said to him, 'Nothing is wanting at your dinner but the Comte de Chambord's presence,' he answered with vivacity, 'M. le Comte de Chambord would have been most welcome, and I do not despair of having that honour.'"

The Monarchists had one day full of happiness; on the next, in the twinkling of an eye, all their hopes were overthrown by the following frigid letter, written in the third person, and addressed to the Count de Paris:—

"M. le Comte de Chambord has been happy to learn the desire of the Comte de Paris to be received of him.

"M. le Comte de Chambord is in France. The moment then has arrived to explain himself on certain questions hitherto reserved.

"He hopes that nothing he shall say will be an obstacle to that reunion of the house of Bourbon which has always been his most cherished desire.

"Nevertheless loyalty demands that the Princes, his cousins, should be informed beforehand, and M. le Comte de Chambord believes it to be his duty to ask M. le Comte de Paris to defer his visit a little till France has been made fully acquainted with his intentions. He would have wished to have received the visit of his cousin at Chambord, did he not think it undesirable to prolong his stay at the present moment.

"On leaving Chambord he will go to Bruges, there to remain from the 8th to the 14th of July.

"BLOIS, 2 July 1871."

It was impossible, of course, for the Princes to refrain from making known the sudden obstacle which, from no fault of theirs, put a stop to their journey; but they did this with the greatest discretion.

No one in the Assembly would at first believe the news, crying, 'It is impossible'; but they sooner or later learned that before going to Chambord the Count had passed four-and-twenty hours in Paris, where he had visited certain monuments and received a few friends in the strictest *incognito*. Amongst them was the Marquis de la Ferté, President

of the Royalist Committee, appointed by the Count. He was a man who not only would have risked his life at the slightest sign from the King, but one who had repeatedly sacrificed his own sentiments with the most passive obedience. Nevertheless on this occasion his perception of the danger of the Count's projects made him resist, and, for the first time, gave expression to his loyal alarm. Having exhausted his objections, he refused to remain any longer the official representative of the retrograde policy which was about to be initiated by the unexpected proclamation concerning the white flag. The Prince became enraged; his faithful servant vainly insisted and entreated, and they then separated never to see each other again. M. de la Ferté at once went to Versailles to the Bishop of Orléans and M. de Falloux. 'They anxiously questioned him, and he frankly answered us, and while he told his tale great tears fell from his eyes—tears which spoke much, for he was a large, powerful man, by disposition and inheritance essentially a soldier.'¹

The Royalists in consternation quickly chose a Committee of Three to represent them to the Count—men likely to influence him by their personal character as well as their position—the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Comte Maillé, and the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron. They were commissioned to say 'The signing of the Manifesto would be an abdication, and the certain destruction of a monarchical restoration.'

The Bishop of Orléans was also induced to go. He had superintended the religious education of the Prince as a

¹ He had proved this in 1848, during the insurrection of June. Then a young garde mobile, scarcely sixteen years of age, had jumped upon a barricade to capture the red flag, and had fallen struck by a ball. Seeing M. de la Ferté spring forward to take his place, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are in luck, you big fellow of the National Guard; you will get the flag.' 'No, my boy, I shall not;' and taking him in his arms, he put the flag in his hand, and descended with his double load before the insurgents had time to fire again.

child, and had continued to correspond with him. It was hoped that religious considerations as represented by him might have influence even if political interests were insufficient so to do. At the same time M. Laurentie, almost eighty years old, set out from Paris, and from Versailles M. de Cazenove de Pradines, who had so distinguished himself at the battle of Patay, defending the flag of De Charette.

All efforts were vain. The Count received every representation made to him with courtesy and calmness, and a confidence which did not admit of discussion, seeming to rest upon some supernatural assistance. Even his own intimates joined in the attempt to move him, but he remained inflexible, and would not even agree to give time for the Royalists of France to make their feelings known to him. M. Laurentie returned in grief, and wrote, 'We have lost in twenty-four hours the fruits of twenty years of prudence.' The Bishop of Orléans, on his return to Versailles, sadly exclaimed, 'I have just been present at an intellectual phenomenon without example. Never was seen a more absolute moral blindness.'

The well-known fatal Manifesto from Chambord immediately appeared:—

'The Bishop of Orléans received the manifesto as we were rising from table. We read it with inexpressible sadness, without saying a word. M. Vitel arrived a few minutes afterwards. He exclaimed, "Oh! blood of Charles x.!" and remained long silent, his head between his hands. M. Saint-Marc Gérardin soon joined us and was no less concerned. "We were so happy," he said, "at being at last reconciled and working together for the regeneration of our country. What now is to become of France, and what will be her destiny?"'

It was with reluctance and hesitation that M. de Falloux again visited M. Thiers, but he was very cordially received.

"Well!" said the latter, "M. le Comte de Chambord conducts his affairs in a singular way! As for me, I did not desire the return

of the Orléans Princes. I thought it rash and premature. It was the Count and his friends who forced my hand and brought them to Versailles, where they had success after success with the army and Assembly. And now it is the Count himself who breaks with his cousins and throws everything out of the window. People accuse me of wanting to found the Republic. No one can say that now; no one can deny that the founder of the French Republic is the Comte de Chambord.”

Thiers was naturally amiable and unaffected, and though excessively vain, by no means touchy, on account of his excessive self-confidence. Neither he, nor his wife, nor Mlle. Dosne changed, when he was the head of the State, any of their habits of life, which were not only simple, but more parsimonious than luxurious. Nevertheless he seems to have had an extreme love of money, which he allowed to be seen in a painful manner with respect to the rebuilding of his house destroyed by the Communists. The Commission appointed for the purpose proposed to spend 1,000,000 francs, but he demanded the absurd sum of 1,600,000, and is even said to have enumerated amongst his losses objects which he well knew were safely hidden away. As he verged more and more towards the Left in politics, he seems to have indulged, even at council meetings, in profane and obscene jokes, such as he had never been known to make before. M. de Falloux contrasts him with Guizot, much to the advantage of the latter, terminating his comparison¹ as follows:—

‘M. Guizot died at an advanced age with calm serenity, surrounded by relatives and friends of many years’ standing, and worthy of the grateful homage of a party he had never deserted. M. Thiers attained about the same age, but he died almost suddenly in bitterness of heart, and in the midst of intrigues; regretfully abandoned by old friends who despaired of his return to them, and given up either to secret enemies, or to new friends who made a profit even of his bier.’

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 544-546.

The Government which succeeded that of Thiers was as modest and unpretending as it was earnest, if mistaken. M. de Falloux being invited to breakfast by M. Ernoul, the Chancellor and Minister of Justice, to meet the Duc de Broglie and other ministers, found him in a little lodging in Place Hoche, and the cook brought in her dishes from the adjacent kitchen. In a letter to a friend he writes:—

‘This present Government is quite touching in its simplicity when one is intimately acquainted with it. Each member lives *sans façon* in the most friendly way, without carriages, without servants, without disputes, in poor lodgings, with breakfasts of 25 sous, and all this accompanied by a very passion to do good.’

The Duc d’Audiffret-Pasquier and the Duc Decazes were still ardently anticipating a monarchical restoration. General Changarnier also continued to cherish his illusions, saying, ‘If only I had been trusted in 1851, we should have had the Monarchy sixteen years ago, and lost neither Alsace nor Lorraine.’ Every one understood that at last the Count de Chambord had distinctly accepted the tricolour, when came the well-known fatal letter of Salzburg of the 27th October 1873.

Its effect was once more decisive and immediate, and it is instructive to learn¹ from M. de Falloux that there were not two opinions about it amongst the Royalists—indeed the most ardent ones were the most vehement in their expressions. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, recognising that the return of the Count had become for the present impossible, proposed that the Prince de Joinville should become Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. This the Prince declined unless chosen for that position by both the Assembly and the Count, and the Septennate of Marshal Macmahon was decreed.

No one seems to have been more surprised at the result

¹ See vol. ii. p. 580.

of his letter than the Count de Chambord himself. His astonishment was so great that he at once came to France *incognito* to struggle against the definite appointment of any provisional chief. He came to Versailles, and asked to see Marshal Macmahon confidentially, who replied that if the Count was in any danger, he was ready to defend him at the peril of his life, but that his obligations to the Assembly forbade him to acquiesce in any secret interview. The Count saw but a few friends, and seemed full of care, and almost irritable. His anxieties became so poignant that he waited in the courtyard, at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV., and there heard with the bitterest despair that almost all the members of the extreme Right had voted the Septennate. The next day he returned to Paris, saw, hidden in a carriage, the march-past of some soldiers at the Invalides, and left France at once and for ever.

On him M. de Falloux passes what we deem an equitable judgment, and this although he professes an entire devotion to him, and the opinion that his most indisputable faults were due rather to mistaken judgment and bad advice than to any defective intention.

‘M. le Comte de Chambord had, as it seems to me, three lines of conduct, either of which he had the right to choose. If he believed that the white flag was indispensable to the Monarchy and did not fatally excite French prejudices, he might have raised it during one of our revolutions, and, boldly taking Henry IV. for his model, have led it to victory and death. If he had not that absolute faith in his country or in himself, how could he refuse the compromise of powdering the tricolour with fleur-de-lys, thus making plain by the juxtaposition of these symbols the fact that the two parties, the divisions between which had so divided and weakened France, had become reconciled? How could he continue to speak as if he believed in nothing but the magic of the white flag, and yet remain inactive as if he believed in the invincible might of the tricolour? Finally, if at last convinced of the true situation of our unhappy country he recognised the necessity of a painful concession which he

had no right to impose on himself, he should have abdicated. A disinterested act never dishonoured or lowered any one. Abdication has often been an honour to a king and salvation to a people. A double abdication had prematurely placed the crown upon Henry v.'s head, and all the Monarchists had regarded that act of his grandfather and uncle as a generous submission to cruel but inevitable necessities. But to frankly adopt no one of these three lines of conduct, but to mingle them so as to obtain neither the advantage nor the dignity of any one of the three; to lead men to expect concessions and then suddenly withdraw them on the eve of a decisive action; to come near enough to success to render it a possibility, and then, emboldened by the proximity of victory, compromise and destroy everything by an incomprehensible want of foresight, or by a rash precipitation in grasping at a prize which a little patience would have brought to his hand—all this is inexplicable conduct which, to our misfortune and the world's amazement, undid the best combined attempts at monarchical restoration and national prosperity !'

M. de Falloux died in 1885, living long enough to taste the full bitterness of the degradation which the Radicals had brought on his country, without being consoled by any evidence that better days might be at last in store for it, though his very last words are full of pious and patriotic hope. The present prospects of his country may well inspire his surviving friends with fear and anxiety. The position France now occupies in Europe is inferior indeed to that of 1860 under the third Napoleon, that of 1840 under Louis Philippe, or that of 1820 under the Restoration ! In concluding our notice of this remarkable book we would wish to call attention both to the encouragement and the warning it holds out to ourselves. The happy continuity of our political evolution renders it probable that we may continue successfully to avoid sudden and radical changes. Nevertheless, the wider our democracy becomes, the more evident is the danger which may arise from the popularity of some gifted speaker like Mr. Gladstone or Lamartine, capable of suddenly breaking with the most cherished convictions, and carrying the masses to their

ruin on a torrent of baneful eloquence. We have but to look across the Channel to recognise the fatal effects of any sudden and complete rupture of the conditions of Church and State. But the near approach to success which was achieved by the band of true patriots of various political views who acted with M. de Falloux, may well encourage us, more happily situated as we are, to renewed and persevering efforts in stemming the tide of revolution, and in guiding the ship of England's greatness through calm waters in peaceful and continuous progress.

STATE ORGANISATION.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

A COMMUNITY or nation has often been compared with a living creature—the ‘social organism’ with the ‘animal organism’—and, within limits, the comparison is a good one. A complex society, such as our own, needs, as the animal needs, its organs of prehension, secretion, and nutrition, its defensive weapons, its circulating and respiratory system, its organs of special perception and its means of general co-ordination to effect the harmonious action of its several parts. In other words, such a society requires a multitude of its members to apply themselves to the production and manipulation of nutritive material; it needs that others should be devoted to the defence of the community; while others, again, by exclusively concerning themselves with the distribution of the various commodities, become its veritable organs of circulation. A community of the kind also needs that a certain number of its units should occupy themselves with the acquisition of one or another kind of special knowledge (thus making themselves, as it were, the society’s ‘organs of sense’); while those set apart for the machinery of government may be compared with the ‘nervous system,’ which is the mechanism by which the actions of an animal’s various organs are brought into harmony and its energies simultaneously directed, now to one and now to another end. But in spite of the truth which there is in this analogy, it is nevertheless a very incomplete and even a dangerously misleading one. For, in the *animal organism*, it is the com-

plex whole which is the real unity, and the several organs and sets of organs composing it, though for convenience they may be considered apart, have yet no really separate life. The end and object of each organ's existence is the life of that whole of which such organ forms a portion. It is the living animal which feels and knows, and not its various separate parts. In the *social organism*, on the other hand, true unity exists only in the several parts (in each man and woman) and not in the complex whole, which is a unity only analogically and in a subordinate degree. Moreover, the community exists, as a community, for the convenience and service of its component members: *their* welfare constitutes the end and object of *its* existence. It is the individual, not the complex community, which knows, feels, suffers, and wills.

Much more apt and obvious than the foregoing comparison is that which may be made between human societies and certain animal communities; as, for instance, those of ants. It is not only 'the sluggard' but also the most rapid and 'advanced' of levellers who may profitably 'consider her ways.' Wonderful is the amount of social diversity which may exist between the inhabitants of the same nest. In addition to various important distinctions due to age and sex, there may be two or three classes of what are distinguished as 'neuter insects.' There may be soldiers and workers; there may be some kept in strict seclusion for the secretion of food; and there may even be foreign slaves. In such a complex insect society the life and condition of each member of each class has direct relations with the lives and conditions of all the other classes of the community. It is obvious that if we were to take any single ant we could not comprehend the true nature of the creature by itself, however perfectly we might become acquainted with every detail of its anatomy and physiology. In order to comprehend its true nature we should require to know its various complex

relations to the other individuals, and classes of individuals, of that community of which it was a member. Let us make use of this truth in considering how man should be regarded. He, too, is a social animal. Only by very rare exception do men live otherwise than in social communities of a more or less complex kind, and such conditions, however induced, have consequences which are more or less hereditary. In addition to the visible characters and easily perceptible powers of each man, there are most important invisible characters and latent tendencies due to social interdependencies—the various complex relations in which the various members of the same community stand one to another and to the whole.

There is yet a third comparison which may be profitably instituted between the various conditions of human society and different kinds of animal life. Certain animals are said to be higher and more perfect than certain others. In what does this superiority consist? It consists in the fact that the higher animals have their several active powers or 'functions' of life, subserved by a greater number of distinct parts or organs than is the case in lower animals. In the lowest in the scale, the same particle of living jelly, of which the whole body consists, takes in the minute morsels it feeds on, at a temporary depression made at any point of its surface, and there digests them. It also effects gaseous exchange, and diffuses the nutritive particles gained—in other words, effects a true respiration and circulation, and all this without any organs at all: the one particle does everything. As we ascend in the animal scale, however, we find each of these processes served by an increasingly distinct number of parts, till we come to creatures like ourselves, which are said to have alimentary, circulating, and other 'systems,' because, instead of each function having merely its 'organ,' it has come to have a whole group of correlated organs appropriated to the performance of each function.

Now, certain human societies are said to be of a higher character than certain others on account of analogous distinctions. A savage tribe of the lowest kind consists of units approximately similar and equal. Each man is at the same time hunter, warrior, manufacturer, and merchant, and he forms for himself his implements and weapons. As we ascend in the social scale, we find communities divided into warriors, husbandmen, and priests, and so on, till we come to the complex fixed castes of Hindostan, and ultimately to the still more varied, though relatively unstable, groups of modern European society. Thus a further carrying out of the principle of 'the subdivision of labour' accompanies both social and physiological progress. It follows that class distinctions must, if we are not to retrograde, hereafter increase in number, and our social condition become, in a certain sense, an increasingly divided one. It is this very complexity which distinguishes a highly developed community or 'State,' from a mere barbarous horde.

THE STATE.

The various individual men and women who together constitute any given community or nation may be regarded from points of view which are indefinitely numerous. We may regard them merely as so many distinct material objects; as so many living organisms; as so many rational creatures, etc. etc., according to the nature of the inquiry towards which our attention may be directed. But just as a nest of ants consists of distinct groups of creatures, each member of which stands in various complex relations to all the other members of the nest, so much more in every highly developed human society are its various human units inter-related in a more complex manner to each other and to the whole. Obviously we may direct our attention exclusively to these relations, and consider the members of the nest or of the human

society, not as so many separate or merely juxtaposed units, but as units possessing such varied and complex inter-relations of different kinds—inter-relations which constitute the economy of the nest or of the nation.

Moreover, it is the very circumstance that the highest existing human communities or nations are made up of units thus complexly inter-related which constitutes each such community a '*State*'; and one State differs from another, and is of more or less highly organised character, according as these inter-relations are more numerous and more complex—as the principle of the division of labour is in it carried further. How much more complex are the conditions of lettered life now than they were in the middle ages! Then, almost every man who wished to devote himself to science or to literature had to assume the monk's cowl, or at least to enter the ecclesiastical state. From this relatively undifferentiated condition have now emerged the various classes of the legal and medical professions, and of the great republic of letters. The expression, '*the State*,' then, denotes certain peculiar conditions or modes of existence of the members of a community, and to study such conditions is to investigate the life of '*the State*.'

A correct appreciation of what is meant by the expression '*the State*' is in our day a matter of very great importance. We have seen of late, both in France and Germany, some very regrettable consequences of a wide-spread misconception respecting it, and a restless and aggressive minority amongst ourselves is constantly endeavouring to diffuse a similar misconception in our own country. It is curious, too, that the very men who cry out most vehemently against '*metaphysical abstractions*,' and who profess to occupy themselves exclusively with what is '*positive*' and tangible, are just those who most favour an error which consists in the worship of a mental abstraction as if it were a material reality. Through this error

some men come to regard the State not only as a reality, but as a sort of God. It seems hardly to occur to them to ask the simple question, 'What is the State?' Yet 'the State,' as such, is a mere mental conception. Destroy the individuals and you destroy the State, as it has no existence whatever apart from the existence of the members of any given community, save as an abstract idea. When this simple truth becomes generally known and appreciated, men will be less ready to prostrate themselves before a military despotism or the ignorant and intolerant rule of *Commis Voyageurs*.

But though the State, as such, has only this ideal existence, yet common-sense assures us it has nevertheless some sort of reality. What, then, is this reality—what is its true nature? Its reality consists in just those inter-related characters and conditions of the individual men and women of a highly developed community which bind them up into a quasi-organic whole. In such individuals the State has its true and real existence. It is like the term 'Humanity,' which denotes what in itself, *as* humanity, has only an ideal existence, but which, none the less, exists really in certain qualities common to all individual human beings. Therefore, though these social characteristics of ourselves and of our fellows are not to be worshipped, neither, by any means, are they to be despised. To the inter-related conditions of our human environment we are indebted for the use of language, and, consequently, for the practical existence of that reason which, though innate in us, yet needs the employment of some form of language for its development. This initial debt is so obvious that we all recognise it at once; but some of us are too apt to forget how continually we remain indebted to our social surroundings throughout the whole of our existence here—not only for the satisfaction of our material wants, but for the better guidance of our lives, which are hemmed in on every side by minute

social restrictions, as was the Giant Gulliver by Lilliputian threads.

But the error of idolising the State would be far less objectionable but for another error which commonly accompanies and intensifies it, namely, the error of confounding 'the State' with 'the Government.' That the two are not identical is manifest, since a Government exists, or should exist, for the benefit of 'the State,' which it nevertheless may ruin, as the Spanish 'State' was ruined by the despotism of the Charleses and Philips, and the French 'State' by the Bourbons, especially by him who gave to this political error epigrammatic expression in the oft-quoted '*L'état c'est moi.*' But not only does every worthy Government exist for the good of 'the State,' but 'the State' itself, to be worthy of respect and devotion, should be one in which the various social inter-relations in which it has its being are inter-relations beneficial to its individual members. Such a 'State' (and a Government which is serviceable to it) justly claims the reverent obedience and support of all its individual members, since our duties to our fellow-men not only regard them in their individual capacity simply, but also in their related aspect as members of a State and subjects of a Government. But our State duty is really in all cases our duty to individual men and women; still as it concerns them under certain relations only, we may, for convenience, speak of our duty to the State, although the expression requires to be used cautiously and intelligently, in order to avoid the danger of being so misled by it as to run the risk of sacrificing realities to abstractions in the manner in which we have seen them sacrificed in both France and Germany.

THE GOVERNMENT.

'A State,' then, justly demands our admiration in so far as the complexly inter-related social condition it symbolises is one

beneficial to the individual men and women of the community, and 'a Government,' instead of being identical with 'the State,' exists or should exist but for the service and benefit of the latter, and therefore for the service and benefit of the individuals which compose it. What then is and must be the best form of Government? Evidently that in which those persons bear sway who by their knowledge, vigour, and goodwill are best calculated to rule. Moreover, since reason shows us that the true end of the existence of beings possessed of intelligence and free-will must be the ordering of conduct according to reason, it follows that the one important thing in any community is that its ethical spirit should be good. Let that only be the case, and political forms must be comparatively unimportant, for then no one class can suffer from social injustice. Evidently at different epochs and in different countries different forms of Government have been and will be relatively 'best.' But since every 'State' by its very nature consists of beings inter-related in very various ways, it is plain that a really good Government must have due regard to those various inter-relations—in other words, that all the various classes of a complex community must have their due influence on, must somehow be represented in, the Government of such community. Evidently, therefore, no imperial autocrat, no territorial or mercantile aristocracy, no uncultured *bourgeoisie*, and no ignorant populace, can ever constitute a really good Government, however by some accident any one of them may be relatively good in comparison with some still worse system which it may have displaced.

And 'displaced' every system is sure sooner or later to be, for there is yet one further comparison between the social organism and the animal organism which should be adverted to when considering the question of Government. Change, paradoxical as it may sound, seems to be the condition of existence for all things visible. Though astronomy

has deprived the sun of its supposed diurnal revolution, it has revealed the startling fact that it is rushing with headlong velocity towards a star in the constellation Hercules, carrying all its planets and their conscious and unconscious inhabitants with it. Thus also the paths of the planets round the sun, which have been taken as very types of stability, are never twice the same; no part of any planet's path is ever a second time traversed. But if the inanimate world is thus ever changing, still more so is the world of life. Every living organism may be compared with a fountain retaining both an outward appearance and a certain reality of permanence, and yet composed of ever fleeting, never returning atoms. In the animal, to cease to change is indeed to cease to live. Not only must there be a continued internal renovation, but a series of varied internal modifications must take place in correspondence with the constantly occurring external changes in the natural objects which surround it and which constitute what is called its environment. Moreover, every organism undergoes a process of development from the egg or germ to the fully matured condition, and these changes form a continued and inevitable advance with no possibility of retrogression. In the great process of specific evolution, also, ever new forms of life have from time to time emerged. This the rocky record of the world proves to us: but nothing shows us that any form of life which has once passed away ever reappears, and all analogy is against the possibility of its reappearance.

It is to a certain extent the same with social organisms and their Governments. No community can permanently keep itself, as China and Japan so long kept themselves, isolated from the influence of the world about them. Each has sooner or later to meet the action of environing social organisms, and (like each living animal) either to adjust its internal changes to their action or die. It is true that

a community has not, as an animal has, the principle within it of its own development and dissolution, for true unity is not in it as a whole, but only in its several members. Nevertheless, practically, each has sooner or later to succumb to hostile influences, external or internal; and though some, like China and Egypt, may form States existing for thousands of years, yet we now see China changed and changing, while ancient Egypt can scarcely be said to live but in its monuments and mummies. Even in the animal world the differences of life's duration are hardly less in proportion; for, while many organisms live but a few hours, others (as the great salamander and various fishes) have no as yet ascertained limit, not only to their existence, but even to their growth.

Every healthy State, then, must *a priori* be expected to continually undergo a series of small changes, and it necessarily follows that there must be corresponding Governmental changes. But there are changes of two very different kinds—there are the changes of healthy evolution and the changes of incipient dissolution. There are changes which tend to preserve the organism, or the society—Conservative changes—and there are those of a destructive character. We have every reason to hope that in a social organism such as our own the former may be promoted and the latter avoided, so as to preserve our national existence for an indefinitely prolonged period. It is in the furtherance of such necessary changes that true Liberalism consists, while the avoidance of deleterious and destructive modifications constitutes real Conservatism. It is as absurd to represent Conservatism as opposed to all change as it is to represent Liberalism as opposed to all conservation. True principles underlie and support both our political parties, and the existence of such parties is a necessary condition of healthy national life. More than this; there are 'Conservative' and

Liberal' elements in every animal organism, and it is only by the proper working and due alternation of these opposed tendencies that any living animal is able to continue to hold its own in that unceasing, however unconscious, struggle for existence in which we, as communities, as individual men—and even merely as animals—necessarily live.

- SOCIAL MEMORY.

The life of every healthy and vigorous animal consists mainly in the repetition of actions which have become habitual. As soon as any creature of the highest class comes into the world at birth, the chill of the air upon its skin excites an inspiration, followed by an expiration, and this alternating action continues till its last sigh ends the series. Long before birth (as may be readily seen in the hen's egg) commences the beautiful system of the heart's contractions, which thence continues unceasingly throughout its life. These conspicuous instances may serve as types of a vast multitude of reiterated minor actions which, noted or unnoticed, take place in every system of organs, digestive, excretory, muscular, and nervous, and as well as circulatory and respiratory. But not only are there this series of minute organic repetitions; the whole life of each creature is made up of returning cycles of daily actions and, in the longer-lived creatures, of returning cycles of annual action also. The bird aroused at dawn plumes its feathers, seeks the pond or brook, and pursues its insect food or vegetarian repast at approximatively similar hours. With the advent of spring comes its wonderful nest-building and its song, while hot July brings silence back to every grove. The lives of many insects present us far more wonderfully complex instances of reiterated instinctive actions, and in such creatures as the ant and the bee there are the repeated actions of the community as well as of the individual. Instinct does not,

however, entirely govern the lives of animals. Many of them have such cognitive power as enables them slightly to vary their actions when they find themselves exposed to new conditions. Birds will more or less vary the materials and form of their nests according to circumstances. Woodpeckers—as in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres—will learn to live without trees to peck. Parrots may learn to prey on sheep; and it may be said, generally, that the higher the organisation of any animal the less is it the obedient slave of routine, and the greater its power of adaptation to new conditions. Evidently, without this power a race must become extinct. When, as has so often been the case, some slight local change in the land's level enables a beast of prey to enter upon an as yet unvisited area, changed habits must come in the creatures on which it feeds, or they will cease to be. Every one knows that in spots visited for the first time, animals have been found quite tame, and devoid of fear of man; but this tameness soon gives place to a well-merited distrust.

But changed vital actions will ensue and must ensue under new conditions, of which no note is or can be taken. For a person accustomed to live on one diet, his digestive organs, with all their minute glands, make habitual responses to the wonted daily demand upon them. Let that diet be changed, and corresponding changes in such responses must also ensue, and a slight constitutional disturbance often accompanies such modifications of bodily activity. Again, let the hand for the first time acquire the habit of pressing the oar, and the skin here and there responsively thickens without our desiring or being able to control such action: just as the muscles of a blacksmith's arm or a ballet-girl's leg are automatically enlarged by spontaneous changes in the intimate working of the bodily organism—new actions being carried on by it to supply new needs.

All these activities may be grouped into two sets—(1)

the habitual or reiterated, and (2) the occasional or new. Using language figuratively, the former may be said to be the result of a sort of unconscious organic memory, while the latter are the outcome of a sort of unconscious organic cognition. The due action of both these sets is obviously of absolute necessity: without the former, life could not be continued at all; without the second, it would again and again be in danger of a speedy end.

Let us once more compare this necessary alternation in the life of the animal organism with that we find in the life of a social organism—a community or nation. The life of every healthy and vigorous community also consists mainly in the repetition of actions which have become habitual, and which may by analogy be called acts of social memory. But, as we have seen, the conditions of this whole material universe are such that incessantly new combinations (never absolutely reproduced, however just may be the analogy between certain antecedent and later ones) are brought about within it universally—from the revolutions of sidereal bodies to pulsations of the protoplasm of the minutest organism. Evidently, therefore, every community which endures must be capable of varying its action and changing its internal condition to a sufficient degree to meet the demands made upon it by changes in its external conditions. It must do this or it must perish. Deep in the nature, therefore, of every social organism, as of every animal organism, there must exist two vital tendencies—a normal tendency to reiteration or conservatism, and an occasional tendency to variation or progress; and only by the due balance of these contrary tendencies can continued stability be maintained. Every animal, then, like every nation, has and must have in its constitution its ‘Conservative’ and its ‘Liberal’ party.

'ESTATES' OF THE REALM.

The error of thinking that the Queen, Lords, and Commons form our 'three estates' is not only far from uncommon amongst readers, but also amongst writers who ought to know better, as a leading monthly Review not long ago exemplified. Yet most persons who read at all, are aware that the 'three estates' of the French States-General were the clergy, the nobles, and the commons; and this was indeed the general political condition in Europe except where a fourth estate, a 'house of peasants,' existed beside the others.

By this arrangement the 'Government' did more or less nearly correspond with the 'State' it governed, and the various interests resulting from the complex sets of inter-relations of its diverse component members were more or less fairly, if roughly, represented. The large and important share of this representation which was, in mediæval times, assigned to the clergy, may seem strange, and even unfair, to moderns. In reality, however, it was as just and desirable then as it would be unjust and undesirable now. This will appear plainly enough when we recollect that in those days the clergy were necessarily the representatives not only of part of the landed interest and (as they would be now) of the spirituality, but that they also represented what then corresponded with our literary and scientific interests—our art, our science, and all our higher culture. It is obvious that government by a representation of classes and interests, as opposed to a mere representation of numbers, must be the rational mode of governing a highly complex community which, unlike a mere horde, does not consist of a mass of similar units, but of very dissimilar ones, which have spontaneously arranged themselves in various series of different sets or groups, according to the resemblances and differences existing between their varied inter-relations.

In France there are still practically three governing 'estates,' though their nature has been greatly changed. At present they consist of (1) the Bourgeoisie, (2) the Peasants, and (3) the Artisans of the great towns. Evidently, by this arrangement, the culture, the refinement, and the enlightened piety of the country are represented but very slightly; hence the brutal and retrograde acts we have had again and again so regretfully to witness.

Thanks to the tenacity with which we in England adhere to ancient forms and customs, our three 'estates' maintain their legal, however modified, existence. Not only is this the case, but they also, to a great extent, serve to represent those far more numerous 'estates' which time and the great process of social evolution, have actually developed. The land, the army and navy, manufactures and trade, the law, literature, science and art, are, as well as religion and the nobility, all more or less well represented by our Lords and Commons. Perhaps of all existing professions it is the medical profession which has least reason to be satisfied with the degree of representation practically afforded to it.

The desirability of the representation of 'estates' or 'interests,' instead of mere numbers, is indeed admitted by the actions, though not by the words, of all English Liberals—except those very few who desire the present establishment of universal suffrage. Any one who opposes universal suffrage, *ipso facto* denies the *principle* of government by numbers, and affirms the *right* of government by classes. It is also clear that the more widely the suffrage is diffused, without the institution of some compensating check, the more hopelessly are important classes and well-deserving minorities deprived of any hope of making their influence felt by due representation.

Amongst the minorities who even now suffer through this tendency, are the English Catholics; who have lost their single

parliamentary representative through the action of 'reform' on Arundel. One memorable attempt was indeed not long ago made, which would have secured to them, and to other deserving interests, a share in the national representation. The attempt referred to is the unhappily defeated 'fancy franchise' bill of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. That defeat was the more to be regretted as it was the first serious and hopeful attempt made since the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832 to deliberately set up 'estates' against 'numbers.' Through the blind obstinacy of the Tory party, reform was so long delayed that, when it passed, the barbarous *principle* of counting heads, instead of having prime regard to their contents, was introduced, and a real revolution in our fundamental constitution thereby effected. The late Conservative leader attempted in vain somewhat to repair that fault.

It is impossible to deny but that the government of mere numbers must mean, in most cases, the government of ignorance and incapacity, and the ostracism of virtue, wisdom, knowledge, culture, and refinement—of all those qualities, in fact, which best deserve the esteem of mankind—in favour of a glib tongue, a winning tone, and a quick wit. By the present contention it is not meant to imply that our social and political changes of the last two centuries have not been, on the whole, a great gain, but to indicate one instance of the besetting danger of mistaking the changes of degradation and decay for those conservative changes which development makes indispensable. If the essence of a highly complex 'State' is the organisation of its units into a multitude of diverse, mutually aiding, complementary sets of bodies or organs, and if each such body is the more perfect as it itself is similarly, in a subordinate way, so constituted; then it is manifest that whatever change tends to break down this complexity, and tends to reduce its units to a mass of simi-

larly constituted and comparatively unrelated particles, must be a change of the disintegrating and destructive order. Instead of dreading, according to vulgar prejudice, the existence of an *imperium in imperio*, the thing which would seem to be desirable is the greatest possible numbers and diversities of *imperia*, hierarchically and harmoniously co-existing within one vast and majestic *summum imperium*. In this way the parallelism between the social and the animal organism will be complete, and the 'State'—from the 'estates' of which the Government has naturally arisen—must be the one which can give the best hope, by occasional change and predominant conservatism, of a long, healthy and beneficent existence.

NOTES ON SPAIN.

NUMEROUS are the travellers from the United States that one meets with everywhere in Italy, and many agreeable reminiscences do we entertain of such acquaintances made there in the year of the Vatican Council. Few and far between, however, are the Americans to be found in Spain. This is a matter of regret, for besides the advantage to the Spaniards of a much-increased influx of visitors, transatlantic tourists would find in the more western peninsula a world of interest both in the land and also in its people, their ways, their looks, their monuments. One cannot at first but wonder that representatives of the nation of Prescott and Washington Irving are not more frequently to be found in the courts of the Alhambra, at the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, or amidst scenes of the lives of Columbus and Pizarro. Catholic citizens of the United States might, one would think, be specially attracted towards a land so long emphatically Catholic, and still so profoundly permeated by Catholic sentiment. The bad repute, however, of Spanish living, Spanish inns, and Spanish travelling, a repute which keeps away so many English tourists, no doubt sufficiently accounts for the rarity there of our transatlantic cousins. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we hasten to declare to the American public that a visit to Spain, just accomplished, convinces us that that land is most unjustly maligned, and to assure all interested in the question that lodging, feeding, and travelling can be effected

with very reasonable comfort, and that all the points of special interest can be visited without hardship or fatigue.

Tastes proverbially differ; but we must avow that comparing the towns and cities on the Spanish railways with analogous towns and cities on the German railways, we give the preference as regards cooking and sleeping accommodations very decidedly to Spain.

In five weeks spent there, in 1879, journeying from St. Sebastian to Barcelona, *via* Madrid, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, Grenada, and Valentia, we never met with a bed that was not both comfortable and scrupulously clean. Everywhere there is most excellent bread, and either good coffee or good chocolate. Very rarely did the flavour of garlic (a flavour, by the way, without which there is no good cookery) obtrude itself, and the fault to be found was not with the cooking, but with the too prevalent habit of dressing meat too fresh—one of the many instances in which Spaniards carry their summer habits into the winter. If, however, there is this drawback as to their meat, sweets and confectionery are excellent. All the hotels are very reasonable in their charges, it being, however, advisable always on arrival to make a distinct agreement for so much a day, everything included.

Travelling by rail is slow work certainly, but the carriages are comfortable; and a non-smoking carriage is always to be had for the asking, and is strictly reserved for non-smokers. This is a far preferable arrangement to that of France, where smoking is nominally forbidden in every carriage and practically allowed in all, the onus of prohibition being thrown upon the travellers themselves, whose objection to smoking may be great, but whose moral courage for objecting may be small—to their serious inconvenience.

The ill repute as to comfort in travelling, from which Spain suffers, was doubtless formerly well deserved, and that even

not long ago. Spain is, in fact, a country but freshly opened up to travellers who are somewhat enterprising, who like to take a route not followed by the whole mob of tourists, but who yet care for creature comforts and do not wish to 'rough it.' To such travellers we do not hesitate to say, Go at once and judge for yourselves.

With these hints for the general public—which we trust may serve to encourage not a few hesitating tourists to venture on the southern side of the Pyrenees—we turn at once to matters concerning the Church and religion in Spain. That country is full of interest historically, politically, commercially, and scientifically. Its botany may be said to be yet unknown, while its flora is a richer one than that of Italy. Even in zoology a great deal remains to be accomplished. To the Catholic, however, the word 'Spain' calls up at once a host of ecclesiastical memories and aspirations, and upon the Catholic-American that old country has very special claims.

A quick run from Paris to Bayonne, a night's rest at each, with a peep at Biarritz having been experienced, we crossed the Bidassoa and arrived at St. Sebastian in good time to ascend Monte Argullo, and enjoy the magnificent view from the ramparts of the fortress on its summit.

But just over the border we hardly hoped to find what we did find, so sudden a change in the aspect of things around us—groups of ladies with mantillas, Spanish peasant dresses, and ox-drawn carts, the wheels of which were solid like those of classical Italy two thousand years ago!

The churches of St. Sebastian would be insignificant in another Spanish city. But in this, the first town visited, they were most interesting to us, being so strikingly different from those of France. With small windows to keep out heat and glare in a land of such penetrating sunshine, the large amount of wall-space thus left has encouraged the develop-

ment of internal sculpture. The enormous carved altarpieces or 'retablos,' reaching to the ceiling, which are at once so general and so characteristic, the ornate and busy character of a Spanish church interior, together with its semi-obscurity, are things which the northern visitor will probably first remark. Profuse carving and gilding, the lavish character of which is generally more remarkable than its beauty, are apparent on every hand. But how and where to pray may trouble some newcomers. In St. Sebastian (so near France), and in one or two churches in Madrid, chairs like those in French churches are to be found. Generally, however, there is nothing but the pavement on which to kneel or sit—no bench or chair is to be seen. Another peculiarity is the position of the choir. Instead of being in close proximity to the altar—in front of it (as generally north of the Alps) or behind it, as so often in Italy—the choir with its stalls and organ is removed far from the sanctuary, and is placed near the west end of the church. A narrow pathway (railed in on each side) connects, in most cathedrals, the enclosure of the choir with the distant sanctuary, and allows the clergy to pass from one to the other without being inconvenienced by the congregation, which may crowd the interspace between these enclosures, standing or kneeling with their backs to the clergy and their faces to the altar.

In many parish and monastic churches the choir is raised upon a great west gallery, the entire area of the church being thus left to the congregation. This we found to be the case with the large church at St. Sebastian, a very handsome flight of steps leading up on one side from the floor of the church to the choir. Close to this church, on the way up to the fortress, is a large Carmelite nunnery, whose inmates kept high festival next day (October 15th), which was the feast of their patron, the great Spanish saint, St. Teresa.

In the fortress itself we found a well-kept little chapel, with its lamp burning and holy water stoop outside duly filled. It was evidently a Spanish rather than a French fort.

Descending by the graves of the English officers who fell here in the Peninsular War, and passing the modern ruins of the adjacent stations of the cross, set up by Ferdinand VII., in gratitude for his return, we went to the hotel for dinner and rest, in preparation for an early start next day for Burgos. The traveller who follows the same route as we did should also traverse it by day in order to enjoy its fine scenery, especially the magnificent defile of Pancorbo, with its limestone precipices—still better seen by railway than by the old coach road.

In or close to the ancient and decayed city of Burgos are three special objects of attraction—its far-famed Cathedral, the convent of Las Huelgas, and the Catuja, or old Carthusian monastery of Miraflores. Interesting as is this city to the artist and archaeologist, it was the worst for comfort we anywhere experienced on our route. At our hotel there, the *Rafaela*—which, like so many Spanish inns, begins on the first floor, not on the ground floor—we, for the first and only time, met with a really unsavoury dish,—one made of odds and ends of ox, and with a taste resembling the odour of the cat. However, if the material gratifications of Burgos are scant and poor, a plentiful intellectual repast is offered there to the Churchman, the artist, and the historian.

We entered the famed Cathedral at six in the morning, and found small scattered congregations at the different Masses which were going on in continual succession. The Spanish chasuble is like the Roman in that there is no cross behind, but it is longer, and gradually widens from the shoulders downwards. The servers at these early Masses were not clad in cassocks and surplices, but were poor boys in their own more or less ragged attire. Here, as elsewhere

in Spain, save Andalusia, we were struck with the gravity and solemnity with which Mass was said. The bell is always rung before the *Pater noster*, as in France; and the congregation make then the sign of the cross in the complex way in which it is made in Spain—the forehead, mouth, and chest being first crossed, then a large sign of the cross following, to which other small crossings may again succeed; the thumb being always finally kissed.

Some forty clergy are attached to the Cathedral, of whom twenty-eight, we believe, are canons. The canons do not generally in Spain dress as in France or Italy, but each wears a long silk cloak (like a cope) with a coloured hood. The hood is worn on the shoulders with a point extending down the back.

There are three High Masses in the Cathedral every day, and the office is, of course, daily sung—but not well sung. Hardly any congregation attends any part of it, even vespers. At that office, two priests in copes bearing silver maces (carried sloping over the shoulders) go from the sacristy through the sanctuary to the choir, and conduct thence three other priests in copes to the sanctuary, when, the altar having been incensed, they return to the choir.

It is no part of the object of this paper to describe buildings already copiously described in guide-books; accordingly we will say nothing of the Cathedral, except to remark that for travellers from countries such as England and France, the monuments of which have suffered so much from violence of iconoclasts, the uninjured and undefaced condition of its sculptured richness has a special charm.

At the old and magnificent Carthusian Monastery of Miraflores there are now only three priests, survivors of its former monastic population. Forbidden to wear the habit, and unable to practise their rule, yet living in the building once a noted monastery of their order, their life must be a

sad one save for interior consolations. They hope, however, that the change for the better which has of late taken place in Spanish affairs may soon permit them once more to receive novices, and resume the monastic life now interrupted for what will soon be half a century.¹ This hope is strengthened by the knowledge that every here and there over Spain the various monastic brotherhoods are beginning to reappear. At Burgos itself the dissolved Carmelite friars, the old 'White Friars' of London, are once more in possession of their old church near the railway station, and are already a numerous community. Very pleasant was it to sit there and listen to their voices reciting vespers in the large western gallery, which is the choir of their church.

The Cistercian Convent of Las Huelgas is a case of ecclesiastical survival, for the Abbess still holds sway over a subject village near the church, and though despoiled of her old wealth and no longer ranking as a princess palatine, second only to the queen, or possessing legal jurisdiction (which formerly extended to the power of inflicting capital punishment), she is still styled Abbess 'by the grace of God.'

The nuns are easily to be seen when at their 'office,' since their 'choir' occupies the whole nave of the church, with a grating at its eastern end through which they can see the altar. Visitors admitted at the transept can look back through the same grating at the nuns, and very stately dames are they, and majestically do they courtesy (not genuflect) to the altar as they pass out at the end of their service.

We paid a pleasant visit to the elderly Archbishop of Burgos, who still inhabits the ancient archiepiscopal palace adjoining the Cathedral. A conversation with him and with his secretary convinced us that no very hopeful view was taken by them of the politico-religious future of Spain. With much esteem for the well-intentioned young sovereign,

¹ This hope has, we hear, since been fulfilled.

King Alfonso, came the exclamations, 'What can he do?' 'A Constitutional King!' 'He is helpless!' exclamations which plainly pointed to Carlist proclivities.

After one night and day at Burgos the next city visited was Valladolid, interesting to every English and English-speaking Catholic from its Scotch and English colleges. The rector of the latter college (Dr Allen) received us with great kindness, and courteously gave us for escort about the city a pleasant cicerone in the person of a student who had already been seven years away from his friends, and who had three more summers to pass at a city in which the sun of the 17th of October was quite as hot as could be endured with equanimity by an Englishman. This college was founded three hundred years ago, yet the building is not more than half that antiquity, and its church is a sort of rotunda with altars all round, their retablos profusely gilt in the Spanish style.

The Cathedral of Valladolid, though but a portion of the building which was planned, is very impressive in its massive solidity and majestic simplicity. Were it finished, it might serve by comparison with Burgos as a test of the suitability for church purposes of the classical and Gothic styles. We take it that many a 'Goth' going to Spain to admire pointed architecture might end by giving the preference to its rival. Certainly before deciding, the cathedrals of Valladolid, Cadiz, and Granada ought to be studied and 'worked in.' We mean really used by the observer again and again for private devotion as well as for assisting at public functions. Signs of religious life are not wanting in Valladolid. Thus the fine old Church of San Pablo has quite recently been restored, and Mass is said in it by the Jesuits, who have found their way here not as a regular community but as a few isolated individuals. It is also in contemplation to restore the much finer old Benedictine Church of San Gregorio.

After passing two days in this modern-looking city (modern on account of war's destructiveness), the capital of Spain when Philip II. was King, the old city of Avila demanded a careful visit. Avila is one of the holy cities of Spain, as being so much identified with that great and emphatically Spanish saint, St. Teresa. If Valladolid has been forced to put on a modern aspect, it is far otherwise with Avila. Still begirt with its old mediæval battlemented walls with their very numerous towers, of which the east end of the Cathedral (actually built into the city walls) forms one, Avila is indeed a city of the past. It is a fossil, or rather an instance of survival, which no traveller, and certainly no American traveller—who generally so keenly appreciates the relics of the historic past—should on any account omit to visit; and his visit will not be an uncomfortable one. The small hotel (the *Fonda del Ingles*), conveniently situated just opposite the west door of the Cathedral, affords a clean and comfortable lodging and good and well-cooked food, all at exceedingly moderate charges.

The Cathedral, though small, is one of the most impressive in Spain. Early and severe in style, and built of a peculiar dark-coloured stone, its rather small windows contain so much stained glass that even the bright sun of Spain sends but a dim religious light into its interior. A peculiar charm is imparted to the eastern portico of the church by the series of very slender columns which intervene between the main columns, supporting the clerestory, and the lateral chapels.

The next morning was the Sunday within the octave of the feast of St. Teresa—patron of Avila—and a grand 'funcion' at the expense of the Ayutamiento (or municipality) was to be held in the Carmelite Church. In and around Avila are various churches and convents connected with the life of the saint.

At early Mass at the Cathedral, holy communion was given at the small altar in the middle of the wall of the apse. There was no rail or communion cloth; but the scanty communicants ascended a few narrow steps at one end of the chapel and knelt close to the altar, a small, square, stiff linen cloth being passed from hand to hand, and there was absolutely nothing but the stones of the pavement on which either preparation or thanksgiving could be made. The shape of the Spanish chasuble has already been mentioned. The maniple differs much not only from that of France, but also from the Roman maniple, being less expanded at its free end than in the latter, and therefore more like the Gothic or mediæval maniple.

The tunics and dalmatics are as in France, with no sleeves, but merely flaps hanging over the arms; but very often, as at Avila, there is a prominent standing collar. These vestments are often worn by the serving lads at grand festivals.

The surplices are curiously and not nicely modified. The sleeves are narrow and long; but the arms do not traverse them, but, passing through armholes, the sleeves hang loose, save that they are carried by the wearer (server, preacher, or other) twisted around the arm. The surplices are also very much cut down the back at the neck, and at the same time are deeply notched below, so that the two sides are united over the back only by a narrow isthmus of linen.

The boys who serve Mass commonly aid the priest in putting up the chalice, etc., after Mass, holding open the bursa to receive the Corporal. They do the same at Bayonne. The hour for the function having arrived, we repaired to the Church of Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus, which was adorned with hangings and lit up with many candles. There were some seats in the nave, near the altar, for the municipality; and one bench, extend-

ing almost the whole length, on each side of the nave, where, luckily for un-Spanish knees, we got seats. A High Mass, at a side altar (said by tonsured Carmelite Fathers), was just concluding.

Soon, however (the church meanwhile rapidly filling), the strains of a military band were heard approaching, the great west doors were thrown open, and in marched the Ayutamiento in evening dress, preceded by Alguazils and another most mediæval-looking official. The band remained outside and ceased playing. The priest, deacon, and sub-deacon (Carmelite Fathers) then advanced to the altar, and High Mass began, the Holy Sacrament being exposed.

Meanwhile the whole centre of the nave had become covered by kneeling women, the men standing or kneeling in the side aisles and at the west end. It is very curious to see the women of all classes so much alike. All in black, with black veils over their heads, it requires a female eye to distinguish, in many cases, rich from poor. This is one of the various pleasing and edifying instances of a *good* equality which exists in Spain, and all fine dressing for church and vain rivalry as to fashion in God's house, is here utterly unknown. The women have a curious way of resting themselves, after long kneeling, by sitting back on their own heels, where they seem as comfortable as if on chairs, although their legs must continue sharply flexed the whole time, and would be painfully cramped but for long practice from childhood. It was odd to see them on this occasion, when there was a long service and sermon, alternately kneeling up and sitting back on their heels, never rising from the ground at all, fanning themselves more or less the whole time. The municipality and all the men behaved very well, standing during the greater part of the time, but kneeling at the more solemn parts of the service. The sermon was long, extempore—at least spoken with animation, not read—and

eloquent, the words being also pronounced very distinctly. St. Teresa, the pride of Spain, the special glory of Avila, was, of course, its subject. A life-sized image of the saint, dressed in a real habit and surrounded with gilt rays like a sun, stood on the Gospel side of the altar, and, at intervals, the preacher turned towards it and, extending his arms, exclaimed in an impassioned manner, 'O, Madre Nuestra! O, santa mia! O, Santa de Avila!'

The High Mass being concluded, the three Carmelite priests, with their attendants, and preceded by the municipality, came forth, bearing the relics of the saint—her rosary, a shoe, her walking-staff, and one of her fingers in a crystal reliquary. The crowd fell back on each side in the plaza, and stood uncovered while the clergy passed out for about a hundred yards and then returned.

Avila is a very Catholic city, and edifying in many ways; but, nevertheless, all the shops were open on Sunday, and this we found to be the case in Spain generally.

A visit was then paid to the great Dominican Monastery of Santo Tomas, wherein, including novices, there are now about one hundred friars. It is thus devoted to its original destination, having been founded for Dominicans by Ferdinand and Isabella. The friars were expelled with the rest in 1831; but some years afterwards the ex-Queen Isabella II. bought it and restored it to them. The reader may wonder how a large monastery such as this should have escaped destruction during the recent revolution. The reason is not any goodwill on the part of the 'Liberals' (save the mark!), but because friars are found to be actually necessary animals for the government of the Philippine Islands; and so the said Liberals are reluctantly compelled to tolerate various flourishing monasteries destined to furnish the much-needed religious, who, from their destination, are known as 'Filipinos,' whatever the Order to which they may belong.

The prior spoke English well, having resided at Hong-Kong. His monastery is magnificent, especially its stately cloisters and the beautiful carved work of the stalls of the choir. This choir is placed high up in a western gallery, and, by a very singular exception, the high altar is also placed high up on another similar gallery situated at the eastern end of the church.

On the floor of the edifice, in front of the high altar, is placed the beautiful white marble tomb of Prince Juan, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, who died a promising youth of nineteen. High up on one side of the church is a small gallery, into which his parents would occasionally come, and from which the tomb and high altar can be equally well seen.

Sunset, from the Alameda of Avila, is a lovely sight, and great is the change in temperature to be perceived immediately after it has taken place. Thin and biting, indeed, is the air; but it is not at all wonderful that it should be so, seeing that Avila, though in the midst of a wide, undulating plain, is as high as is the top of Snowdon?

The start from Avila for the Escorial required a rise at four A.M., by which we were enabled to reach the palace about eight. That palace, its rooms for royal residence in life; its resting-places for royalty in death; its church, sacristy, library, garden, monastic buildings, etc., need no description here, for they are all fully described in guide-books. But a few words may be said as to the impressions made upon travellers arriving freshly from mediæval Avila and passing, with minds saturated with the charms of its old Cathedral, into the great temple of the Escorial. In spite of the impressive solemnity, the mysterious sanctity, and chaste beauty of the former, it was impossible not to be struck with the majesty, lofty sublimity, and noble simplicity of the latter. Lovers of Gothic as we were and are, we felt that here

in this classical church we were in a temple as worthy to enshrine the worship of Almighty God as was the pure and simple Gothic church of Avila or the stately and richly ornate Cathedral of Burgos. Curious, also, was it to recollect how rapid was the change which came upon the architecture of the land—curious that a church so thoroughly and completely classical as that of the Escorial should have been designed while in other places Gothic architecture was still in continued use.

But however impressive and elevating may be the effect of the Escorial's church, no one can deny but that, whether as palace or as monastery, the residential building is vastly inferior to earlier—and, indeed, to later—structures, though, on account of its mass, its effect, as a whole, has a certain undeniable grandeur.

The journey to Madrid, of twenty-one miles, was accomplished in less than two hours and a half! and travellers are landed at a station sufficiently remote from the city to necessitate a long drive over a road so bad that the jolting endured must be felt before it can be imagined. We landed at the Fonda de la Pax, an hotel in the Puerta del Sol, which is a gay, open space from which the best streets radiate. There is little to detain or interest the lover of architecture in Madrid; but the ordinary traveller may be (as we were) agreeably surprised to find Madrid so Spanish after all that one has heard of the influx of French customs. The picture gallery, with its most interesting portraits by Velasquez, to say nothing of Murillo, and the wonderfully rich collection of arms and armour in the Armeria, should both be visited with care and by no means in haste. The opera-house and theatres deserve a visit; and the curious in Spanish manners may go to a small, cheap play-house, No. 7 in the Calle Barquillo, for music and dancing, which made us, when we first witnessed it, exclaim, 'Are we in Madrid or in Morocco?'

The churches in Madrid are comparatively uninteresting, and especially so is the celebrated sanctuary, the church of the Atocha, the only handsome object in which is the magnificent tomb of the unhappy revolutionist Prim, on which his effigy lies recumbent as in mediæval monuments, but not in the attitude of prayer. The old Jesuit church, San Isidro el Real, is handsome in its way, as are various other Madrid churches, which deserve no special mention. The fashionable church is in the Calle de Alcalá, the first church on the left after leaving the Puerta del Sol. Here there are plenty of chairs and a crowded congregation; but here, as in every other church in Spain, the ladies still wear their black veils, French bonnets being reserved for worldly use, and especially for the afternoon promenade. Never have we seen Mass said with more earnestness and devotion than by the worthy parish priest of this fashionable church.

In need of temporal and spiritual aids, visits had to be paid before leaving Madrid to a Spanish banker and to Cardinal Moreno. Spanish bankers have the curious habit of giving you no indication of their whereabouts. Not only is no name to be found at the gate of the house, but they do not even put their names outside their own door, which opens on the staircase, so that you have actually to ferret them out as you might rabbits, as if the one thing they wished to avoid was to 'do business.' The proper door having at last been found, entrance was, at half-past ten, obtained into a room in which a group of clerks were discussing newspapers and cigarettes with much ease and leisure. Business, we were told, began at eleven.

Having ascertained that the Archbishop of Toledo had come to Madrid for the winter, we drove to his palace, in the Calle del Sacramento, and adjoining the Church of San Justo. Ascending a large staircase, a door on the first floor admitted visitors into a dark room or outer hall, where

we were met by a priest who courteously inquired our purpose in coming. As we were duly provided with a special letter of introduction, we were ushered through a room on the left, in which were persons of both sexes awaiting an audience, with two or three priests walking up and down in their midst, arranging the order of admission and other details. Traversing this room we entered a third, much larger, furnished with red velvet chairs and sofa, and with a crimson and gold throne and canopy at one end, two oil paintings of the Pope and King being placed side by side beneath the canopy and behind and above the throne. After waiting some twenty minutes His Eminence appeared at a door on the further side of the room, and beckoned to us. We advanced to pay our reverence, and were led by the Cardinal through another rather handsomely furnished drawing-room into a small cabinet, with two tables covered with books and writings, and a sofa, on which we were invited to sit down beside the Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain. He could not speak French, but chatted pleasantly in Spanish, not by any means hurrying his visitor. His view of Spanish affairs and of the prospects of religion was cheerful, and after a pleasant interview he courteously accompanied us half-way through the first drawing-room, at the door of which parting bows were exchanged.

Having seen the Archbishop of Toledo, the next thing was to see his city and church, so interesting, not only on account of its beauty and renown, but as the only spot in Spain in which the Mozarabic rite is still in daily use, in one of its many chapels. Accordingly, leaving Madrid about seven, we reached Toledo (by the new direct line) about ten, and went to the *Fonda de Lino*, an hotel where it is well to make a distinct bargain, and where it is not easy to make a cheap one.

Toledo is a wonderful city. Though conquered from the

Moors as early as 1085, it is a Moorish city still. It is a chaos of houses divided by a multitude of narrow tortuous lanes, in utter irregularity and devoid of any general direction, as if they were the gaps left by builders who must have some way of retreat from houses which they had constructed each for itself, and without regard to its neighbours or any general plan. The city, moreover, is perched on a lofty hill, a natural fortress with a natural moat—for the river Tagus flows round the greater part of its circumference. Then the streets are not only narrow and tortuous, but also steep; and curious indeed is the effect on the traveller who arrives in the dark in an omnibus drawn by a crowd of mules. These were fully needed to drag the heavy vehicle up the steep incline and through lanes in which it seemed hardly able to avoid the house walls, and finally into a yard, from which a staircase leads to the entrance to the inn, which begins as usual only on the first floor.

Toledo is undoubtedly one of the most interesting cities in Spain for the artist, the historian, and the churchman. Here are to be found evidences of every great transition which the country has undergone. Without its walls are remains of a Roman amphitheatre and a circus maximus. Of the Visigothic civilisation and the high perfection to which its arts attained we have evidence in the beautiful gold votive crowns found in the vicinity, and now preserved in the Armeria, at Madrid, and the Hôtel de Cluny, at Paris. The Saracenic period has here left deeper traces than anywhere else in Spain, except at Cordova, Grenada, and Seville. The early and late mediæval periods are well exemplified; while Renaissance work everywhere shows itself, and modern revolutionary destruction and decay have, alas! left but too sad and unmistakable traces of their operation. In another manner also the changes of ideas and manners are well exemplified. The religious sentiment of the time of the

Visigoths (as shown by its worship) is preserved in the venerable Mozarabic rite, which is still daily performed in the Cathedral, and annually in various Toledan churches. The many traces of Moorish skill in construction and decoration, exemplified in the two fine mediæval synagogues, not only testify to the co-existence of Mohammedan and Jewish believers, but to the wise and equitable toleration of the Spanish Christians in the earlier part of the Middle Ages. It was this spirit of equity which led King Alonzo VI. to refuse his sanction to the conversion of the great mosque into a church till the Moors themselves had consented to the act. The spirit of intolerance which subsequently became so sadly characteristic of the nation has left its mark in the Christian emblems in the synagogues, which emblems indicate their confiscation, and commemorate the period of the expulsion of the Moors and Jews. These intolerant acts not only violated equity and greatly impaired material prosperity, but religion itself suffered; for a religious decay soon began to show itself as a sequence if not a consequence of the *régime* of excessive repression. To that *régime* succeeded revolution and irreligion, of which only too abundant traces are to be found, and amongst them the present desecrated state of the two sometime churches and ancient synagogues of Toledo. Finally, the last phase of national life, the reviving spirit of religion, is showing itself in the work now going on to restore Christian worship in the old Jewish building, where, if no untoward event occurs, Mass will be once more said, and this time without the accompaniment of persecution or injustice to any one.

Singularly desolate and forlorn is the old Jewish quarter of Toledo, and decay is also the prevailing aspect of the city as seen from the exterior, with its crumbling walls and ruined buildings—the latter being mostly the result of the suppression of the monasteries.

The two synagogues to which reference has just been made are respectively called *El Transito* and *Santa Maria la Blanca*. Both are very interesting works erected by Moorish workmen for the Jews. The latter building was founded in the twelfth century and the former in 1366, so that for more than three hundred years the Jews enjoyed unquestionable toleration.

Not far off is the magnificent Franciscan Convent and Church of San Juan de los Reyes, founded by Ferdinand and Isabella. The cloister is perhaps the most elaborate and ornate example of Gothic architecture which exists, and it is open to question whether its luxuriant magnificence altogether harmonises with the severe and austere monastic reform professed by the friars who were its first inhabitants.

Its church is also open to criticism. Questionable was the taste which ornamented its exterior with the chains said to have been worn by the Christian captives at Grenada.

Within the church, the profuse decorative sculpture exemplifies that decay of piety and increase of worldliness characteristic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In it, as generally in the churches of that period, and notably in the interior of the magnificent chapel of King's College, Cambridge, we see the images of the saints and holy emblems dwarfed and diminished; while heraldic figures, crests, and supporters have become enormous, and huge coats of arms, crowns, and coronets obtrude themselves on all sides.

But the great temple of Toledo is, of course, its famed Cathedral, interesting as the primatial church of Spain, as the one example of pure Northern Gothic in the old Spanish capital, and also from its intrinsic beauty and vast size. Its length is not great—less by more than a hundred feet than that of Westminster Abbey—but its width is much more than twice that of its London rival. Its beauty is mainly due to the charm of the originally constructed early pointed church,

but in part to the multiplicity and richness of the later additions, which, though less profuse and ornate than those of Burgos, are equally well preserved and free from mutilation.

It happened that our first introduction to the Cathedral's interior was by the door of the north transept, from which an uninterrupted view is at once obtained of the whole breadth of the transepts and of the circling aisle with its clustered columns extending round behind the high altar. Turning to the left, the comparatively modern chapel de la Virgen del Segario at once arrested the attention. This chapel has a very striking effect, for there is first a sort of antechapel, then the shrine of the much venerated Virgin of Toledo, with the richly decorated sacred image above the altar. Beyond this is a large chapel containing relics, the golden reliquaries of which are visible in the distance behind and above the Virgin's altar, which thus stands between a dark and sombre antechapel and the large, brilliant sanctuary of relics, which seems a mysterious Holy of Holies but partially visible. Around the sanctuary of the high altar are beautiful sculptures, which have been partially removed to the Gospel side to make way for the Renaissance tomb of a bishop. Behind the altar is the lofty and elaborately carved, painted and gilt retablo, and the great pillars on the east side of the entrance to the sanctuary, which are elaborately decorated with niches and statuary. The choir is not so near the west end of the church as in many Spanish cathedrals, and this, together with the presence of double aisles all round, gives great spaciousness to the nave. One great charm of this magnificent Cathedral is its splendid old stained glass, with which almost every window is entirely filled. Beneath the southern tower at the west end is the Mozarabic chapel.

The 25th of October being the feast of the dedication of the church, there was a grand High Mass, solemn procession,

and sermon. There are between forty and fifty clergy attached to the Cathedral. In the old days there were nearly a hundred canons and prebendaries, amongst which were reckoned the Pope and the King, each of whom was fined two thousand maravedis for non-attendance in choir at Christmas-tide. In the procession there were thirty-six priests in white copes and three in dalmatics, carrying relics. The processional cross here, as in some other parts of Spain (e.g. at Cadiz), has at the upper part of its staff a wooden cylinder covered with an embroidered veil so arranged as to form a conical roof above it, the whole being placed just below the cross.

At High Mass a few men knelt or sat within the screen of the sanctuary; and the Epistle and Gospel were sung near, but not from, two gilt metal pulpits placed one on each side of the metal screen.

The sermon was long, and the preacher complained bitterly of the coldness and indifference which must exist when on such a day only a few dozen persons (and there were really no more) could be found present at the festal service. The music was moderately good, but it seemed to us that in Spain both church organs and military bands have become affected by the prevailing twang of the guitar.

The matter of most interest to us, however, was the old Mozarabic rite, the performance of which we carefully attended, having been provided by the civil sacristan with the office-book and missal of the rite. For it is not only the Mass which is peculiar, but the office also; and in the Mozarabic chapel there is a choir with regular stalls, wherein this office is duly chanted daily. It is, however, chanted very quickly and also indistinctly, so that it was a matter of some difficulty to follow the words.

The office began with *Prime*, of which the first words said audibly are, 'In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi lumen

cum pace.' After four Psalms and a number of versicles and responses, there followed a lesson from the Old Testament and one from the Epistles, and a hymn; and then, strange to say, the *Gloria in excelsis*, followed by the Nicene Creed. In the creed there are certain differences from the creed of the Roman rite. Thus, instead of 'genitum non factum consubstantialem patri,' there is 'natum non factum, Homousion Patri; hoc est ejusdem cum Patre substantiæ.' Also, instead of 'et crucifixus est' there is only 'passus sub Pontio Pilato.'

Next comes the Lord's Prayer, which is said in the following peculiar and very impressive mode:—

Priest. Pater noster qui es in cœlis.

Choir. Amen.

P. Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

C. Amen.

P. Adveniat regnum tuum.

C. Amen.

P. Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cœlo et in terra.

C. Amen.

P. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

C. Quia Deus es.

P. Et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

C. Amen.

P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

C. Sed libera nos a malo.

Finally comes an elaborate benediction in four parts, given by the priest standing, the choir all kneeling, and replying Amen to each part.

Tierce then begins with the *Venite, exultemus Domino*, followed by Psalms, two little chapters (one from the Old and the other from the New Testament), a hymn, the Lord's Prayer (as before), and an elaborate benediction. *Sext* and *None* are constructed similarly to *Tierce*.

The Mass is believed to be almost purely the ancient Mass of the Gothic times before the advent of the Moors, but a few additions and alterations are known to have been made under Cardinal Ximenes; and doubtless the influence of the Toledan rite, introduced in the eleventh century, must also have made itself felt. Neither in the altar nor in the vestments is there anything at present peculiar.

As in the Dominican rite, so here, the priest puts the wine and water in the chalice, and spreads the Corporal before the Introit. There is no Kyrie; but the Gloria is said, and then a lesson from the Old Testament, followed by the Epistle and Gospel, as in the Ambrosian rite at Milan. After the offertory and incensing, the priest turns round to receive the offerings of the people, saying, 'Centuplum accipias, et vitam æternam possideas in Regno Dei. Amen.' A special blessing is then given to the bread, with which ceremony the blessing of the bread at the French High Mass has probably some connection. With this ceremony the Mass of the Catechumens ends. At the beginning of the *Missa fidelium* the priest (after a short prayer) raises his hands and says, 'Oremus,' to which the choir respond, 'Agyos, Agyos, Agyos, Domine Deus Rex Æterne, tibi laudes et gratias.'

The priest then prays for the Catholic Church, and commemorates the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and Evangelists, and many saints, and afterwards begins the preface by placing his hands on the chalice, and saying—

Priest. Aures ad Dominum.

Choir. Habemus ad Dominum.

P. Sursum Corda.

C. Levemus ad Dominum.

P. Deo ac Domino nostro Jesu Christo Filio Dei, qui est in cœlis, dignas laudes dignasque gratias referamus.

C. Dignum et justum est.

Then follows a preface different from the Roman, and

after it a Sanctus is sung, at the end of which occur the words, 'Agyos, Agyos, Agyos, Kyrie O Theos.' The rest of the Mass before the consecration is exceedingly short, and the words of consecration of the Gothic Mass are different from those of the Roman. The last words (of those which immediately follow the actual words of consecration) are said aloud; the choir responding Amen.

The consecrating words of the old rite are, '*Hoc est corpus meum quod pro vobis tradetur;*' and '*Hic est calix novi testamenti in meo sanguine, qui pro vobis et pro multis effundetur in remissionem peccatorum.*'

The chalice is elevated, not naked, but covered with its veil.

Then after two short prayers there is another and very peculiar elevation, due doubtless to the former prevalence of the Arian heresy in Spain.

The priest holding the Host over the uncovered chalice, says, 'Fidem quam corde credimus, ore autem dicamus.' He then elevates the Holy Sacrament that it may be seen by the people; and the creed is recited in the same words as at *Prime*, the separate clauses being said alternately.

The Host is then broken into nine pieces, disposed on the paten in a peculiar order; and the priest commemorates first the living and then the dead, and the choir sing as introductory to the communion the words, 'Gustate et videte quam suavis est Dominus. Alleluia.'

Having received both kinds and said two short prayers, the priest or the deacon says on the more solemn feasts, 'Solemnia completa sunt in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi; votum nostrum sit acceptum cum pace.' On less solemn days he says, 'Missa acta est; in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi perficiamus cum pace.'

This form is very interesting, as giving a possible key to the enigmatical words of the Roman Mass, 'Ite missa est.'

Lastly, the priest gives the blessing, turning to the people (the only time he does so except at the offertory) and making the sign of the cross over them, saying: 'Pater et Filius.' The unaccustomed hearer might well wonder (as the Frenchman, King Philip v., did wonder) how it is that the name of the Holy Spirit seems to be omitted. It is not, however, really so, for it occurs at the very beginning of the benediction before the priest turns round, so that it is not apt to be noticed. The full words of the blessing are: 'In unitate Sancti Spiritus benedicat vos Pater et Filius.'

Before quitting the subject of Toledo and its ancient rite, it may be interesting to our readers to compare the latter with certain other rites which here and there still survive in Europe. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of seeing the Mozarabic High Mass, which we regretted the more since we had before found that function, as performed at Milan and at Lyons, full of ritualistic interest. The ancient Ambrosian rite of Milan presents certain noteworthy resemblances to the Mozarabic Mass. Thus (1), after the elevation, the priest extends out his arms horizontally for a short time; (2) besides the Epistle and Gospel, a lesson from the Old Testament is also read; and (3) the priest never turns round to the people at any 'Dominus vobiscum.' The last circumstance is due to the fact that, according to the strict Ambrosian rite, the priest should celebrate facing the people (standing on the further side of the altar); and no doubt the former existence of a similar custom in Spain accounts for the fact that the priest does not turn round to the people at the *Dominus vobiscum* in the Mozarabic rite. It may be well to add here some other peculiarities observed in the Ambrosian rite, so that any reader who (more fortunate than we) shall witness the Mozarabic High Mass may be enabled to compare the two together.

According to the Ambrosian rite, the Gospel and Epistle

are both sung successively from the same pulpit, which is on the Gospel side of the entrance to the choir. The albs worn at the High Mass witnessed were very short (not reaching so low as the knees), and with a sort of 'flounce.' We were, however, much interested to see that they were 'apparelled,' the 'apparels' being somewhat larger in size than the mediæval ones. It being Advent, the deacon and sub-deacon wore chasubles; but the deacon, on removing his for the Gospel, did not, as with us, put on a broad stole, but there was a curious rectangular ornament attached to his narrow stole, behind his left shoulder. The censer used had no cover, and, on this account, it was used in a peculiar manner, to prevent its contents falling out; instead of being swung as censers ordinarily are, it was swung rapidly round in complete circles, first in one direction and then in the reverse manner. Each time before incensing the altar the priest offered incense on his knees. At an early part of the Mass the canons all advanced in single file, and successively kissed a corner of the altar. At the offertory two old laymen (each wearing a white cloak with a black hood) came to the rails and offered altar-bread; and two women came to the entrance of the chancel and offered wine (the offerings being received by the deacon and subdeacon in silver vases), an interesting case of the survival of a primitive practice. During the greater part of the Mass the deacon and subdeacon stood sideways, each leaning with his arms on one end of the altar. The priest washed his hands, not at the offertory, but immediately before the consecration, and it was done with great ceremony, the deacon and sub-deacon holding the two ends of a long cloth, and the assistants holding the basin and ewer. The priest again washed his hands, and in the same manner, after communicating. No bell was used at any part of the Mass, and that part of the canon which comes between the *Pater noster* and the *Pax Domini sit Semper Vobis*-

cum was sung as loudly as any other part. The *Secreta* also were sung aloud, like the Collects and Post-communions.

The ancient rite still surviving in France, namely, that of Lyons, has fewer differences from the Roman rite than has the Ambrosian; still it is very different, and in some of its differences it approximates to the type of the Mozarabic rite. Thus immediately after the elevation, the priest extends out his arms horizontally,¹ and the whole Mass shows traces of having been originally said with the celebrant facing the people. As in the Ambrosian rite, the part of the canon after the *Pater noster* is sung out loud. At Lyons, the sub-deacon arranges the Corporal, etc., on the altar while the deacon is singing the Gospel. The priest washes his hands before the offertory as well as after it, the acolyte carrying a large towel on his shoulder, which the priest makes use of while in that position. The sub-deacon remains behind the altar (where there is a credence table, and where the chalice is prepared) from the offertory nearly till the elevation, and whenever the missal or any other object is removed from one side of the altar to the other, the assistants in carrying it pass across *behind* the altar, instead of in front of it as with us. After the offertory, the priest first incenses the altar (without the missal being removed), and then the deacon incenses it on all sides, walking completely round it, as in a Greek Mass. The sub-deacon does not wear a veil on his shoulders as in the Roman Mass, but holds the paten enclosed in a small veil, not larger than that of the chalice—if it be not the chalice veil itself? No bell is used at any part of the High Mass, though it may at the Low Mass, which we have never seen. The Lyons rite is very majestic when the archbishop pontificates; for he is then attended by no less than seven priests, seven deacons, and seven sub-

¹ As he does also in the Dominican rite, and as was done in the old Sarum rite.

deacons. Probably in the pontifical ceremonies of this rite, and in those of the Papal High Mass, certain customs still survive which once were more or less generally diffused.

Returning from this rather long digression (which we hope and think will not be without interest to many Churchmen) to the record of our Spanish ramble, we would advise travellers proceeding from Toledo to Andalusia, first to return to Madrid, and thence start afresh, as we did, although it must be confessed that the short return journey was a very slow and tedious one, a change of trains being necessary at Algodor, with the chance of finding insufficient accommodation in the up-train on the direct line from Portugal. In our own case a shooting party, also returning, like ourselves, from Toledo, took possession of all the first-class seats not already occupied, save those in an empty carriage ticketed, '*Reservado para las Señoras.*' Into this we accordingly got, and refused to leave it in spite of entreaties and threats of officials, our reply being that we would most readily leave it for an inferior vehicle should any first-class female passenger appear at any station on the road to Madrid, but that while it remained without a tenant, we would temporarily occupy it; and this we did (no lady appearing) for the rest of our journey.

We were not sorry to be again at the Fonda de la Pax at Madrid, for though Toledo is full of antiquarian and picturesque interest, it is not a place for comfortable sojourn, with its swarms of beggars, who swoop down on you from every corner, and who may bestow on you unpleasing epithets (we were called Pontius Pilate) if their appeals be disregarded. With its uneven and not too cleanly streets, your eyes have to be directed pretty constantly downwards, and yet it is needful not to neglect looking above as well as below. Thus in one peregrination we were startled by some water falling just in front of us, and, looking up, perceived

that it was due to the fact that a woman above was cleaning her teeth out of the window, without much regard to passing strangers. We got back to Madrid on Saturday night, and next morning heard Mass in the fashionable church of the Order of Calatrava,¹ in the Alcala, close to our hotel. It was filled again and again with an edifying congregation, particularly pleasing to a northern visitor from the unobtrusive costume of the black-veiled ladies.

In the evening we started for Cordova, a journey of nearly sixteen hours, the train leaving Madrid at nine o'clock in the evening, and reaching Cordova at about a quarter to one, on the afternoon of the following day. The train was horribly full, and Spaniards of both sexes are somewhat fidgety travelling companions, everlastingly wanting to get out, and that on both sides of the carriage. All the males invariably smoke, and have a great objection to an open window. This was the most uncomfortable journey we made in Spain; but was, after all, a miracle of comfort compared with the same journey as described by Lady Herbert of Lee ten years earlier.

Arriving at Aranjuez at 10.50, the rare luxuriance of trees was perceptible even through the obscurity of a moonless night. We reached Alcazar (just then made famous by an attempt at robbery by brigands) at 2.30 A.M. Soon entering

¹ The military confraternity of Calatrava is a development of the Cistercian Order. It was founded in 1158, approved by Pope Alexander III. in 1164, and Gregory VIII. in 1187. The knights at first wore the Cistercian habit, but the needs of military life caused it to be first shortened and then discarded. Ultimately a mere secular dress came to be worn for ordinary use; but a white silk mantle, ornamented with a red cross flewry over the left arm, was the habit for all ceremonies. This order, like the other military orders, became rich, and degenerated; and in 1485 Ferdinand and Isabella united the grand mastership of the order to the Crown, the Pope, Innocent VIII., having consented thereto.

In the year 1219 an analogous religious order for ladies was founded by Don Gonzalez Yañez. Their red cross was worn embroidered on the front of their habit.

the country of La Mancha, we found ourselves at dawning day in the famed Sierra Morena, at Venta de Cardenas, close to the scene of Don Quixote's penance and of the adventures of Cardenio and Dorothea, passing by the imposing defile of the *Despeñaperros*, or 'throw over the dogs' (*i.e.* the infidels). About ten minutes past eight we punctually reached Vadollano, whence travellers branch off to Linares, of mining celebrity now as in ancient times.

In a little more than another hour we reached the station—affording the much-desired and very excellent breakfast—of Menjibar. By this time the rain began to descend in torrents. Our next neighbour at the breakfast-table was an Anglican clergyman from St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, who, to our dismay, informed us of his intention to walk on to Granada. This, indeed, is the station whence a diligence starts for that city; but no persuasion could induce our new acquaintance to avail himself of it. Saying good-bye to him with regret, we started, and in another hour first saw the Guadalquivir (or great river), and another two hours and a half brought us to the much looked forward to old Moorish city of Cordova. We drove to the Fonda Suiza, a large, clean, comfortable, but not cheap hotel, as the charge for board, lodging, and attendance was 12s. 10d. per diem. We reached it in a deluge. The rainy season of Andalusia had, we were told, begun, and our anticipations for the future were not cheering. Our visit here, however, was enlivened by the kind attention of an English gentleman to whom we had letters, Mr. Rutledge—known in Cordova as Señor Don Juan—who held an important appointment in connection with railways. Cordova is a very Moorish-looking city, and it may well be so, having continued under their sway for five hundred years. The streets are narrow, like those of Toledo; many are even narrower, and are entirely paved with flagstones; yet the place has a clean and thriving look. Most of the streets are

bounded only by whitewashed walls, the sole openings of which are the doorways, and a few very small windows with strong iron gratings, so that the aspect is quite Eastern. Moreover, many of the shops, even of the largest haberdashers, have no enclosure in front, but are quite open to the street. Finally, the people are very dark in complexion; and most of the women we saw had one or two white chrysanthemums in their abundant jet-black hair. Through the open doorways, charming courtyards, surrounded by colonnades (*patios*), were visible, with large trees, great magnolias, and other southern plants in full flower. Certain conditions of mediæval life in cities were forcibly brought home to us in our wanderings through Cordova in the rain; for there are here many gurgoyles still in use, and not superseded by pipes, so that small cascades descend from them on to the pavement, sometimes at short intervals.

The only great sight in Cordova is the Cathedral; or, as it is still called, 'the *Mesquita*,' or Mosque. Every one has heard of the Mosque of Cordova,¹ with its fore-court and palms, its low roof, and 1100 columns connected by double horseshoe arches, so no description need here be given. But many persons wonder at the plan of its construction, consisting as it does of nineteen long, narrow, juxtaposed colonnades. To comprehend it one must understand what a mosque is. A mosque is no temple, but merely a shelter from the sun and rain, for worshippers, with an indication of the direction of Mecca. Accordingly an elongated portico may, by itself, answer such a purpose. Let the population increase, and then the increased need of accommodation may be met by the addition of a second row of columns with a corresponding addition to the roof. Let this process be repeated again and again, and at last we shall get such a structure as that we are considering. Very curious is the effect produced on entering, by

¹ It was begun in the eighth century, and finished at the end of the tenth.

the vast multitude of pillars and the relatively low roof; and it is the common practice of tourists and guide-book writers to lament the introduction of the lofty Christian sanctuary and choir which is raised in the midst of the low Mohammedan building, because it necessarily intercepts the view through the arcades, and prevents the vast extent of the interior being, at once, readily perceived. To us, however, this soaring Christian edifice, in the midst of the wide-spreading low Mohammedan structure, seemed an apt symbol of the superiority of the creed it ministered to over the religion of Islam. Far from regretting the change effected, the Christian may by it be stimulated to hope that analogous changes may one day take place in the mosques and temples of India.

Returning to the hotel, our *table d'hôte* dinner was made interesting by anecdotes from Mr. Rutledge's abundant experience, showing the changes a few years have effected. When, as a youth, he first visited Madrid, he travelled to it from Paris without stopping, entirely by diligence, a journey of eight days and nights.

Early the next day the other churches were explored, and for the first time a Mass was witnessed performed with unedifying haste. We were now, however, in Andalusia, the moral condition of which is generally admitted to be decidedly inferior to that of the more northern provinces. As to material comforts, Cordova is a place which may well be chosen for a somewhat lengthened stay. There is very good society to be had, a first-rate club, and an abundance of game for the sportsman. The great bustard is still common in the adjacent plains, with plenty of the little bustard, sand-grouse, red-legged partridges, hares, and rabbits, and, at the proper time, quails also. In the mountains are wolves, wild cats, a few lynxes, and also boars, red deer, and roebucks; the three last-named kinds of

animals cannot be shot, however, till permission has been obtained.

Though Cordova is so little to the north of Seville, yet it lies near the mountains, and at a considerable elevation above the sea. The rail, therefore, continuously descends from it to Seville (which is in the midst of a wide plain), skirting the Guadalquivir; and here for the first time abundant signs of a sub-tropical climate present themselves to the traveller from the north. The prickly pear, and what are commonly called aloes, but are really agaves, form hedges on each side of the railway. Every now and then one sees wide stretches of country having the appearance of an English common with its furze bushes; but what look like furze bushes are really patches of the dwarf palm, which grows naturally on scraps of waste ground all about, even down to the rails. The journey to Seville was performed in a little over three hours and a half, and by six o'clock we were duly installed at the Fonda de los Cuatro Nacionos, the best hotel we had yet found in Spain. The charge for everything was 8s. 9d. a day, and the bedrooms were clean, with carpets and mosquito curtains, and the living was excellent. The hotel was situated in the Plaza Nueva, close to the Cathedral. The street door led into a large patio, which had been roofed with glass above, and thus acted as hall, drawing- and reading-room; and here the *Times* and other foreign papers were regularly taken. The Spanish newspapers give evidence of a kindly and pious sentiment prevalent throughout the country: Spaniards are not content with inserting a notice of the death of their relatives and friends, but they insert a notice of the recurrence of their anniversaries also. On the morning of Wednesday, October 29th, day dawned at Seville soon after five o'clock, and at six it was daylight. Our first sally was to visit the justly celebrated Cathedral, and a very stately church it is; its plan, an enormous

parallelogram, with a central portion and two wide aisles on each side, as also a series of lateral chapels. It is somewhat like the Cathedral of Milan, but of a much purer though late Gothic, and with more bulky, clustered pillars. One great charm of the Cathedral is the brilliant stained glass, which fills every window. Even with the light of Spain, the Cathedral looks gloomy at first. The visitor should not omit to contemplate the celebrated St. Anthony of Padua, by Murillo, which made a trip to New York and back in 1874. It is placed in the chapel with the font, and in the next chapel is the tomb of Bishop Baltazer del Rio. In this latter chapel the altar is raised on a platform, to which access is gained by steps on one side, while the bishop's tomb is in the front wall of the platform. At the east end, in the Capilla Real, is the great treasure of the church, the relics of St. Ferdinand, enclosed in a silver shrine, placed in front of the life-sized image of Our Lady, which was given to the Saint himself by the canonised King of France, Louis IX. The image is seated on a silver throne, and its hair is of spun gold. But the magnificence of the Cathedral contrasts painfully with the religious indifference of the population of the city. We were informed by a well-informed priest, that out of a population of 118,000, not more than 500 men and 2000 women make their Easter communion, and not more than 5000 men go to Mass on Sundays. We heard that religion has lost enormously since the revolution of 1865, and that too many of the clergy are neither zealous nor edifying; and although while residing at Seville we saw Mass said with the same devotion as in other parts of Spain, we also saw it said with irreverent haste, a canon of the Cathedral, a young man, not genuflecting even at the consecration, but only drawing his right leg a little backwards, and going away directly after Mass without making any thanksgiving. Still, in spite of the general religious indifference, if a mission is given anywhere the

people flock to it in multitudes, and there is always a great harvest of souls. If only the Church had the liberty in Spain which it enjoys in England and the United States, Spain would soon be again evangelised. Hatred of religion, however, and a spirit of persecution are engrained in the far larger part of the so-called 'Liberals,' and men whose sons are now actually being educated in Jesuit colleges, signed the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and would do it again if called upon by the need of pandering to the irreligious passions of their party. The Church has been robbed most cruelly. No money is to be had for religious purposes, and yet great sums are spent by ministers on ministerial residences and such matters, while the taxes on property, we heard, have risen to the extent of 40 per cent.

There is a small Jesuit College in Seville, existing under a precarious toleration, and the Jesuits have another house, but no church of their own as yet. The rainy season was indeed upon us, and only the Cathedral could well be visited the first day. Thus Seville was seen to great disadvantage; but we think its charms have really been exaggerated. The Plaza Nueva, the principal square, is spoiled by the want of height in the houses which bound it, and if Madrid charmed us by being so much more Spanish than we expected, Seville disappointed us by being so much less different from Madrid than we had supposed it would be. In the evening we went to the large and handsome Teatro San Fernando, where a scanty audience witnessed a couple of very innocent farces, with enormously long intervals between their acts. The next day the weather permitted the visiting of the regulation sights, amongst them the great tobacco manufactory, where three thousand women are employed, in immensely long stone-vaulted halls, in making cigars and cigarettes. The chatter, closeness, and smell were trying phenomena, and in spite of so many hundred black eyes, by no means disposed

to avoid observation, the whole thing was to us an unpleasing experience. Each hall, or ward, is under the control of a superioress, who accompanies the visitor through it and protects him from the possibly too great obtrusiveness of its other inmates. After this, the least pleasing sight of Seville, we went to one of the most pleasing, namely, to the celebrated tower of the Cathedral, called the Giralda. This tower, like the Campanile of San Marco at Venice, has no steps within, but only a gently inclined plane, up which a donkey could easily carry a visitor. Moreover, there are many resting-places on the ascent, and large windows on every side at short intervals, and we frequently paused to enjoy the view in the four directions its four sets of windows respectively face. Hence, of course, the great plain on which Seville stands can be well seen,—a plain bounded on the north by the Sierra Morena and on the south by the very fantastically-shaped mountains of Ronda, while to the east are visible the last spurs of the Sierra Nevada range. To the west the widening plain stretches out towards the distant sea.

The roof of the Cathedral has a very singular aspect when seen from above. It is like that of a northern cathedral with the wood-work and lead stripped off—the undulating stone vaulting being here naked and unprotected by any covering.

The house of the Duke of Medina Cœli—commonly called the house of Pontius Pilate—gives the visitor an excellent idea of the sort of residence most suitable to the character of the place. It consists of several open courts surrounded by arcades, from which the doors of the bedrooms, etc., open. Such arcades must form delightful drawing- and reading-rooms for summer use, since even at the end of October it was pleasant to sit there without hat or overcoat.

Happening, in an afternoon stroll, to look into the Church of St. Pablo, we saw that some ceremony was about to take place there. It turned out to be a special confraternity

service, and one which was fairly attended. The retablo behind the high altar was very elaborate, and extended quite up to the roof. It was not Gothic, but of much later date, and ornamented with many life-sized statues. Very high up in the middle line, was a large gold crown surmounting a pair of curtains closed midway, with a candle on each side of them. The retablos are so constructed that men can climb up, about and behind them, right up to the roof. The first thing done in preparation for the service was to light the two candles beside the curtains beneath the crown, and then other candles about the retablo and on the altar. Afterwards the rosary was said in Spanish, and then the curtains beneath the crown suddenly opened and exposed the Holy Sacrament which they had hitherto concealed. Next followed prayers in Spanish and a sermon, after which we were compelled to leave without waiting for the end of the long service, which is called a *manifestacion*.

Circumstances so happened that we had either to miss Cadiz altogether, or to run over to it and back in one day; we chose the latter course, and therefore started on the 31st of October, at half-past seven in the morning, arriving at Cadiz at 12.50; and then returned, leaving Cadiz again at 3.45, and reaching Seville at nine o'clock in the evening. Cadiz is so peculiar, and in many respects so pleasing a city, that it should on no account be missed. There was no time to stop at Jerez, which (apart from its highly ornate Gothic Church of San Miguel) has little interest, save what is connected with its wine trade. As you approach the station next after Jerez—that of Puerto de Santa Maria—there is a charming view of Cadiz, which seems to rise like an island out of the water. Seen across the bay it looks quite near, and yet it takes more than an hour to sweep round the long semicircular strip of land at the extreme end of which Cadiz stands. We are told that

for those who are in no hurry, it is a good thing to sleep at Puerto Santa Maria (at the Vista Alegre Hotel, by the side of the water), and then to cross the Bay of Cadiz in the morning, when there is a magnificent view of the city of Cadiz from the steamer's deck. Proceeding, as we did, by rail, as you traverse the sandy neck of land which leads to Cadiz, you come upon what at first appears to be a military encampment. As it is more nearly approached the seeming white tents, however, turn out to be nothing but pyramids of salt. Shortly before getting to Cadiz there is on the left (or sea) side of the train a fine large church, with a central dome and two large towers covered with blue tiles, producing a very pleasing aspect. During the last portion of the journey the sea comes close to the railway on each side of it.

The line of rail towards Cadiz is bordered not only by agaves and prickly pears, but is bright with white and yellow flowers, with the autumnal-flowering lilac crocus, which yields saffron, with the squirting cucumber, and a large yellow-fruited *Solanum*. Cadiz, in spite of its decay, is a clean, bright-looking city, with its long and narrow streets made picturesque by a multitude of projecting balconies. Its classical Cathedral is commonly abused, but to us it seemed both a noble and a devotional edifice, and preferable to many a Gothic church. All its altars are made of coloured marbles, with jasper and other precious material, and there are none of the bedizened dolls, which, however they may suit the taste of the native poor, are such a trial to English-speaking Catholics. Thus at St. Pablo's at Seville we noticed (during the 'manifestation') that over many of the altars was a glass case containing a life-sized image, dressed up in clothes, and sometimes with a wig of real hair like a third-rate waxwork show, and forming almost the last expression of degraded taste in religious art. The Cathedral of Cadiz was completed at the private cost of a recent bishop, with the aid of the late

Queen Isabella the Second. There is a charming drive around the city from the back of the Cathedral to the Alameda. On each side of the drive are very remarkable trees called 'Sapote,' with short stems and a scanty foliage of longish, thickish leaves. At the market were baskets of arbutus fruit, called by the Spaniards 'madroño.'

At the Fonda de Paris we happened to meet a very pleasant young Spaniard who was taking his breakfast, who was delighted to talk English, and was enthusiastic in his praises of Stonyhurst, where his education had been finished. He was about to repair there during the following month for recreation, the pleasure of seeing his old college and his Jesuit friends outweighing the disagreeableness of a long journey and an English November! This rencontre was a fortunate thing for one of our party; for the young man happened to remark, 'In your English railway trains you have a compartment specially reserved for smokers, while here it is for non-smokers that such a reservation is made.' Of such a reservation we had never heard, but, acting on the hint, we asked the stationmaster, on returning to the station, for the carriage reserved for non-smokers, and obtained one with a placard duly affixed, in which the return journey to Seville was accomplished without the accompaniment of undesired tobacco fumes.

Meanwhile the King had arrived at Seville. His arrival was hours later than was expected, and when it was almost dark. No cheers greeted him, nor was any enthusiasm shown at the theatre, to which he repaired before sleeping in the old Palace of the Alcazar.

On the next day, the Feast of All Saints, the Cathedral was early visited; and one of the first persons met by us in it, was the little Anglican clergyman whom we had left at Menjibar, determined to accomplish a journey to Granada on foot, though unable to speak Spanish. He had not, we

found, been able to succeed in this, in spite of great pluck and perseverance; and his adventures may serve as a caution to intending pedestrians in Spain. Yielding, to a certain extent, to our persuasion, he had taken the diligence from Menjibar as far as Jaen, and then started to walk, at about one o'clock in the day, in spite of the entreaties of the hotel people (who thought he must be demented) that he would wait for the diligence. He was provided with a knapsack, an umbrella, and a sword-stick. The rain began to descend, and the road became frightfully muddy. He had not proceeded far, when he was attacked by a very large and fierce dog, which a boy in an adjoining field seemed too stupid to call off till our poor friend was almost exhausted by his efforts to keep the dog away by the use of his sword-stick. This difficulty having been surmounted, he was, after a walk of a mile or two further, taken into custody by two gendarmes, who came out of a wayside cottage, demanding his passport. The passport he had unluckily neglected to have *viséd* by the Spanish authorities, so they naturally took him to be some escaped criminal,—the only sort of person in Spain who would choose to travel on foot. He was taken into the cottage and searched. Nothing suspicious being found, and cigars being proffered, he was left free to resume his march; but it was getting dark and no halting-place could be reached ere nightfall. He therefore asked permission to stop till next day at the cottage. This was granted, and he was as well treated as the circumstances allowed. At supper the not-unwelcome stew had to be eaten without plates or forks, by the help of a spoon only, while wine was handed about from one to another in one single glass. At night a bed of straw was made for him and another man in the cooking and dining room, in which two horses, some sheep, and several cats also passed the night. The next day he continued his march in the rain, which came down in torrents. He was

again arrested by gendarmes, and ultimately he had to stop and ask shelter in a village where he could find no inn. With difficulty getting what he wanted, he was compelled by fatigue and indisposition to wait for the diligence, getting into which he made the final stage of his journey to Granada. The ill-effects of these trials having happily passed away, he was now with us waiting to hear the Grand High Mass of the Feast of All Saints. The Cathedral choir was under repair, so the altar was at the west end of the choir screen; and the canons were seated on benches to the west of this, instead of in their proper 'coro.'

The bishop did not appear, neither did the King, for whom a throne on the Gospel side was nevertheless prepared. The music was good; but there was no assistant priest, only a priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, with acolytes in dalmatics. We were interested to see that apparels were worn on the albs here, as at Milan. There was a sermon and procession, but the attendance of the people was scanty. The canons during the office and procession chatted one to another in a very free and easy way; and altogether the service was much less impressive than many a High Mass we have witnessed in England.

Before leaving Seville, a pious pilgrimage should be made by all interested in the Society of Jesus to the University, for this is the old Jesuit College; and in its church are interesting tombs much older than itself, removed there from the old Carthusian monastery ruined by the revolution. Another effect of revolution has been the change of destination of what is now the Duke of Montpensier's Palace of San Telmo. This palace was an ancient nautical college founded by the son of Christopher Columbus. Ruined and plundered, it was given to the Duke in 1849, and thus (as is the case with so many other establishments in Europe) what formerly was a public good, now ministers but to private luxury.

Robbery of the public for private gain is at once the cause and effect of so many of the so-called 'liberal' measures, which the true English-speaking Liberals blush to see ticketed with so mendacious an appellation. Only the state rooms of the palace are shown to ordinary visitors. They are handsomely furnished with some good and many interesting pictures, a large number of which naturally bear reference to events in France—the accession and reign of Louis Philippe, etc. On the walls of a sort of cloister (enclosing a central court) is a complete representation of the Corpus Christi procession, as it used to take place in Seville in the old days. All the various orders of monks and friars are represented following in due order; but heading the procession is a huge dragon, followed by half a dozen giants, made up like those which now figure in our pantomimes, or like the Gog and Magog of the Guildhall in London. The chapel of the palace could not, to our regret, be seen. Beneath it repose the remains of the deceased members of the duke's family; and it was to this chapel, instead of to the Cathedral, that the King went on this day to hear Mass—perhaps led by affection for his late queen, Mercedes, whose by no means pleasing portrait is conspicuous amongst those of the other members of the family in the reception-rooms of the palace.

For one thing the inhabitants of Seville are really indebted to the duke—the formation of a garden greatly superior to anything of the kind we had yet seen in Spain. Especially remarkable were the numerous fine palm-trees, which had been planted about twenty years. Although a great number of labourers are employed to keep this very large garden in good order, yet to English eyes it seems a very untidy place, the total absence of greensward being a great drawback to its charm. Of course greensward is an impossibility in the climate of Seville, but the attempt to produce a somewhat similar effect by the aid of a kind of houseleek, is a great

failure. Seen at a distance, one is led by it to imagine a pleasant stroll over soft grass, while a nearer approach shows but a rough, uneven surface, on which walking, if permissible, would certainly not be agreeable.

From the very modern palace of San Telmo we went, the next day, to that very ancient one, the Alcazar. Having secured an order and taken the precaution to ascertain beforehand that the order would admit us on Sunday morning, we were naturally somewhat taken aback on presenting it to be refused entrance by the surly porter—the only surly man we met with in Spain. We insisted, and finally sent in by a subordinate our passports to the superintendent, stating that admission then was our only chance of seeing the palace at all, as in a few hours we had to leave Seville for Granada. The appeal was effectual. The dignified but courteous superintendent, who met us as we passed inwards, told us that we were admitted by special favour and exception. It would, indeed, have been a loss to have left Seville without seeing the Alcazar. It is, however, better to see it after the Alhambra, instead of, as we did, before visiting the latter palace, since the charm of the Alhambra is somewhat destroyed by seeing the old Sevillian palace first.

Though built in the fourteenth century by that Christian king, Don Pedro the Cruel, the Alcazar is a perfectly Moorish building. In fact he employed Moorish workmen, and intentionally imitated the Alhambra, which had been just before completed by his Mohammedan friend, the King of Granada, Yusuf I.

The name Alcazar means 'the House of Cæsar,' and it occupies the site of the ancient Roman prætor's house. It bears the Gothic inscription, 'El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy ponderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla y de Leon, mandó facer estos Alcazares y estas façadas que fue hecho en la ero mil quatro cientos y

dos,' *i.e.* 'The most high, noble, and powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by God's grace King of Castile and Leon, ordered these buildings to be made in the era one thousand four hundred and two.' By the 'era' is meant the date from the fourth year of the Emperor Augustus, as before 1582 the Spaniards did not date from the birth of Christ.

The noble halls of the Alcazar, opening one into the other, with their beautifully decorated walls and slender columns, are full of charm of a certain kind. Graceful in the extreme, the impression conveyed by it is, nevertheless, remarkably contrasted with that produced by the beauty of any analogous Gothic edifice. Perhaps this impression is simply due to subjective association, and to the known co-existence of Moorish decoration and Mohammedan morals. But however this may be, the impression conveyed is eminently soft and sensuous; nor could a residence seem less well fitted for carrying on anything like the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. It was, nevertheless, hallowed by the passing away of a saint within its walls; for here is shown the spot where died St. Ferdinand, who conquered Seville from the Moors. The Alcazar, unlike the Alhambra, is no ruin; it is actually inhabited. Here the king stayed on his recent visit, and here Queen Isabella occasionally stays. Its walls are brilliant with colour, having been restored in 1857.

The climate of Seville is trying to many constitutions, and dysentery is very frequent. The excessive moisture of the season was hurtful to one of us, who looked eagerly for relief to the mountains of Granada, so that, reluctantly, Seville had at once to be left. There is now a train which takes the traveller pretty directly from Seville to Granada, with only two changes of carriage—one at La Roda (where he will meet the direct train going from Cordova to Malaga), and one at Bobadilla (whence starts the special line for Granada). Though it was Sunday, many labourers were to be seen at work in

their fields; and at Seville (as before at Madrid and Avila), almost all the shops seemed open, as on week-days. A request for a carriage 'reservado para los non fumadores' again had its happy effect, and after an agreeable journey of about six hours we reached the station of Bobadilla, where there is an excellent *fonda*. Both at this station and at La Roda, handy young lads, with pleasant faces and a pleasant manner, come to take care of your hand packages for you and place them in your next train, a help not to be despised by passengers hurrying for food. On this route Osana and Marchanda should be carefully noted on account of their picturesqueness. Especially charming are the old Moorish walls and towers of Marchanda. The train for Granada started from Bobadilla at a little after half-past six, reaching its destination at 10.39. There being no moon, this picturesque part of the journey was for the present lost to us; but between Seville and La Roda the remarkable mountains of Ronda form a conspicuous object on the traveller's right.

With the arrival at the capital of the old Moorish kingdom the second step of our journey was happily accomplished. After the purely Christian and mediæval Burgos and Avila, after Valladolid and Madrid (cities of the Renaissance period), and after the altogether peculiar Escorial, we had first met with the monumental expression of the co-existence, side by side, of Moor, Jew, and Goth, in the metropolitan city of Toledo. But in Toledo the triumphant Goth had evidently reduced the others to insignificance. There, beside a magnificent and triumphant minster, are confiscated synagogues and but insignificant though highly interesting mosques. In Seville the Moorish element asserts itself much more. It does so in the court of the Cathedral, in the Giralda, and, above all, in the fascinating Alcazar; while at Cordova the Cathedral itself is Moorish, and the Saracenic

elements it contains seem to be amongst the most cherished of its sacred relics, and the whole city is redolent of Mahomet and of the East. We had thus, as we gradually approached the land of the Saracens and receded from the purely Christian lands of the north, noted abundant external signs of these diverse influences and of the fluctuations in their relative predominance. Still, the last of the Moorish kingdoms was as yet unvisited, and the charm of its romantic attraction was keenly felt. The day had been hot and dry, and the arid mountains, which succeeded the plains of Seville, had a parched and thirsty look. Dryness is the curse of so much of Spain, and we had traversed so many leagues of burnt-up land unmoistened by any visible rivulet, that the fact of its being such a curse was thoroughly impressed upon us. Arriving then in Granada at night, as we approached our hotel, the Fonda de los Siete Suelos (adjacent to the Alhambra), and slowly ascended the lofty hill to reach it, the mass of foliage, and the lofty grove of close-set trees, through which we drove, had much charm, but yet more charming was the rushing sound of abundant gushing streamlets on either hand; nor did the sound itself cease, for beneath the window of our bedroom a tiny fountain kept up the welcome music, and was the last sound of which we were conscious as we fell asleep for the first time of our lives in what had been the garden of Boabdil's palace in the city of Granada.

Full ninety out of every hundred travellers who visit Spain will find Granada the most agreeable of all their halting-places, and when they come to look back upon their past wanderings, its snowy mountains and fruitful plains, its picturesque ruins, its babbling streams, and its refreshing glades will stand out on the field of memory as pleasurably as vividly. Nor is it only its charm for ear and eye that should be noted, but also the invigorating, health-giving

effect of its mountain air—its elevation equals that of the summit of Skiddaw! In spite of a bedroom much like a prison cell, with tiled floor and straw mattress, a refreshing sleep was enjoyed the first night, and in the morning our invalid companion had lost all those unpleasant symptoms which the damp and heavy atmosphere of Seville had induced. The house we stayed in was, as before said, the *Fonda de los Siete Suelos*, which takes its name from an adjacent tower of the Alhambra, called the 'Torre de los Siete Suelos,' or the Tower of the Seven Floors. It, and the Washington Irving Hotel opposite it, are situated in the so-called 'gardens' of the Alhambra, which are, in fact, not gardens in our sense of the word, but extensive plantations of elm-trees, through which steep roads wind in various directions. The hotel charges were sufficiently moderate, *i.e.* 8s. 9d. a day for a bedroom on the second floor, with meals and attendance. The other hotels are down in the city, and should be made use of by those who care more for convenient access to the churches and other monuments of Granada, than for the Alhambra with its purer atmosphere.

Although it was the 2nd of November, the trees still preserved their leaves, which showed, however, the tinge of autumn. The sun was hot enough to make us gladly seek the shade; while butterflies were numerous, and lizards darted over the walls or hid amongst the multitude of arums which clothed the ground. Scarcely any rain had fallen here during the recent deluge at Seville. Yet the air was perfectly transparent, and the distant mountains stood out in perfect distinctness against the blue sky, which was for the most part cloudless, though black clouds and pouring rain could be seen far off to the north-west.

Granada is built upon three hills on the outskirts of the mighty mountain-chain called the Sierra Nevada, from its cap of perpetual snow. Beneath, is the fertile plain, the Vega

(still kept fruitful by that irrigation from the mountain streams which the Moors established), surrounded on all sides by more or less distant mountains.

The Alhambra is like the Alcazar, but larger and more elaborate, though without the brilliant colouring of the latter. Its situation is lovely in the extreme (overhanging as it does the valley of the Darro), and when in the possession of Boabdil must have been a terrestrial paradise. No description of it, however, is needed here; is it not in all the guide-books? The guide-books, however, are apt to mislead in certain respects. Some of them declare that a fee of one dollar is necessary on each admission to the palace, and also that it is only open at certain fixed hours. Both these assertions are untrue. The Alhambra is open throughout the day, and nothing is easier than to arrange to see it by moonlight also. The civil and obliging guardians of course expect something for showing you over on your first visit (and your guide is sure to *deserve* something for his civility and the pains he takes to show you all); but that once over, you can enter and stroll about wherever you like, without any further payment being *expected*. With the exception of the picturesque external walls and towers, however, 'all the beauty of the "king's palace" is *within*,' and the external aspect of the halls and chambers which so delight you by their interiors is poor and mean in the extreme.

After returning from an early stroll through the Alhambra, to breakfast at the hotel, we descended to the city for the Mass of 'All Souls.'

The Cathedral of Granada practically consists of three churches united. The oldest of these is the royal chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, where the remains of these sovereigns are interred. Connected with this, and directly opposite (due west of it, supposing the whole church to stand east and west), is the parish chapel or *parroquia*. On the

gospel (or ecclesiastically 'north') side of these royal and parish chapels is the true Cathedral itself, into which they both open—the parish chapel into the western part of the Cathedral nave, and the royal chapel into what would be the transept were there transepts, *i.e.* opposite the interspace between the sanctuary and the choir.

The royal chapel is of the richest and latest Gothic, and it has a complete ecclesiastical establishment of its own. The other buildings are classical. Nevertheless, the Cathedral itself is one of the most delightful churches we have seen in Spain. Like that of Bourges in France, it consists of a nave with double aisles, which continue on all round the apse. As to its proportion and style, it is like a smaller Seville Cathedral dipped in a classical bath of late Renaissance. Over the altar itself is an enormous cupola or dome (called the *cimborio*) rising to a height of 220 feet, and rich with stained glass and gilding. The effect of this dome is very fine, save that its great weight has necessitated the blocking up of the arches and interspaces, which would otherwise exist between each of the inner pillars round the apse and the corresponding pillar of the external series—great stone piers taking the places of such interspaces. The consequence is that, seen from the 'west' end, while the view up the centre nave is, of course, unimpeded (save by the choir screen), and while that up each outer aisle continues to the end of the church, the view of each inner circle is obstructed by a stone wall, consisting of the first of these great stone piers thus supporting the *cimborio*.

Here (as in other places in Spain) it is in the parish chapel that late Masses are to be got. In the Cathedral proper, there were no Masses after the High Mass. The latter service is impressively performed; but we noticed no peculiarities, save that the serving-boys wore curious ornamental collars standing up round their necks. Unlike Seville,

apparels were not worn upon the albs. Here, as also in Seville, we found much irregularity as to the bell-ringing at Low Mass, there sometimes being none whatever. Mass was also said with the protecting dark cover over the subjacent linen cloths.

In the royal chapel are the magnificent marble tombs (in early Renaissance Italian work) of Ferdinand and Isabella, and also of their daughter, 'Crazy Jane,' and her handsome, unfaithful husband Philip. Very beautiful is the face of Jane. Strange was the contrast produced by descending from the royal chapel, with its marble statues, its elaborately ornamented roof, and sides in Renaissance Gothic, its gilded escutcheons, the brilliant colours of its walls and windows, with all the stateliest ensigns of regal magnificence, into the small dark, low vault, wherein rest the plain, iron-bound coffins of the royal dead. Those of the conquerors lie together on a low platform in the centre. Their daughter and her husband repose against each lateral wall. These coffins have never been opened.

From the Cathedral we proceeded with a young and agreeable Brazilian gentleman to visit the Cartuja (or old Carthusian monastery) in the suburbs. Returning from the melancholy sight of the suppressed monastery, the visitor should drive to the hospital founded by St. John of God, over the door of which is his statue, and within which his relics are religiously preserved—the saint being revered by men who would deny to others liberty to follow in his footsteps.

The Redemptorist Fathers have, however, now managed to obtain a footing here, and have the care of a small church, and we hear the Jesuits are expected. The religious condition of the city indeed needs such help, being little better than that of Seville. Not but what the churches are sometimes well filled. At a handsome church in the Alameda,

where Exposition was going on, there was a large attendance. At the door of this church was a very characteristic Spanish beggar. The sturdy, well-built fellow held out his right hand for alms, while in his left hand was his cigarette, between his puffs at which he emitted occasionally a plaintive whine.

Many picturesque old streets and curious Moorish remains still exist in Granada. Thus, not far from the Cathedral is a perfect Oriental bazaar of Moorish work; but unfortunately its shops are all shut up, as it is not used. The so-called charcoal house, 'Casa del Carbon,' is really an old Eastern caravanserai, with galleries and rooms in tiers all round, for occasional occupants. On the side of the Darro Valley, opposite to that on which the Alhambra is situated, may be found a more curious than attractive collection of 'cave-dwellers' of our own day. Here is the Gypsy quarter, and more savage dwellings than the caves which they inhabit it would be difficult to imagine. We saw some fifty dances (by previous arrangement with the king of the Gypsies); but they were little worth seeing, either for curiosity or grace, though they showed us that the dancing which had excited our surprise at Madrid was really dancing of the Gypsy kind. The Gypsy dances executed were called chochas, vingete, fandango, palanea, and moscas. The head of the Gypsies played on the guitar with ease and dexterity, producing a very pleasing effect.

By the road which ascends between the Siete Suelos and Washington Irving Hotels, the visitor gets easy access, first to the Generalifé—or summer residence of the old Sultans of Granada—and then to the nearest mountains. There is little to see at the Generalifé save the outlook from its summer-house at the top, and a pleasant little garden, in which were a swarm of large, beautifully marked and coloured vegetable-eating bugs, walking or flying about. By continuing on the

road towards the mountains the cemetery is reached, which at the time of our visit was being enlarged. The dead are buried either in ordinary graves, or enclosed in recesses which line the walls. In the dead-house were one or two corpses lying in their open coffins. They were thus exposed, because the coffins are so constructed that while the lid is very large and convex, the other part is so shallow as to be nearly flat, so that at first the body lies only on this, the large cover being subsequently super-imposed. The coffins are often brightly coloured, and those of the more wealthy classes are generally profusely gilded.

From the cemetery, a turn to the left soon brings you to the highest summits in the immediate vicinity of Granada; and they should certainly be ascended, for the ascent is most easy and the view magnificent. Beneath, in the Valley of the Darro, is an old, suppressed monastery, now used as the seminary of the archdiocese. The mountain-sides were redolent of thyme and similar perfumes, for here every herb seems to be aromatic, though at this season almost all are dried up. There were many cistus shrubs (of course not in flower) with euphorbias, a very thorny furze, and a broom. A quantity of very large grasshoppers were disturbed by us in our walk, while two kinds of birds were frequent; one with a very conspicuous white patch on the lower part of the back, and other smaller ones, the note of which was between the quack of a duck and a pig's grunt. Here and there, beside little rills, near the city, the traveller from the North rejoices once more to see the rare sight of a few blades of grass, with peppermint and a white-flowered solanaceous plant.

A carriage excursion, which ought certainly to be made, is that to the rounded eminence on the road to Motril, whence the last view of Granada is to be obtained before plunging between the first spurs of the mountains. This eminence is called The Last Sigh of the Moor, '*El ultimo*

sospir del Moro,' from the well-known anecdote of Boabdil's plaint and his mother's reproach, '*Weep like a woman over what you could not defend like a man.*' The road crosses at one point the dry bed of a river, and traverses two villages, the cottages of which are very superior to many we have seen in Scotland. As usual, the road in the vicinity of the city is execrable; but the country once gained, it becomes admirable, a change due to the difference between municipal and state supervision. Late as was the season, many flowers of mullein and dipsacus, and many wild pinks, bordered the road at intervals; and as we went along it, we overtook several characteristic strings of muleteers bound for the coast.

We greatly regretted that the fearful floods which had just taken place rendered a visit to Murcia impracticable. For good horsemen, there is a magnificent road (magnificent for picturesqueness) to Murcia by Guadiz, Baza, and Lorca. Another fine view of the Sierra Nevada (its Alpujarras portion) is to be obtained by a journey to Lanjaron, to which latter place there is a diligence. To naturalists these mountains are a field of great interest. Amongst the animals found there is an ibex, believed to be of a different species from that of the Pyrenees, and called *Capra Hispanica*.

Reluctantly we had to leave this charming region to visit the hottest place in Spain, Malaga. Before starting we went to hear Mass in a church within the Alhambra grounds, said by a poor old Dominican friar in the last stage of decrepitude. Although the only Mass of the day, but four persons besides ourselves attended it. A sacristan ascended to the organ loft and kept up a most vexatious, tuneless, and inharmonious jingle during the whole of the service.

We started from Granada at half-past eleven A.M., in order to arrive at Bobadilla station at six, to catch the train from Cordova, which is due at Malaga at half-past eight. Having, as usual, secured a first-class carriage for ourselves,

as professed non-smokers, we journeyed comfortably along till we began to ascend the very long rise which carries you over the outskirts of the great mountains which separate the Valley of Granada from that of the Guadalhorce, along which runs the line from Bobadilla to Malaga. Before long our pace began sensibly to lessen, and, as we rounded one interminable mountain slope after another, became slower and slower, till at last, to our horror, in the wildest part of the route, not far from the summit of the pass, our train came to a dead stop. Certain news lately received from England made us extremely anxious to get letters which we knew were waiting for us at Malaga. Exasperating in the extreme, therefore, was the coolness with which we were told there was not enough pressure, and that we should have to wait half an hour or an hour to get up steam. None of the native passengers seemed, however, to be in the least disturbed. They got quietly out, and smoked with the most perfect indifference to the delay. There are several matters which are trying about Spanish railways. The officials take little trouble. If you get out they will go on without you quite readily; and at the various junctions we found no one to tell us which train to get into, or where to change carriages, so that the passenger must ask and find out all for himself, or go wrong. Again, there is no warning given to bystanders when an engine is putting to, and one may easily be knocked down or injured by an open door, or in getting in or out at such times. In less than an hour we began once more to creep up the incline, and the summit once reached we descended merrily enough. In spite of the delay, we reached the junction punctually, and we noticed that though trains were sometimes an hour late at intermediate stations, they were generally punctual at junctions and terminations, so great being the time allowed for each journey.

The line from Bobadilla to Malaga is one of the finest bits of railway scenery in Spain, and ought certainly to be traversed by daylight, as we subsequently traversed it. Having reached the most distant city of our trip, we put up at the Fonda de la Alameda (on the Malaga promenade) where we were entertained at the rate of 7s. 6d. a day. The busy, thriving city of Malaga, of prehistoric antiquity, is shut in by mountains, except on the west, where is a small but fertile plain. On the hills about the city are scattered the white country-houses of the merchants. Arid, treeless, and desolate in the extreme, are the mountains of varied and fantastic shapes which enclose Malaga; but lovely and picturesque beyond description must they have been two thousand years ago, when they were clothed with ample chestnut forests. A little rivulet (the Guadaluredina) divides the city into two unequal portions, winding its tiny way through a wide expanse of stones. A sudden rain of four hours will soon change it into a roaring torrent overflowing its banks and largely submerging the city. Very different must this streamlet, now either noxious or contemptible, have been in the time of the Romans, seeing that the adjacent Guadalhorce, now also so small, was then navigable by their galleys as far as Cartama. Such are the melancholy effects of that reckless destruction of forests which has desolated the whole of Southern Europe.

After a night somewhat disturbed by mosquitos, the first place to be visited (on the morning of November 7th) was the Cathedral, a peep at the Mediterranean being taken on the road. We know no beach in England as unpleasant-looking as that of Malaga, covered as it is with a coarse blackish sand, over which broke the waves of a rough sea. The Cathedral is the least attractive we have seen in Spain, large without grandeur, lofty without grace; its interior has a painfully stilted appearance, due to the fact that

the arches which support the roof spring from a series of columns, which are perched on the top of subjacent columns, like an enormously magnified erection made by a child from a box of toy bricks. It is mainly an eighteenth-century structure, and looks like a church of the period of pigtails! The population of Malaga is, we were told, about the worst in Spain; and villainous, swarthy faces, not a few, were to be seen at the port. Even in our few strolls there we saw enough of truculent, quarrelsome manners to dispose us to believe what we heard as to the free use of the knife. Their horrible excesses in the late revolution will not soon be forgotten.

In the afternoon our courteous banker, Señor Huelin, drove us out to see his sugar plantation in the adjacent plain. The day was very hot, and our carriage became almost covered with flies when we halted near the sugar-mill. The canes were now only about five feet high, but looked thriving. Growing amongst them were quantities of the large purple convolvulus, which is a garden flower in England. We were also shown sweet potatoes, or yams, the taste of which is like that of mashed potatoes, with a very slight mixture of apricot jam. The sugar plantations are profitable enough now, thanks to the protective duties which cause so much natural discontent in Cuba; but as soon as the Liberal party controls that important colony, their cultivation will have to be abandoned, and the capital sunk in the mills be lost. Hence much of the support which Conservatism now finds in Malaga!

A capital club—the *Circulo Malagueño*—is an agreeable lounge for the stranger. There may be found plenty of English, American, and French newspapers. One of the richest merchants in Malaga is Señor Heredia, through whose charming country-house, with its magnificent garden, we were obligingly conducted. The only road to it (unless by

a very long detour) is up the bed of the river, a journey not to be accomplished without joltings indescribable. The heat of the climate was made manifest by the costumes, or want of them, of the country children we passed. To any lover of Nature, a visit to Señor Heredia's garden would be a welcome treat, even if real trials had to be encountered to reach it, instead of only amusing vicissitudes as to the centre of gravity, such as those we experienced. In this garden are a variety of magnificent palms and a perfect grove of bamboos, thirty or forty feet high, growing luxuriously, the first shoots coming up on all sides like gigantic young heads of asparagus. Also, magnificent specimens of the great lace-leaved arum (*Tornelia pergasus*) were flowering freely, and huge poinsettias, forming great masses of glorious colour. In strong contrast with the beauty of this terrestrial paradise is another place which should be visited before Malaga is left. This is the castle on the western side of the town. Permission (which is readily granted) must certainly be obtained before viewing it, in spite of what may be said (as was said to us) to the contrary. The ascent is easy, as far as climbing is concerned, but trying, from the extreme filthiness of the streets traversed. Beneath it, yet connected with it, is an old Moorish building, the Alcazaba. From the castle walls you have a magnificent view, bounded on all sides by mountains or by the sea. To the east the mountains advance seawards to the very shore, and their general outline is very picturesque; but all are dry, arid, and treeless. Only on the tract of flat land to the west is there any verdure to be seen, and there a stretch of the brightest green indicates the fields of sugar-cane. The fortification and fort are, like so much else in Spain, apparently on the road to ruin.

Amongst the fruits to be got at Malaga are custard apples (*chirimoya*), which are sold at stalls in the Plaza de la Constitucion at about 2½d. each. It is the custom to drive

at sunset along the western side of the port out to the light-house and back. To us Northerners it was a singular sight to see, in such an atmosphere, close carriages driving up and down, the inmates of which kept every window hermetically closed. One evening a visit was paid to the Theatre of Cervantes, to hear the old favourite of the London Opera, Tamberlik, in the 'Trovatore.' He had an enthusiastic reception, as befitted such a veteran tenor, now of sixty-seven years of age or upwards. He was amazingly well preserved. The floor of the theatre is all stalls, each of which costs 4s. 2d. They are conveniently arranged, with a passage down the centre as well as one on each side. The music was pretty good, but the *mise en scène* very poor. The private boxes are separated only by low partitions, and there is therefore very little privacy in them. One drawback to the pleasure of Spanish theatres is the great length of time allowed between the acts. On Monday, the 10th of November, we left Malaga, not altogether with regret, on account of sleeplessness which a few mosquitoes occasioned. Fortunately it was still light about six A.M., so that we could write quite well by daylight at a quarter past six. A visit to a neighbouring church for an early Mass on Sunday produced an unfavourable impression as to the piety of the place. About six men and thirty women formed the congregation, none of whom were communicants. Funny little dressed-up dolls of all sizes, in glass cases, were placed over the altars, with heaps of rubbish. Other churches also showed but scanty congregations.

The roughness of the sea, combined with the sad state of Murcia, induced us to change our plans and to go to Valencia by rail direct. Under other circumstances, however, another route would be preferable, so before proceeding to mention our experiences further, it may be well to point out to travellers, more venturesome and more

favoured, what it might be well to do, though by us it was left undone.

To begin with, then, if there should be a desire to go to Gibraltar, it had better be visited by sea from Cadiz, and then Malaga can be reached by another short sea-trip. From Malaga, Granada, and also Ronda, can be visited, and then the traveller, having returned to Malaga, may go by sea to Almeria and Cartagena, and thence by rail to Murcia. This course we would strongly advise. Murcia should by no means be omitted by travellers who really desire to see Spain at all thoroughly; and it should be visited all the more, because it lies out of the ordinary lines of travel, and is therefore the less modified and modernised. Our friend, Mr. Howard Saunders, the zoologist, who knows Spain far better than many Spaniards (and to whom we were indebted for many useful premonitory hints, and for information concerning that part of the Peninsula not visited by us), declares it to be one of the gems of Spain, the city lying in a fertile valley, studded with date palms, filled in with orange groves, in a lovely setting of mountains. In its market-place are to be seen, on Sundays and holidays, characteristic costumes beyond anything to be found elsewhere in the country. Again, the voyage from Malaga to Almeria (the first stage of the voyage to Cartagena) is charming from the wonderfully picturesque outlines of the southern mountains, which descend so closely to the shore along the whole of this part of the coast. Almeria itself has a Gothic Cathedral embattled like a castle, to resist piratical assaults. There is also a club, where foreign newspapers may be seen. It would be well to stay one day at Almeria, and then go on to Cartagena, one of the arsenals of Spain, and memorable for its tenure by the revolted Intransigentes. From this city a convenient train starts at a quarter to one P.M., and arrives at Murcia at a quarter past three.

Once at Murcia, the best way to proceed to Valencia is by the diligence, which goes in one day by Orihuela to Alicante through a country of many palm-trees, which attain their maximum of perfection at Elche, where they form perfect palm forests,—a sight such as Europe does not elsewhere afford. According to the advice before referred to, the best plan is to stay at Elche and send on a message to the landlord of the Fonda Bossio or to the Fonda del Vapor at Alicante requesting that a carriage may be sent out to fetch the travellers in. The road between Elche and Alicante is uninteresting, and it would be a waste of time to go on to Alicante in the diligence (for there is not time to see the palm groves whilst the team is changing, and, besides, during part of the year the diligence arrives at night), and then drive out to Elche and back; whilst to be near Elche and not visit it would be too serious an omission. There appears to be nothing to see at Alicante, so the best thing is to go on as quickly as possible to Valencia, either by rail or steamer. If by rail, it is necessary to wait for a longer or shorter time at the junction station, La Encina. The best plan is to take the mail train at 4.20 P.M. from Alicante, arriving at La Encina at seven, then dine and sleep there, and go on by the train from Madrid, which train leaves La Encina at 7.39, and gets to Valencia at eleven.

We did nothing of all this, but went direct from Malaga to Valencia by rail, thus performing an immense round in twenty-nine hours, without stopping anywhere. But we ought to have stopped on the way and visited Ronda, and in the hope that our readers may do better than we did, we offer them the following hints:—The absolutely best way to go, is to ride up from Gibraltar, by which the finest scenery comes under observation. The journey on horseback takes two days, a night being passed at Gaucin, where there is a comfortable Posada Inglesa. The most comfortable

way to reach Ronda is by rail and diligence from Malaga. The office for taking places in the diligence is at No. 5 Calle de la Alhondiga at Malaga, and the fare is 16s. (80 reals) for a first-class railway ticket and an outside seat in that part of the diligence which in France is called the *banquette*, but which in Spain is called the *cupé* (the part called *coupé* in France is called *berlina* in Spain). The train leaves the Malaga station at 7.15 A.M. for Gobantes station, which is reached about nine. There the traveller will find waiting the diligence, which carries him, with the help of eight horses and mules, to Ronda. The road was a short time ago bad, and the driving is careless; an upset, therefore, is a thing not to be left out of the calculation. The scenery on the road, however, is fine, and the traveller may be cheered by the sight of a pair of bearded vultures (*Gypaëtos barbatus*). The badness of the road before reaching Ronda is, however, as usual, nothing to the vile ways within it; and the traveller should enter and leave the city on foot, descending from or ascending to his diligence at the entrance to the city.

It is much to be regretted that the travelling is not better, as Ronda is one of the great sights of Spain. There is an excellent hotel (Grand Hotel Rondeño), and the air is pure and most exhilarating. The sight of Ronda is its renowned Tajo, or chasm, an abyss spanned by a bridge, whence a grand view is obtained of the boiling torrent beneath, the cliffs of which are frequented by chuyles, kestrels, and large Alpine swifts.

All these sights, Ronda, Almeria, Cartagena, Murcia, and Elche, were postponed by us to some more propitious occasion, and starting from the hotel at Malaga at half-past six in the morning we reached our inn at Valencia at half-past eleven on the following morning. After leaving Malaga the first object of interest was Cartama on the Guadalhorce, which river was,

as before mentioned, formerly navigable by Roman galleys to this point, as has been proved by a bronze tablet of river dues, recently discovered. Alora is also worthy of note for its beautiful orange groves, the abundant golden fruit of which is very striking to a visitor from the North. Then after crossing the river, the palms, aloes, oranges, and olives grow rare and rapidly disappear, and we enter upon the most grand and savage scenery to be seen in Spain. The railway traverses tunnel after tunnel, while between them wonderful glimpses are obtained of gorges, in the depths of which are to be descried the foaming torrents of the Gaudalhorce and its tributaries. In the midst of this chaos of rock and foam there is a small station, El Chorro, which does not appear in the railway guides. This is the station where any one who desires to explore this wonderfully picturesque region should alight and spend the day, returning to Malaga by the evening train. The next station is Gobantes, already mentioned as being the one whence the diligence starts for Ronda. The station after that is Bobadilla (the junction both for Seville and Granada), where the traveller can get a good breakfast. Beyond Bobadilla this railway was as yet untraversed by us. It presents no special features of interest till it terminates at Cordova, which is reached at a quarter past one. Here we had to wait till nearly half-past two (with the consolation of a good buffet), when we entered the train which came up from Seville to go to Madrid, so returning over ground already traversed till we reached Alcazar de San Juan at about half-past twelve o'clock at night. Great was the change of temperature experienced (after our stay at hot Malaga with its sugar-canes) on alighting at this uncanny hour upon the lofty table-land of Central Spain. There was nothing for it, however, but to wait for the train from Madrid to Valencia, which, arriving at about the same time, starts again on its way at a little after one o'clock in

the morning. At half-past four Albacete was reached, famous for its daggers, and in another half-hour we pulled up for rest and a welcome cup of chocolate at Chinchilla. The dawn showed us that the ground was covered with white frost, soon to be dispersed by the glorious sunrise, which was a most beautiful and welcome sight, although good foot-warmers had secured us from any ill effects which might be due to cold. At twenty-five minutes past seven La Encina is reached, where more food can be got, though there is little time to spare, as the train for Valencia starts at 7.39. Here the railway enters a long tunnel, from which one emerges into a very picturesque country, with curiously shaped limestone hills. After passing Montera station an interesting castle is to be noticed. At a quarter past nine o'clock we came to Jativa, the original home of the Borgias and the birth-place of Pope Alexander VI. Here palm-trees once more begin to appear, and soon hundreds of palms and wide stretches of orange groves, with large quantities of growing rice, showed that we had returned to a warm southern clime. As we traversed the plain (the fertile *huerta*) and approached Valencia the cottages reminded us of pictures of certain African villages, each cottage having very low walls, but with very tall, high-pitched roofs of thatch. There was always a cross at the gable of either end. The blue Mediterranean was now in view, and Valencia (the City of the Cid) was reached at 11 A.M. We drove to the Fonda de Madrid in the Plaza de Villarosa, where we were sufficiently well entertained at a cost of about 10s. 6d. a day. Here men and boys took the place of housemaids. Valencia is a city in many ways preferable to Malaga. Like the last-named city, it is thriving commercially, but it is a brighter and much cleaner-looking place, and while less hot, has a deliciously soft and warm climate; but it is not picturesquely situated, lying as it does on a plain, quite

distant from the hills, yet being miles from the sea, a railway connecting it with the port.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral, originally a fine church. But it has been modernised (in 1760) in the most frightful manner, the ancient Gothic work having been everywhere overlaid with plaster—columns, pilasters, and cornices, up to the very groined roof—so that nothing worth seeing is left. There is, however, a very fine lantern or cimborio (over the interspace between the transepts). It is an octagon of two similar stages, with beautifully traceried Gothic windows. There is also a very wide Gothic doorway to the north transept, with a highly ornate wheel-window over it. Amongst the relics of the church is a Bible of St. Vincent Ferrer, with his own manuscript marginal notes. Very interesting to English-speaking Catholics are some altar hangings and vestments which belonged to old St. Paul's (in London) before the Reformation, and which, at that catastrophe, were bought by two Valencian merchants, Andrea and Pedro de Medina. They are richly embroidered with representations from the life of our Lord.

In Valencia the visitor is in a part of Spain where Spanish is not ordinarily spoken, and which is exceptional, in some other respects, and seems to show the influence of adjacent Catalonia, the most Gaulish part of the Peninsula. Here the clergy, instead of wearing the large Spanish cloak, wear *ferulas*. Many of the shops have glazed fronts, instead of the open Eastern-looking fronts of the shops in Andalusia; yet very many are still open. Instead of a hat, a silk handkerchief is often worn, tied over the head, and forms a rather becoming head-dress. The poorer men often wear no stockings or socks, but only a kind of sandal, with a sort of finger-stall at one end (to catch the extremities of the great and next toes), whence two long strings pass backwards and embrace the ankle. Thence two others pass straight

down, one on each side, to the sole near the heel. Very few bonnets were to be seen, and no wonder, as this is the great place wherein to purchase mantillas as well as fans. On leaving Valencia we felt we had now seen something of the Spanish people in various provinces, and that we liked them much; we especially liked the peasantry. Their honest countenances speak strongly in their favour, and such intercourse as we had confirmed the impression made by their faces. The townspeople are not so nice as the countrymen. Why is it that men always seem so to deteriorate when collected together in masses? Still the townspeople are agreeable. They look well at you, both men and women, but never *rudely*. The eye if met is instantly averted. The men never stare impertinently, nor do the women ogle. They take your measure very quickly, and as quickly look away. They are a far more polite people than are the French. They have not the trick of taking off the hat—as to this guide-books deal in much exaggeration—but they are generally ready to go out of their way to guide you in yours. They have often a rough, gruff manner at first, which might impress a stranger unfavourably; but if you are only able to speak their language a *very* little, this rougher manner gives way to a courtesy which impresses you as being *hearty*. There seemed to be a great deal of equality of a nice kind in the relations existing between different classes. The superior did not forget his self-respect, neither did he ‘condescend’ to the poor man; while the inferior showed no symptoms of aggressive assumption—no air of ‘I’m as good as you, and a good deal better’—and certainly no servility. This is one of the triumphs of Catholic influence in Spain. Another is to be found in the national literature. Translations of bad books from the French are now unhappily common enough; but the grand fact remains that Spanish ‘literature’ is the purest in Europe. As to the religious state of Valencia, it is much more edifying than is

that of Seville. Out of a population of 144,000 there are 60,000 who go to the sacraments every month, and at one retreat recently given there were as many communicants. We went to visit the Jesuit Fathers, at No. 1 Calle de Val-diqua, and found among them a Father Francisco de A. Llopart, who spoke English excellently. With great kindness he came in the carriage of some secular friend, and took us to see the sights of the city. The Jesuit Church was destroyed at the last revolution; but they have bought the ground over again, and are just about to rebuild it. There are both Capuchins and other Franciscans in the vicinity of the city. One of the places visited was the church belonging to a sort of house of canons, whose special business is to perform church functions with more than usual solemnity. They chant the office with extreme slowness; and every Friday there is a special service at ten o'clock, which the visitor should witness. We heard several Low Masses there, and found that an acolyte comes out of the sacristy with a thurible, and offers incense during the elevation at every Mass at every altar. The church is dark, but solemn, and its paintings merit examination. The churches generally, in Valencia, present little of interest within, having been so disfigured by modern alterations. The hexagonal tower of Santa Catalina is a striking object. We found one morning the Church of St. Martin full of mothers and nurses, with infants in arms, as well as with children somewhat older. On inquiry we were told that a confirmation was to be held, and that the infants were to be confirmed. The good priest who told us would not believe us when we informed him that infants were not thus confirmed by the Catholic Bishops in England. This case of the survival of an ancient custom, once universal, struck us as specially interesting.

The cabs in Valencia (called *tartanas*) are peculiar.

Though built for four passengers inside, who sit face to face, they have but two wheels. The driver sits on a little cushioned seat placed on one of the shafts.

The University is a large building, with many students. Its zoological collection is poor. The Jesuits had formerly a museum of specimens from the Philippine Islands, but these were destroyed in the madness of the last revolution.

The Alameda, or Hyde Park of Valencia, is, as usual in Spain, visited for drives, after sunset, instead of during the delicious temperature of the afternoons of this season. It had many flowers, some of which were new to us, with large bamboos, beautiful Poinsettia shrubs, and magnolias in full fruit. It is a long drive to the port, or *grao*, with little at its termination to repay the visitor who is not particularly interested in shipping; but it is a magnificent harbour, with a minimum depth of twenty feet. Returning thence to the hospital, we passed through the magnificent mediæval gateway—the *Puerta de Serranos*—built in the middle of the fourteenth century, with two grand polygonal towers flanking a rather stately pointed archway in the centre, with beautifully traceried panelling above it.

The hospital is a very large and solid structure, more than two hundred years old, which was built for its present purpose. It consists of four very long and wide halls, which meet at a central point, where there is an altar. Each hall is like a church, with a nave and side aisles, two rows of round stone pillars, with gilt capitals, supporting a groined roof, and separating off the aisles. Over these halls are four other similar ones—those below being for the men, and those above for the women. One portion of the women's space is partitioned off for those who have come for their confinement. In addition to all this there is a foundling hospital for infants. The infants are not placed in a turning-box as formerly, for the mothers have now to enter with them at

night; but their children are taken in at once, and no questions are asked. There were many little infants lying in tiny beds, arranged all round a large room. In an adjoining apartment were wet nurses at work. The whole establishment is under the care of Spanish Sisters of Charity, who are somewhat differently dressed from the French sisters. Everything was very clean and neat, the kitchen especially, the walls of which were covered with glazed tiles to about six feet. There are several chapels in different parts of the building. Each of these belongs to one of several confraternities of Valencian ladies, who respectively undertake to look after different departments of the whole institution. The shops of Valencia are noted for their mantas, silver goods, fans, and mantillas; but the stranger should not venture to buy without the advice of a well-informed friend. The living at the hotel is fairly good, but saffron is a too favourite flavour. A dish of rice with saffron is one which appears daily at the *table-d'hôte*, and a great business is done by large saffron merchants in the city. Saffron is the threefold stigma of a crocus (*crocus sativus*), which is plucked and dried just when the flower is fully expanded. No one should omit to see the *Casa Lonja*, one of the finest civic buildings in the world. It is situated on the market-place, opposite the Church of St. John. It contains a magnificent hall, 130 feet long and 75 feet wide, with stone pillars and groined roof like a church, with nave and aisles. It was built in 1498.

On November the 13th we left Valencia and went to our last stopping-place in Spain—Barcelona. Much to our regret, circumstances did not allow us to see Tarragona. Every visitor who can see it should, however, do so, for it is one of the most interesting cities in Spain, with a mild, delicious climate (which is said to be dry and bracing), and with excellent sea-bathing and a clean and comfortable hotel.

There is a magnificent old Cathedral, as to which Mr. Street says : ‘ This is certainly one of the most noble and interesting churches I have seen in Spain. It is one of a class of which I have seen others upon a somewhat smaller scale (as, *e.g.*, the Cathedrals of Lerida and Tudela), and which appears to me, after much study of old buildings in most parts of Europe, to afford one of the finest types, from every point of view, that it is possible to find. It produces, in a very marked degree, an extremely impressive internal effect, without being on an exaggerated scale, and combines in the happiest fashion the greatest solidity of construction with a lavish display of ornaments in some parts, to which it is hard to find a parallel.’

We left Valencia at half an hour after noon, and reached Tarragona at half-past eight in the evening. The railway mainly skirts the sea, and the traveller has many charming views of the coast. Castellon, where there is a buffet, is reached about half-past two. It is noted for its picturesque costumes ; and here the painter, Francisco Ribalta, was born. This is the spot to embark at in order to visit the group of small volcanic islands—the *Columbretes*—so called from certain snakes once there found, but which seem to have fallen a sacrifice to the indiscriminating voracity of pigs, which had been introduced by the lighthouse-keepers.

At Alcalá there is a fine church-tower, and opposite it a noticeable castle. Three miles to the east of the next station (Benicarlo) is a miniature Gibraltar, only connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sand. It was at this place that Pope Benedict XIII. took refuge after his censure by the Council of Constance.

At Vinarez the rail quits the sea, and so avoids the aguish swamps of the delta of the Ebro, but it returns to the seaside after reaching Tortosa. This whole coast is wonderfully bright and *riant*, and it was with much regret

that we saw the daylight fade. Very noticeable were the little country churches that we passed, which were cruciform, with four short and equal arms, and a central dome. They were, therefore, quite Byzantine in character, an interesting sign of the past history of this region. After half an hour's stay at Tarragona, darkness made the rest of the journey a blank to us till we reached Barcelona at midnight. The very comfortable quarters at the excellent Hotel de las Cuatro Naciones on the Rambla del Centro, were most welcome. As might be expected, the terms here were more expensive—12s. 6d. a day, all included; but a well-furnished room and an excellent bed, with good fare, made us contented. We went to sleep with pleasurable anticipations of much enjoying our last Spanish city—one at once so thriving and progressive, containing so many interesting antiquities, and where a friend expected us, bent on showing us a warm hospitality. Alas! the next morning our friend called to say that his sister, his parents' only girl, had just died of typhoid fever, of which there was an epidemic in the city. It was so indeed. Every church we entered was draped in black, and everywhere funeral Masses were being celebrated.

Barcelona is traversed (from north-west by north to south-east by south) by a wide street called the Rambla, with a broad central path, with an avenue of trees for foot-passengers, and a carriage-road on each side of this shady promenade. Two hundred years ago this was the ditch for the city's drainage. Barcelona has finer shops than any other city in Spain, and has a very French aspect. It is prosperous and thriving, with a great deal of active piety and religious zeal, and with a great deal of revolutionary opposition to religion also. Here the best lace is to be bought, with fine blankets, scarlet and white, or blue and white, and handsome curtains for windows and doorways. There is but little of national or provincial costume, but the

men wear a peculiar kind of cap, something like the Jacobin cap of liberty.

The Cathedral of this prosperous Spanish Manchester, without the Manchester smoke, is a rather small one. Yet from its skilful and artistic construction it looks much larger than it really is—unlike St. Peter's at Rome, which is so dwarfed by the gigantic human figures which are depicted within it. There is a very wide nave, the west end of which is roofed by a lofty and elegant octagonal lantern. Beneath the high altar is the shrine of St. Eulalia (the patroness of the church), and a flight of steps leads down into her crypt-like chapel. The east end is apsidal. The multitude of altars is one great peculiarity of this church, for not only are there chapels round the apse and on each side of the nave for its whole length, but there are chapels round three sides of the cloister, those on the side of the cloister which is next the church being back to back with the lateral chapels of the nave, a window over each cloister chapel giving light into the adjoining chapel in the nave of the church—an altogether peculiar arrangement. Very fine and interesting churches are Santa Maria del Mar and Santa Maria del Pilar. The latter, with a wide nave, without aisles, but with lateral chapels, and with a terminal apse, is quite in the style of the churches of the South of France, at Carcassonne and its neighbourhood, and the general similarity of the ecclesiastical buildings of these two regions bespeaks a common influence. Indeed, in this Catalan-speaking part of the Peninsula you are no longer really in Spain. The Town Hall is an object of much interest to the lover of Gothic; especially the Casa Consistorial, on the north side of which are fine Gothic windows, with a large image of St. Michael, with metal wings. The University has a numerous attendance of students, and should also be visited. In the Rambla is a very fine Jockey Club, handsomely furnished and provided

with every convenience, even with an excellent riding-school and a stable for the horses of its members. At the moment of our visit, a fine young Spaniard was exercising in this school, who, on seeing an Englishman (he was a friend of our introducer), began to praise the visitor's country, and, above all, Stonyhurst and its fathers, who had completed his education. Our intention was next to visit the far-famed Montserrat, which can be visited in one day, taking the morning train on the Zaragoza line to Monistrol, and thence ascending on foot with a native guide—for (as we learned from our well-instructed informant before-mentioned) the windings of the carriage road are such that the diligence to the monastery does not allow you time to get to the top before it departs again for the 5.40 return train. The visit can better be made in two days, going up from Martorell and coming down by Monistrol, or *vice versá*, and the accommodation is clean and good. This, unhappily, we could not see, for a letter received by one of us compelled a start home by the next train. Accordingly we left Barcelona at 2.20 P.M. on November 16th, taking tickets for the express to Paris *via* Bordeaux. Those who have no need to hurry would do well to stop at Gerona, with its early, very peculiar Cathedral, also at Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Toulouse. But we would advise no one to stop at Perpignan, on account of the unsanitary horrors of its hotel. Our journey to Paris ought to have been accomplished in twenty-eight hours. The Spanish part of it was punctually performed, but the French express, which should have arrived at Bordeaux one hour and twenty minutes before the departure of the express from Bordeaux to Paris, was more than that late, so that we had to continue on thence by a slow train, the journey occupying in consequence one-and-thirty hours!

The carriages between Barcelona and the frontier are most excellent, but here, for the first time, we had a

little difficulty in getting one reserved for non-smokers, because just before we came to Barcelona two Englishmen had asked for such a carriage and, having got it, proceeded to smoke, as the indignant stationmaster (Gefé) told me, 'Not cigars, señor, but pipes!' However, his severity relaxed, and we left Spain with our usual Spanish luxury of a first-class carriage to ourselves. We reached Cerbere, the frontier, at a little after eight. The French authorities examined our luggage very slightly, but rigorously demanded passports or visiting cards, and, in spite of all that is often said, no stranger should travel without his passport, which is very often useful, and sometimes necessary. At the buffet we found the meat as tough as anywhere in Spain, and the bread certainly inferior to the Spanish bread. We also had much less comfortable railway accommodation. On asking for a non-smoking carriage we were told, as usual, that smoking was forbidden everywhere—a delectable plan, which throws all the unpleasantness of objection upon the traveller who objects to nicotine. Accordingly, our first French guard addressed a passenger in the train, saying: 'The law forbids you to smoke, sir, but take notice, if you please, it is not I who object, but these English gentlemen!'

On waking at daybreak, as we got towards Bordeaux, we found the change of climate to be very evident. Our windows were coated inside with ice, and all the ponds we passed were frozen. From Bordeaux to Paris we had again an unpleasant journey from the crowding of the carriages, owing to the custom of putting third-class passengers for whom there is no room, into first-class carriages. However, Paris and the welcome Hôtel Continental were at last happily reached. Our notes in Spain have terminated, but we would, before concluding, feign record one visit paid in Paris on our way back to England. This was to the now famous Jesuit school at 18 Rue Lhomond (formerly Rue des Postes), and to its

most agreeable rector, the Reverend Père du Lac, one of the most charming men it has ever been our fortune to meet. On the wall of the courtyard of the college are a number of marble tablets, each inscribed with the name of a student who fell fighting for his country in the war of 1870, and also with the name of the engagement in which he fell. The contrast shown by the courage of these youths, compared with the disgraceful behaviour of the Paris Reds—who, though eager for murder, had no taste for fighting Germans—ought never to be forgotten.

The dissolution of such establishments in the prostituted name of liberty is an outrage on civilisation. Surely now all men of equitable minds, whatever may be their religious views, should protest in favour of freedom (as understood in the United States and England, and as understood by such men as M. Jules Simon) against the passionate and sectarian Jacobinism which has managed so widely to usurp the fair name of 'liberal' on the continent of Europe, and threatens to ruin civilisation by an invasion of barbarism and brutality, not, as in the days of the breakdown of the Roman Empire, by incursions from without, but from beneath. Spain gives to the Christian visitor many signs of promise and many causes for fear. It is a land full of interest, which we are very thankful to have been permitted to see. Satisfied with what we have done, we would conclude by saying to others, 'Go and do likewise.'

MONUMENTA RITUALIA ECCLESIAE ANGLICANÆ.

Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ. 3 vols., second edition. And *The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England.* 1 vol., third edition. By WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1882.

WE welcome with much satisfaction this new edition of Mr. Maskell's valuable liturgical works, enriched as it is with upwards of two hundred additional pages of text and notes. The author tells us that these books are chiefly intended for the use of the clergy and laity of the Reformed Church of England. Such, however, is the purely historical and uncontroversial spirit in which they are written, that they will be welcome to members of all Churches, or of none, who may desire to become better acquainted with our ecclesiastical antiquities. The rapid advance during the last half-century both of historical knowledge and of wider (therefore more tolerant) views, has tended largely to augment the number of persons likely to be interested in such books as Mr. Maskell's. So great, however was the ignorance of our commentators on the Prayer-book, even up to 1846, that the appearance of his first edition marks a distinct epoch in English ecclesiology. Such ignorance was partly due to that indifference to the near past which has hitherto so widely prevailed, to the despair of historians, and against which we may hope the acceptance of the doctrines of evolution and continuity may protect our successors. It was also largely due to the contempt and aversion long felt towards the rites and ceremonies which for a thousand years were practised in all our churches and cathedrals. But its third and most impor-

tant cause was the thoroughness with which the destruction of our ancient liturgical books was carried out in the sixteenth century. How great that destruction was may be realised when we note, on the one hand, the extreme rarity of our ancient service books now, and, on the other hand, the amazing number of them which existed in mediæval times. Every one of the 10,000 parish churches of England had (as we may judge from the extracts given from thirteenth-century inventories) a variety of service books. Besides these, there were the books of the multitude of chapels, chantries, and hospitals, while the monasteries and cathedrals possessed their hundreds of liturgical volumes. Great as was the destruction of them under Edward VI., a further destruction occurred under Mary, owing to the orders of her Government to destroy and replace the books which had been mutilated and altered by command of her father.

Mr. Maskell's first volume contains the order of baptism, confirmation, matrimony, visitation of the sick, extreme unction, burial, and forms for blessing church ornaments, churches and churchyards, bells, water, bread, etc. Preceding these are two highly instructive dissertations on the number and nature of the old service books and on occasional offices. Instead of the Bible and Prayer-book of our day, there were anciently a number of different volumes, such as the Breviary, Psalter, Antiphonal, Processional, Ritual, Pontifical, Missal, etc., no less than one hundred and three kinds being enumerated and explained. Indeed, in very ancient times the more modern Missal itself was represented by no less than four books—namely, the Gradual, Lectionary, Evangelium, and Sacramentary.

Of all these many books, among the rarest are old English 'Pontificals,' or books containing the services performed by bishops. Although the Anglican Church actually possesses no such work, it was once very nearly possessing one, as in

1643 a design existed 'touching the drawing and digesting of an English Pontifical.' The times, however, were too unpropitious for the execution of the project, which seems never to have been renewed. Of ancient English Pontificals there are three or four in the British Museum, two at Cambridge, one at Bangor of the year 1270, one in Paris, two at Rouen (one of 1050), and lastly one at Exeter, which is of special interest as containing, in English, the order for admitting a candidate into a religious fraternity, in which order the word 'prebendarye' is used as synonymous with 'monke'!

The service book containing the daily office sung in all cathedrals and abbeys, and daily to be recited by every priest, is the Breviary. The modern Breviaries consist of four parts, named after the four seasons, but the old English Breviaries consisted only of two—a *pars hiemalis* and a *pars æstivalis*. Our Sarum Breviary is said to have been printed first in Venice in 1483, and last at Paris in 1557. The favourite prayer-book of the rich and noble was a small modified form of breviary called the *Horæ Beatæ Virginis Mariæ*, or office of the Blessed Virgin. Thus copies of this book are often remarkable for the luxury of their ornamentation, as well as interesting from the autographs of noble or royal personages occasionally to be found in them. For in mediæval times the practice existed of writing an autograph, with a request for prayers, in a friend's *Horæ B. V. M.*, as we now put a signature, with a verse or sentence, in a friend's album. One such copy which came into the possession of the author (generously presented by him to the British Museum) is especially remarkable for the number of royal autographs it contains. It appears to have belonged to a lady of the Court in the time of the seventh and eighth Henries, and marks the degradation from royal rank of Queen Katherine and her daughter. Among other things it contains 'A prayer of St.

Thomas of Aquyne, translatyd out of Latyn into Englyshe by the moste exselent Prynces Mary, daughter to the moste hygh and myghty Prynce and Prynces Kyng Henry the VIII. and Quene Kateryn hys wyfe, in the yere of oure Lorde God MCCCCXXVII. and the XI. yere of here age.' The words 'Prynces' and 'Quene' are erased and blotted with ink. Among the autographs are those of Henry VIII., Katherine of Arragon, and the Princess Mary, with others of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, as follows:—'Madame, I pray you remember me, your louyng maister, Henry R. '; and 'Madam, I pray you forget not me to pray to God, Elysabeth ye Quene.'

Confirmation was given at an early age in England in mediæval times, as it is now in Spain, a heavy penalty being inflicted on parents who should delay it till their children were more than seven. In connection with this rite it appears that bishops have still legal power to change or add to the Christian name of any person whom in confirming they may choose to address by name. This view rests upon a decision with respect to such action of a bishop in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Strange things seem to have been done by some Anglican bishops and dignitaries before 1688. Church plate was, at least sometimes, consecrated by them down to 1641, and, according to Sandford, holy oil was consecrated for the coronation of James II.

One interesting custom appears to have existed in England down to the Reformation which has now generally disappeared save in the Gallican Church. This custom was the blessing and distribution of bread among non-communicants, probably like that which may be still seen (the *pain bénit*) at high mass in France. That this custom was a popular one is shown by the declaration of the Devonshire rebels in 1549: 'We will have holy bread and water made every Sunday.' Early in the fourteenth century this appears to have

led to irreverent eating and drinking in parish churches, a recurrence of an abuse existing even among the primitive Christians, as we know by St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.

Mr. Maskell's second volume is devoted almost entirely to royal and episcopal functions. The legend of a miraculously given oil of unction was current in England as well as in France, and a supplementary legend respecting it appears to have been propagated to add legitimacy to the consecration of Henry iv. That a quasi-ecclesiastical character was supposed to be conferred in coronation is shown by the right of the newly crowned Roman Emperor to act at his coronation mass as sub-deacon to the Pontiff, and to sing the gospel on Christmas Eve. We also have an instance of the survival of a practice once general in the right of the Emperors and Kings of France to communicate in both kinds at their coronation. This does not appear to have been practised by the mediæval Kings of England, though a chalice of unconsecrated wine was handed to them as an ablution after their communion. As it was needful that the sacrament should be received fasting, it is not surprising that we meet with records of the fatigue resulting from so long a ceremony, with directions for the arrangement of a curtained-off apartment, by St. Edward's shrine, for royal use, communion being over.

Our author's third volume is mainly devoted to the Prymer, or common vernacular prayer-book of pre-Reformation times in England and some other parts of Europe. The Prymer of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries contained the little office of the Blessed Virgin, the seven penitential psalms, fifteen other psalms, the Litany of the Saints, the Dirge, the Pater, Ave, and Creed, the Ten Commandments, a list of the seven deadly sins, and various prayers. It had great resemblance to the book commonly known among

modern Roman Catholics as the *Paradisus Animæ*, or 'Garden of the Soul.' The Prymer differs, perhaps, principally from the latter by its not containing so many devotions to the Holy Sacrament and prayers respecting communion—a difference probably due to the much rarer practice of communicating which seems to have prevailed in the later mediæval period. Attendance at the breviary offices, as well as at mass, appears to have been then universal.

'For Holy Church hoteth alle manere puple
Under obedience to bee and buxum to the lawe,
Lewde men to labore, lordes to honte,
And up on Sonedays to cesse, Godes seruyce to huyre,
Both Matyns and Messe, and after mete in churches
To huyre here eve-song euery man ouhte.'

We thus see how great a mistake is made by those who imagine that the difference between the pre-Reformation and post-Reformation services was as great as the difference between the service in an ordinary Anglican and a Roman Catholic church of the present day. The services attended continued to be under Elizabeth—as they had been under Henry—Matins, Communion, and Evensong. That the laity were excluded from the chancel in old times is shown by an order (of Bishop Kirkman, of Durham, in 1255) that no layman should be suffered in the chancel at Divine office, except it might be the patron or some such distinguished person.

Besides the Prymer, the third volume contains Calendars, Litanies, the fifteen oos (*orationes*) to Jesus, prayers to proper (*i.e.* guardian) angels, a form of confession, indulgences in English, an exhortation to communion, the bidding of bedes, and the office of King Henry VI.—who so narrowly escaped canonisation.

Mr. Maskell's separate volume, on the ancient liturgy, is perhaps the most interesting of the whole four. Many per-

sons probably read without note or understanding those words of the Prayer-book which declare that ‘whereas heretofore there has been great diversity in saying and singing in churches within this realm; some following Salisbury use, some Hereford use, and some the use of Bangor, some of York, some of Lincoln; now from henceforth all the whole realm shall have but one use.’ What these ‘uses’ really were it is the object of this separate volume to show, and in it the communion services of Sarum, Bangor, York, and Hereford are given side by side in parallel columns.

These various customs seem to have gradually grown up in and from Saxon times, as the Roman liturgy, modified more or less by different bishops, gradually spread over England after the coming of St. Augustine. The most celebrated of them, that of Sarum, was drawn up by Bishop Osmund in 1085, and became generally adopted in the south of England as well as in various other parts of the country. In 1414 it was adopted in St. Paul’s Cathedral, London, and the old use of St. Paul’s seems to have disappeared entirely. Though the other uses continued to be practised till 1547, very few examples are extant, and of that of Lincoln there is but a small fragment. The differences between these various ‘uses’ are, after all, but very trifling (concerning mere matters of detail), and almost nothing compared with the differences between them all, and the Communion service of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI.—given at the end of the volume.

It is much to be regretted that so little can be ascertained about the venerable ‘use’ of the ancient British Church. It is highly probable that this closely resembled the old Gallic liturgy (an account of which is given at page iv), and had considerable affinity with the Spanish Mozarabic rite, which may still be witnessed, somewhat modified, in the south-western chapel of the Cathedral of Toledo. It has

been impossible, in the space at our disposal, to give anything like so full an account as we could wish of the contents of these very instructive volumes. Many interesting topics on which they treat we have not been able even to refer to, but we cordially recommend the work as full of interest for even the general reader, and as a very mine of valuable material for the student of ecclesiastical antiquity and the Church historian.

A DEVONSHIRE RELIC.

IN the valley of the River Dart, midway between its rise amongst the bleak and lofty tors of Dartmoor and its picturesque and umbrageous opening into the Channel, a tract of verdant meadow lies between receding hills on the west and the river's winding course on the east; the treacherous and rapid Dart here leaps and flows over a rocky bed, its left margin bounded by steep cliffs and densely wooded heights. In this secluded spot there came in the last quarter of the tenth century (a coin of Louis v. of France, lately found amidst the Abbey ruins, carries us back to not long after A.D. 986) a colony of black-robed monks,¹ who then founded what afterwards became the great and wealthy Abbey of Buckfast,² situate between the towns of Ashburton and Buckfastleigh.

By the evidence of Domesday Book, we learn that the Superior of Buckfast, Abbot Alwine, then owned considerable estates in Devonshire, some of which appear to have been received from King Canute. Amongst their subsequent benefactors was one Ethelward de Pomeroy, and the lion rampant of the Pomeroyes found its place on several

¹ It is not improbable that Buckfast was one of the many west-country abbeys which owed their existence or revival to the zeal of St. Dunstan. There is no doubt but that it was at first Benedictine, and was for a time affiliated to the Abbey of Savigny. For this and other facts relating to the ancient history of Buckfast I am indebted to an admirable work by Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, F.S.A., F.L.S., etc., entitled *Contributions to a History of the Cistercian Houses of Devon*.

² Spelt variously in different documents, as Buckfestria, Bocfasta, Bugfasta, Bulfestre, Bulfestra.

parts of the Abbey buildings. A deed of Henry II. is still extant confirming the Abbey in its possessions, and this document bears the signatures of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of his successor, the martyr St. Thomas, as yet only a layman, and the King's Chancellor. At an uncertain period¹ after the middle or near the close of the twelfth century, the monks of Buckfast assumed the white habit of St. Bernard, and thenceforth till its suppression it ranked amongst the best endowed of our Cistercian Abbeys. Richard I. confirmed the possessions of these monks shortly before his departure for the third Crusade, and we have an order from his unworthy brother to the Abbot of Buckfast to deliver up whatever vessels and jewels might have been confided to him for safe keeping. In 1286 the abbot and monks became members of the Merchants' Guild of Totnes, and there is evidence that the Abbey helped to support the hospital of St. John, at Exeter.

Amongst the Abbots of Buckfast may be mentioned one William Slade, who was abbot in 1414—a distinguished theologian, spiritual guide, scholar, and artist, who added greatly to the convent library. In 1421, a dispute having arisen between the then Abbot, Beaghe, and the monks, an award was given by certain arbiters, and solemnly read in the chapter-house. It was thereby settled that the Abbot was to entertain guests and strangers according to the ancient and worthy usage of the Abbey, and that the servants of the monastery were to wait upon them according to his instructions. It was also decided that the Abbot, being advanced in years and much crippled by disease, should no longer interfere in the house except at the request of the Prior and

¹ The Abbey of Savigny (with which Buckfast became connected, and which was the parent of the abbey founded by Raoul de Fugeres and John de Landere in 1112) became Cistercian in 1148, when its fourth abbot surrendered the house and its dependencies into the hands of St. Bernard. Some of the English houses affiliated to Savigny were disinclined to follow this example.

others; and it was further stipulated that he should not obtain privileges or exemptions from Rome to the detriment of the Order. On the other hand, he was to receive an annuity (of £40 ?), paid quarterly, and his travelling expenses were to be borne by the convent when he went out on business connected with his dignity as Abbot; while if he rode outside the monastery for his own recreation, he was to be accompanied by a proper retinue, but at his own expense.

It is doubtful whether or not there was an abbot named Pomeroy in the year 1500. It would be an interesting fact if a representative of the Abbey's ancient benefactors was among the latest of its rulers. Its last Abbot was one Gabriel Donne, or Downe, first a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and subsequently a Cistercian monk at Stratford. He was employed by Cranmer and others to apprehend Tyndale, and appears to have been the author of a plan which resulted in Tyndale's capture and death. In 1536 he was made Abbot of Buckfast, by King Henry VIII., who employed for the ruin of the house that singular combination of unscrupulousness as to ends, and legality, when possible, as to means, for which he was so remarkable. In two years after his forced election, Donne carried out the intentions of his patron by surrendering the Abbey, thus breaking his recently made oath and violating his sacred trust in the interest of his sovereign's rapacity. For this act the sacrilegious perjurer was richly rewarded. He received an annuity of £1800 of our money, with the rectory of Stepney *sine cura*, and was made first a prebendary and then a canon residentiary of St. Paul's, with episcopal jurisdiction in the city and diocese.¹

¹ He died in December 1558, and was buried before the high altar of Old St. Paul's. By his will he founded a scholarship at Cambridge, which still exists, and is called 'The Gabriel Downe's Scholar.' His arms, *azure, a wolf rampant* (!), *a chief argent*, are still to be seen on the roof of Trinity Hall Chapel.

At the time of the surrender there were but ten monks¹ in the Abbey, and six of these were still receiving pensions in 1553. The Abbey and lands were first granted by King Henry to Sir Thomas Dennis. In 1629 they belonged to Sir Richard Baker, the historian. They then passed to the family of the D'Oleys, when the lands were divided. The Abbey's site was bought by a Mr. Berry, who sold it to Mr. William Searle Benthall, and it was, till quite lately, held by Mr. James Gale of Plymouth. The arms of the Abbey present an example of that play upon words, technically called a *rebus*, of which the mediæval men were so fond. The arms of Buckfast display a *buck's* head made *fast* by means of an abbatial crozier. They are: *Sable, a crozier in pale, argent, the crook, or, surmounted by a stag's head caboshed, of the second, horned, gules.*

Very few remains of the old Abbey now exist, yet enough to show the vitality of the institution almost to its suppression. The most important relic which survives is a handsome and substantial tower of four stories, popularly known in the neighbourhood as the Abbot's Tower. It is in the Perpendicular style of architecture, and therefore shows that building went on almost till the Abbey's final suppression. The tower is quadrangular, with a curiously irregular stair-turret at one angle, and a still more interesting superimposed series of small chambers. The Abbey remained uninhabited till 1806, when its owner raised the now existing house on the site of, and with materials derived from, the old Abbey buildings. He built in the best Gothic of his day, and the house, with trifling changes of here a door and there a window, may pass even now as a fairly good Gothic building. Elsewhere a number of fragments of walls and

¹ Their names were: Arnold Gye (Prior), John Cowle, John Watts, Richard Taylor, William Shapcott, Matthew Pryston, Richard Splat, Thomas Gylle, William Avery, and John Doyge.

foundations, and two venerable arches—the north and south gateways—still remain. But it is this Abbot's Tower, so well preserved as to be easily again made habitable, which forms the really material survival of the ancient Abbey of Buckfast. A few words may now be said as to its juridical and spiritual survival.

Amongst the old documents connected with the Abbey, still extant, are several which relate to lawsuits about water-courses, fisheries, and other matters concerning abbatial rights and privileges. The late owner, Mr. James Gale, with much labour and at no small cost, maintained and re-established various of these old traditional rights. One of these was the right to form, from the river, a fish-pond for the Abbey's use at any part of the property; another was the obligation of a neighbouring mill-owner to keep in repair a certain water-course, and to sustain in good order a bridge over the Dart, although it rested with the Abbey's owner to do away with the bridge altogether at his pleasure. There were, beside other privileges, curious examples of juridical survival.

As to things spiritual, since the monks of the sixteenth century died out, they have, as readers are probably aware, been generally represented in England by some members of the majority of the old Orders, and the Benedictines especially have never altogether failed out of the land. Conservative in the midst of change, in spite of the ruin and depopulation of the abbeys, and in spite of the introduction of a new hierarchy of only one province by Pius ix., the Benedictines of the English congregation both still elect their titular Abbots of Westminster, Glastonbury, etc., and have, till quite recently, maintained both the two old provinces of *Canterbury* and *York*. As to new Benedictine creations in England, there is the Priory of Belmont, near Hereford, with its rich church of dressed ashlar within and without, where the Divine Office is again day by day solemnly chanted. There is also Downside,

with its noble cloister and stately minster, slowly rising, with transepts now completed. Cistercians again have a home in England; their white habit is once more to be seen amidst the black hills of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, where the mitred Abbot of St. Bernard's Abbey adheres to the austere Cistercian rule with rigid accuracy. The Carthusians, the Protomartyrs of King Henry, have again a home in Sussex, where also the Premonstatensians represent, near Arundel, the former inhabitants of Bayham Abbey, near Frant. Nevertheless, our old monastic ruins all remain in their desolation. For two hundred and fifty years, indeed, our abbeys had passed through many forms of destruction, when they began to benefit, through the havoc wrought in the old Christian monarchy of France by the unchaining of revolutionary passions. For then it was that the generous reception accorded by England to the persecuted priests of the Gallican Church began a movement amongst us which has resulted in that tender, almost religious, care with which our old monastic remains are now in general so scrupulously preserved.

Meantime, in France the flow of irreligion abated, and little by little there appeared, first here and then there, a few tender shoots, and afterwards a vigorous upgrowth of renewed religious life. Amidst the early days of this second spring, on the 24th of April 1809, there was born of a peasant family, at the little village of Vireaux, in the diocese of Sens, one John Baptist Muard. As a boy his piety was remarkable, and by his perseverance in it he overcame the great reluctance his parents entertained to his embracing a clerical career. In 1823 he entered the Junior Seminary of Auxerre, and led for years after his ordination the life of an exemplary secular priest. This life, however, did not satisfy him. It seemed to him that he was called to an emphatically religious life, and such a life he attained first in one form, and afterwards in another and more complete one. At the outset of his

religious career he succeeded in restoring the venerable Abbey of Pontigny. He thus became closely connected with England through its saints. For Pontigny sheltered for a time the exiled Thomas à Becket; while enshrined in its church lay, and still lies, the body of St. Edmund Rich, whose name he associated with his first religious fraternity.¹

Père Muard felt, however, that he was yet far from having attained his ideal. His Edmundian Fathers were not real *monks*, and his desire was to be one of a company of monks at once austere, learned, and practical.

Seeking light, he first made a prolonged retreat at the Cistercian monastery of Septfonds, and then, with his bishop's approval and blessing, set out with two companions on a pilgrimage to the Holy See. He repaired to the revered sanctuary of Subiaco, where its abbot placed at his disposal the hermitage of St. Lorenzo. Here he passed in tranquillity and prayer the latter part of the revolutionary year of 1848, and then went on to Monte Cassino, where the love he had already conceived for the Benedictine life became augmented and matured. After paying his homage to the Pope at Gaeta, Père Muard returned to France, and, with some chosen companions, took up his abode in a desert tract known as Morvan, in the diocese of Sens, and there founded the abbey afterwards known as that of 'Pierre-qui-Vire.'

It was on October 3, 1850, that he and his disciples put on the Benedictine habit and took their vows, and five years later his company was canonically affiliated to the Reformed Benedictine Congregation known as the Cassinese, of primitive observance. Before this, and after a few years passed in the most edifying manner, Père Muard died, on June 19, 1854.

Such was his reputation for heroic virtue, and so many

¹ The Pères de St. Edmé.

and so noteworthy were the favours believed to have been obtained through his intercession, that the preliminary steps to his beatification have been undertaken, and so far carried through successfully, by the French bishops.

From the monastery he founded there arose four others in France and one in North America. A sixth French house was just starting into existence when the recent suppression of the religious orders in France took place. The expelled Benedictines of Pierre-qui-Vire, with the novices of the congregation, under the vigilant and zealous direction of their prior, Father Thomas, found a temporary resting-place at Leopardstown, in Ireland. But that country was not destined to be their permanent abode. They had to do work more in accordance with the tradition which Père Muard had instituted. He had begun his apostolic career by restoring, as has just been said, the venerable house of Pontigny, and his disciples afterwards restored the historic Abbey of St. Bénédict-sur-Loire, in the diocese of Orléans. It was reserved for his expatriated children to regain, and, it is to be hoped, to re-edify, a third, yet more venerable and to us far more interesting, monastic relic.

In the month of September 1882, news came to them in Ireland that an old English abbey could be obtained by purchase. Without the loss of a single day they determined to see it, and set out to carefully inspect it. They came to Buckfast, approved of it, and bought it,¹ and on the 28th of the following month a community of Benedictine monks once more took possession of the forlorn and long-deserted abbey on the Dart, and on the next day Mass began to be said.

Thus, for the first time since the expulsion of Abbot Feckenham from Westminster, have Benedictine monks re-

¹ The deed of purchase bears date the 19th of June 1883, which was also the anniversary of Père Muard's death.

gained possession of an ancient English abbey, and it is one of the most venerable of them all, which is thus the first to be restored. Moreover, the continuity with the fact thus brought about is not only spiritual and material, but even *juridical*. For this old England of ours, at once so Conservative and yet Liberal, is so tenacious of old customs, that the monastic community thus re-installed near Totnes enters at once into possession of the former owner's legal claims; and thus it comes about that the present Superior of Buckfast actually now enjoys those ancient abbatial privileges which the late proprietor, as has been already mentioned, succeeded in re-establishing.

As to *material* continuity, that is secured by the preservation and scrupulously careful restoration of the Abbot's Tower. Once again have its venerable walls vibrated to the midnight bell of the Christmas Mass, and to the joyful *Pange lingua* of the Corpus Christi procession. Material continuity is also to be further secured by the buildings which the present community contemplates erecting.

Their desire is to rebuild their noble Abbey in its ancient style, with stalls for sixty monks; and two cloisters, one for the professed fathers, and another for the novices. They wish first to build a chapter-house, library, refectory, dormitories, and work-rooms for the various handicrafts (including bookbinding, and, it is hoped, book-printing) which the monks themselves carry on. In all the externals of religion the present community desire to renew the broken links in the chain of old English monastic life, and in Church furniture, vestments, and ritual, to follow the old models, and to really be what their neighbours deem them to be, 'the old monks come back again.' They wear the large monastic tonsure, and not only have the habit of St. Benedict, but keep to the letter of his rule. Thus in the details of daily life, as well as in faith and

doctrine, we have here complete spiritual continuity also. Like the old monks, the present religious of Buckfast abstain perpetually from meat, and equally so when compelled to be out of their monastery as when within its walls. Solemnity and good order in all that regards Divine worship is one special end of their institute. Daily they rise at two o'clock to mattins, and daily tierce and vespers are sung, and the whole office is sung on the greater feasts, instead of being, as on other days, recited in monotone. Study and manual labour both enter into their life. Preaching is hereafter also to form a part of it, not in imitation of preaching friars or the missionaries of more modern Orders, but in accordance with old Benedictine tradition. They contemplate sending out at intervals small companies of religious to preach and sing, and solemnly celebrate the Divine mysteries in places where Catholic worship and doctrine are unknown.

Although now, as before in the days of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Francis, the new community which has thus come amongst us consists mainly of foreigners, yet the Buckfast monks are of several nationalities. The prior, the Reverend Father Thomas Depérrou, belongs to the very ancient and honourable race of Basques, and he is aided in his labours by a Scotch father possessed of experience, erudition, and good taste.¹ To those who share the religious faith of these good fathers their advent cannot be devoid of interest, and to such they may appeal with confidence for sympathy and aid. But not to them alone. There are very many members of the Anglican Church who will feel hearty sympathy with, and be, we would fain hope, right willing to help on, the good work of restoring Buckfast Abbey, a work to which antiquarians and the lovers of history and of ecclesiastical antiquity can hardly be indifferent. To all persons belonging to the categories just mentioned the utility

¹ There is now a mitred Abbot.*

of the new establishment must be apparent. But, indeed, an appeal in favour of the Abbey on the ground of its utility may reasonably be made to all persons who are Theists, even if they do not share in any distinctively Christian belief whatsoever. For such persons must see how deficient are most of their fellow-men in the amount of thanksgiving they render to the Author and Sustainer of all life. No thoughtful man while admiring the beauties of creation, or enjoying the multifold benefits which spring from the harmonious co-ordination of its parts and powers, can but feel impressed with the insufficiency of his own acts of grateful recognition and reverent homage. To one so impressed, the knowledge cannot be unwelcome, that there is a new community of men in the land, whose whole lives are set apart to atone for and supply the neglects of others. Neither can it be unwelcome to him to know that he may in some measure make up for that in which he has hitherto been lacking, by generous efforts in support of those who thus give forth a continual tribute of praise and thanksgiving. Day and night, whilst their fellow-citizens are engaged in the laudable or blameworthy pursuit of ga pleasure, there may be heard at Buckfast those venerable canticles of the Hebrew Psalmist, which have for so many centuries given articulate expression to the highest emotions of the best men of so many nations. Should some hasty objector be inclined lightly to value vicarious good works, let him for a moment consider what weight he would attach to vicarious evil works. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* cannot be applied to ill-doing only, and the spontaneous common-sense of mankind recognises the debt we owe to those who aid us by causing others to do us good. And if these considerations apply to 'thanksgiving,' they apply no less to 'intercession.' The number of men in England who disbelieve in the efficacy of all prayer is small indeed. But

even avowed Agnostics cannot deny its good results, or they would thereby renounce their system. They cannot be sure that by gaining the prayers of good religious they will not benefit themselves and those dear to them. All Englishmen, then, whether Agnostics, Theists, or Christians of whatever grade, must recognise the possible, probable, or certain utility of the special restoration now in progress, while it has special claims on the lovers of history, antiquity, and art. Very large, then, must the number be of those persons who will be glad to learn the here-stated facts concerning the renewed vitality of this relic of the ancient religious life of Devon, and who will hail with satisfaction the old Abbey of Buckfast, as it once again takes its place in the annals of the Church in England.¹

¹ Since the above was written, a committee, of which Lord Clifford of Chudleigh is chairman, have, with the help of a small grant from the Society of Antiquaries, made a thorough exploration of the foundations of the ancient Abbey buildings, which turn out, most providentially, to be entirely within the land purchased by the monks, and also of such small dimensions as to be just suited to the wants of a modern community such as that now at Buckfast. It is also fortunate that these old foundations are placed very conveniently with respect to the modern house. They are in excellent condition for rebuilding on, and £3000 will be saved on the work of re-edification, which, it is hoped, may soon be begun. These ancient foundations are those of a church a little over 200 feet long by 55 broad. There are transepts, which extend 85 feet from north to south; there is a square east end with chapel to the rear of the high altar. The cloisters have also been explored, and each side is 95 feet long by 12 feet broad. The sacristy, chapter-house, pantry, lavatory, refectory, and kitchen have also been discovered; while the house of the lay brothers appears to have occupied the site of the existing house and space beyond it. Altogether, nothing could well be more auspicious and encouraging than the works thus far carried out. The Abbot's Tower has been carefully restored, and one side of the cloister, with the refectory, kitchen, and dormitory, has been admirably rebuilt on the old foundations, and in their former style, by Mr. P. A. Walters, architect.

A VISIT TO SOME AUSTRIAN MONASTERIES.

BESIDES the solid, historic investigation as to 'what has been,' and the philosophic inquiry as to 'what will be,' there is the, if less practical yet ever interesting, speculation as to 'what might have been'—a speculation to which exceptional circumstances may give an exceptional value.

As the 'advanced' Radical programme now avowedly includes the disestablishment and disendowment of the National Church, and as (to our very great regret) such a step seems to approach nearer and nearer to the area of practical politics, the phenomena presented by the very few remaining churches which yet continue in the enjoyment of their landed property, can hardly be devoid of interest to those who really care about matters either of Church or State.

A Teutonic land, such as Austria, admits of a more profitable comparison with England than do countries which are peopled by the Latin races. Moreover, the Austrian Church, like the Church of England, still survives in wealth and dignity, and thus strongly contrasts with the Churches of Spain, Italy, and France, as well as with those of Northern Germany.

But not only is it thus exceptional, but it is yet more so in the possession of monastic institutions of extreme antiquity, which still retain possession of large domains, even if their estates may have been somewhat diminished. The vast and wealthy Austrian monasteries which are to be found in the vicinity of the Danube may enable us to form some

conception of what our St. Albans and St. Edmunds, Glastonbury and Canterbury might now be had no change of religion ever taken place in England, and had our abbey lands continued in the possession of their monastic owners.

Besides such considerations of general interest which induced the present writer to visit these rare examples of ecclesiastical survival, there were others of a personal nature. When a mere boy he had found in his father's library and read with great interest a presentation copy of Dibdin's charming account of his antiquarian tour in France and Germany.¹ Therein were graphically described his visits in August 1818 (in search of manuscripts and early printed books) to the great monasteries of Kremsmünster, St. Florian, Molk, and Göttwic, as also to Salzburg and Gmunden, with vivid pictures of their artistic and natural beauties. The strong desire kindled in a youthful imagination to follow Dibdin's footsteps and see sights so interesting and so rare having, after persisting undiminished for thirty years, at length been gratified, it may not be uninteresting to compare what the traveller saw in 1885 with Dr. Dibdin's observations made exactly sixty-seven years before.²

The centre from which these monastic visits can best be made is the bright, clean, busy city of Linz, and to Linz accordingly we went after pausing at Würzburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, and Passau by the way. The Danube journey, from Passau to Linz, was performed on the 19th of August, a day which felt more like November, so great was the cold. To one who comes fresh from the Rhine, the wildness of the Danube is very striking. The latter river, with its long stretches of forest intervening between the rare and scanty

¹ *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany.* By the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D. Second edition. London, published by Robert Jennings and John Major, 1829. In three volumes.

² See vol. iii. pp. 217-276.

signs of man's handiwork, still presents much of the aspect it must have worn in the days of Tacitus, especially its lofty frowning left bank, the old *Frons Germaniæ*.

At Linz the Erzherzog Karl Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated close to the steamers' landing-place, and its windows command a pleasant view of the Danube and the heights on its opposite shore. Good carriages and horses can also be hired at the hotel; and one was at once engaged to take us next day to pay our first monastic visit—namely, that to the great monastery of St. Florian,¹ the home of some ninety canons regular of St. Augustine.

The day was delightful, the open carriage comfortable with its springs and cushions in good order, and a very civil coachman, with a smart coat and black cockade, drove our pair of spirited bays briskly along a pleasant road which, after for a time skirting the Vienna railroad, turned south and began between fields and woodlands to ascend the higher ground whereon the distant monastery is perched. The greensward of a picturesque wood we traversed was thickly spangled with brilliant blossoms of *Melampyrum nemorosum*. This lovely little plant requires more than most others to be seen alive to be appreciated, as its coloured leaves become invariably and rapidly black when preserved for herbaria. Nor can it be a very common plant, as, though we repeatedly looked for it, we never saw it in any of our country rambles save in this one wood. The true flower is a brilliant yellow drooping tube, while the blossom is made up of several of these surmounted by a crown of brightest blue or purplish bracts—that is, modified foliage leaves.

¹ St. Florian is said to have been a soldier and martyr of the time of Diocletian, who was thrown from a bridge with a stone tied about his neck. He is a popular saint in Bavaria and Austria, though not nearly so much so as St. John Nepomuk. He is usually represented in armour pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house or city in flames, and is popularly esteemed an auxiliary against fire.

In a short time the spires and cupolas of St. Florian's began to appear above a distant wood; they were again lost to sight as we descended a declivity, but soon the whole mass of the vast monastery came gradually into view during the last ascent. Though its community celebrated five years ago the thousandth anniversary of their foundation, none of the buildings, save some fragments of the crypt, are even of mediæval date, the whole having been rebuilt during the reign of the Emperor Charles VI., who reigned from 1710 to 1740. To English ideas it has rather the character of a palace than a monastery, and indeed within it are apartments destined for imperial use, to lodge the sovereign and his suite when visiting this part of his dominions.

Passing the small village immediately without the monastery's walls, we drove within the first enclosure, and, having sent in our letters of introduction, were conducted into the church, wherein vespers had just begun.

It is a stately edifice, rich in marble and gilding, and provided with handsome pews (carved seats with doors) throughout its nave. The choir is furnished with stalls and fittings of rich inlaid woodwork, while at the west end of the nave is the celebrated organ, which has more stops than any other in Austria, and three hundred pipes, which have now, just as at the time of Dibdin's visit, completely the appearance of polished silver. The woodwork is painted white, richly relieved with gold. 'For size and splendour,' he remarks,¹ 'I have never seen anything like it.'

The office was but recited in monotone by less than twenty of the canons, each having a short white surplice over his cassock.² It was no sooner finished than a servant advanced

¹ *Loc. cit.* vol. iii. p. 242.

² It should be recollected that these religious are not Benedictines but Augustinians. Part of their ordinary dress consists of a singular garment which, by a zoological analogy, may be termed an ecclesiastical 'rudimentary organ.' Over the black cassock is worn a long and very narrow slip of

to invite us to see the Herr Prelat, or abbot, whose name and title is Ferdinand Moser, Propst der reg. Chorherrenstifter St. Florian. We found him in the sacristy, a man of about sixty, of pleasant aspect, with a manner full of dignified but benevolent courtesy, such as might befit an Anglican bishop or other spiritual lord of acres. Ascending a magnificent staircase to the richly furnished abbatial range of apartments, we were soon introduced to the librarian, Father Albin Cxerny, a venerable white-haired monk, who had been for three-and-forty years an inmate of the monastery. Our first visit was to the library, consisting of one handsome principal room, with smaller chambers opening out from it, and rich with 50,000 volumes, many having been added since they were gazed at by the English bibliographer, our predecessor. We were greatly interested to find that there was yet a lively tradition of Dr. Dibdin's visit, and were shown first the portrait, and afterwards the tomb of the abbot who had received him; and, to our great satisfaction, the librarian at once took down from a library shelf the three volumes of Dibdin's tour (which had been presented to the monastery by their author), and turning to his description of the scene around us, spoke with just admiration of its engravings, and with touching kindness of his predecessor in office—the Father Klein (now long since deceased), who had received with so much docility the bibliographical doctrines¹ of his English visitor. Amongst the books of the library is an elaborate German flora in many quarto volumes with a coloured plate of each species, as in our Sowerby's *English Botany*.

There is a very fine refectory and large garden and highly ornamental conservatory—or winter garden—for the abbot's

white linen hanging down in front and behind, and united by a tape round the neck. This odd appendage is, we were told, a much diminished survival of an ordinary monastic scapular of a white colour which was worn by them in former ages.

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 257.

use, but thrown open to the public except on great feast-days. The imperial apartments are richly and appropriately decorated, and the banqueting-hall is magnificent. The royal bedrooms were strangely mistaken by Dibdin, as the librarian pointed out, for monastic 'dormitories.'¹

By the kindness of the superior the very same treat was given to us as had been given to our predecessor in 1818. We were taken to the church, where, seated in the stalls, we listened for the best part of half an hour to a performance upon their world-renowned organ. Our experience was much like that of Dr. Dibdin, who wrote:—²

'To our admiration the organ burst forth with a power of intonation (every stop being opened) such as I had never heard exceeded. As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased by being reverberated from every part of the building; and for a moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed and the sides burst asunder. We could not hear a word that was spoken; when, in a few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop was only opened . . . and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted! A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist . . . and the effect was as if these notes had been chaunted by an invisible choir of angels.'

Our last visit was to the spacious crypt, around the interior of which lie (above ground) in bronze sarcophagi the bodies of the abbots and of a few of the monastery's benefactors, while in its centre are the remains of the other members of the fraternity, each in a cavity closed by a stone engraved with a name and date, and reminding us of the catacombs of Kensal Green. Here lie all those whom Dibdin saw. In another sixty-seven years will this monastery be still enduring, and another visitor in 1952 be shown the resting-places of those on whose friendly faces we ourselves have gazed?

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 243.

² *Loc. cit.* p. 242.

Austria certainly shows a marvellously tenacious power of endurance, and in spite of many political changes has been so far singularly exempt from revolutionary destruction. No lover of antiquity, no one who rejoices to see yet surviving social phenomena elsewhere extinct, can fail to exclaim *Esto perpetua!* The convent¹ of St. Florian still possesses, as we have already said, its old landed property. This property it does not let out either on lease or by the year, but it is its own farmer, all the work, whether of arable land, pasture, or forest, being performed by hired labour exclusively.

Though the community is so large, yet the number within the monastery is almost always much less. This is because the convent possesses not only its lands, but also (as did our own monasteries) the right of presentation to various livings. These are still no less than thirty-three in number, and members of the community are sent out to serve them, but they are liable to recall at any moment. A considerable number of the canons are also sent out to act as professors in different places of education. Upon the death of an abbot his successor is freely elected by the members, who assemble from all parts for the occasion. Neither the Pope nor the government has any right of nomination, or even of recommendation, but the government can veto the election of an obnoxious individual. This right of veto, however, has been, we were told, very rarely exercised.

The abbey farm has a large supply of live stock. We saw sixty-seven cows in their stalls, and they seemed very well looked after. The abbot has his own private carriage and horses, and we saw twenty-six horses of different kinds in the stables. The collection of pigs was very large, and included some which had recently arrived from England. They were

¹ The word 'convent' properly denotes the community, whether male or female, which inhabits a religious house. The word 'monastery' denotes the dwelling-place itself.

shut up in four dozen pens, the whole of which were enclosed and roofed over by a very large and solid outhouse.

It was with some surprise that I found the superior of this great abbey was as unable to converse either in French or English as was his predecessor when visited by Dibdin. He and the librarian were both, however, well up in English politics, and we were playfully reproached with our late Prime Minister's sentiments towards Austria, nor could we but feel surprised at hearing Mr. Gladstone's questions as to 'where Austria had done good' quoted in this secluded monastic retreat.

After cordial farewells, a rapid drive soon carried us back to Linz, in time to escape a storm which had been for some time observed approaching. Long-continued reverberations of thunder resounded amongst the mountains, and the city was illuminated by rapidly repeated flashes of extreme brilliancy.

The next day was set apart for a visit to our first great Benedictine house—that of Kremsmünster.

Although material progress enabled us for this purpose to dispense with the use of horses, yet we rather envied the conditions under which Dibdin had visited that monastery. 'By eleven in the morning,' he tells us,¹ 'the post-boy's bugle sounded for departure. The carriage and horses were at the door, the post-boy arrayed in a scarlet jacket with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded and off we went uphill at a good round cantering pace.' Our pace, on the contrary, was of the slowest which a stopping-at-every-smallest-station train could be credited with. We had to start from our inn at Linz at a quarter past six, and we did not accomplish the whole journey from door to door in much less time than that in which the about equally long journey to Kremsmünster from Gmunden was made by road sixty-seven years before.

¹ *Loc. cit.* p. 216.

As we approached Krems, the mountains of the Salzkammergut stood out boldly on the horizon; but more striking to us was the prodigious monastery, with its Babel-like observatory tower, the whole mass of its buildings rising from an elevated hill overhanging the village of Krems at its base.

By good fortune, close to the station, we overtook a monk on his road home, who kindly escorted us by a short cut through the monastic gardens, of which he had the key, up to the monastery and to the Prelatura, when, after a short wait in an ante-room, the abbot, Herr Leonard Achleitner, came and invited us into his study (an elegant apartment furnished in crimson velvet), where he read our letters of introduction. The courteous prelate lamented that official business called him away from home, but, after inviting us to dine and sleep, consigned us to the care of a pleasant young monk, by name Brother Columban Schiesflingstrasse, who was careful that we should fail to see and learn nothing which it interested us to inspect or to inquire about.

The huge abbey—an eighteenth-century structure, though its foundation dates from the eighth—consists of a series of spacious quadrangles and a large church similar in style to that of St. Florian, save that the choir is a western gallery, and that the decorations generally are not so fine.

This great house is the home of one hundred monks, three hundred students, and many servants. As was the case with the Augustinians, so also here, many of the monks are non-resident, being appointed to serve the twenty-five livings to which the abbot has the right of presentation. The abbot is freely elected for life by the community. An applicant for admission amongst its members need not be of noble birth or the possessor of any fortune; but if he is the owner of property, he must make some contribution on his admission. The novitiate lasts for a year, and for four years

longer the newcomer is free to leave if he likes. After that he is held morally bound, but not legally so, as now the arm of the law cannot be employed to force back any monk who may desire to leave. The youngest members are provided with one cell for each pair, but when more advanced each has a room to himself. The monks who act as professors have each two rooms, the prior has three rooms, and the abbot a whole suite of apartments. They have much land, none of which is let to farmers, being entirely cultivated by hired labour, except, of course, the forests. These are to be seen from the abbey windows extending up the sides of distant mountains, and our host assured us they were richly stocked with deer and roebuck, pheasants, and partridges.

As to their church services, they do not rise at night nor extraordinarily early. All their office is but recited in monotone; and the matins of each day are said the evening before, not in church, but in a room set apart for that purpose. They do not have high mass even on Sundays, but only on great festivals, when each wears a cowl in choir. On all other occasions they only wear their ordinary black cassock and scapular without any hood, nor have they, any more than the Augustinians, a large monastic tonsure.

The abbot, in spite of his stately lodgings and his importance, ordinarily dines with the community in their refectory; and no special dishes are served at the high table, but only those of which all are free to partake.

At the time of our visit, the students and most of the professors were away for their vacation, and we could but inspect the means and appliances of learning.

The immense tower, at the summit of which is the observatory, has each story devoted to a scientific collection of a different kind. Thus there is a large collection of fossils and minerals; another of chemical materials and instruments; another is a cabinet devoted to physics, and there is besides a

moderately good zoological gallery, and also some skeletons and anatomical preparations. Lining the whole staircase, and also in other parts of the tower, are some hundreds of portraits in oil of former students, each one with his powdered wig, and all anterior to 1799. Every portrait is numbered, but unfortunately in the troubles of the Napoleonic wars the list was lost. It was to us a somewhat sad sight to see this multitude of young faces about whom no one now knew anything, not even a name—lifelike shadows of the forgotten dead!

At Kremsmünster, as at St. Florian, there are royal apartments and also a picture gallery, a gallery of engravings, and other galleries of old glass, china, and objects of *vertu*. In the church treasury are many relics, much plate, and expensive vestments—some given by the Empress Maria Theresa. There is, however, hardly anything mediæval, except a very large chalice of the time when communion in both kinds was partaken of by the laity.

The library contained, we were told, no less than 80,000 volumes; but to our regret, we had no time to properly inspect even a portion of its contents, though some things in it are very curious and others beautiful. There is an elaborate manuscript treatise on magic with illustrations, and another on astrology. A book of the Gospels of the eighth century is wonderful for its most beautiful writing, and there are various ancient missals admirably illuminated. The works treating on the different physical sciences were, we were told, not in the general library, but in separate departmental libraries for the use of each professor. We did not succeed in ascertaining that there was any record or recollection of Dr. Dibdin's visit. The librarian, however, was away for his vacation.

The gardens are attractive, with many interesting plants and various greenhouses; but the most interesting object

external to the monastery was what at first sight might be mistaken for a sort of *campo santo*. This consisted of a large space, in shape an elongated parallelogram, bounded by a sort of cloister with an open arcade of pillars and round arches. This space was traversed at intervals by passages similarly arcaded on either side, and these passages connected the two arcades on each longer side of the parallelogram. In each rectangular space, thus enclosed by arcaded passages, was a large fish-pond abundantly furnished with fine trout or gigantic carp. The walls of the *quasi* cloister were hung round on every side with deer's heads and antlers, and the venerable monk who went round this place with us assured us they had all been shot by members of the community, he for one having been a very keen monastic sportsman in his younger days, as were many of his colleagues now, who found good sport in their well-stocked forests.

From the fish-ponds we were conducted to the monastic lavatory, and thence to the refectory, with many hospitable regrets that our visit should have taken place on a Friday, with its consequently restricted table.

In the refectory we were received by the prior, Father Sigismund Fellöcker, a monk devoted to mineralogy.

The party having assembled, all stood round and repeated the ordinary monastic grace, after which, being placed at the prior's right hand at the high table, we all fell to amidst a lively hum of conversation, no one apparently being appointed to read aloud during an obligatory silence, as is usually the case in monasteries.

The dinner consisted of *maigre* soup, omelettes, sauerkraut, excellent apple turnovers, and crayfish. Before each monk was a small decanter of white wine, made at one of their houses in Lower Austria, for at Krems the vine will not ripen enough for wine-making. Dinner being over and grace said, the prior and most of the monks retired; but the sub-prior

invited us and another guest with two monks to sit again and taste some choicer wine, white and red, which we did willingly, for the rain was pouring in torrents, and we could not leave. Droll stories and monastic riddles went round till coffee came, and also the hour at which we had intended to depart. Not liking, however, to begin our long and tedious railway journey to Linz wet through, we accompanied our kind young guide, Brother Columban, to his cell, where, at our request, he played with skill and taste air after air upon the zithern till the clouds cleared and he was able to escort us, as he kindly insisted on doing, to the outside of the ample monastery's walls.

Much interested with our first experience of the Austrian Benedictines, we looked forward with pleasure to our visit next day to their far-famed monastery of Mlk.

Leaving Linz by steamer at half-past seven on the morning of the 22nd of August, we reached in four hours our point of disembarkation. Long before our arrival there, the magnificent palatial monastery was a conspicuous object, with the soaring towers and cupola of the abbey church, the whole massed on the summit of a lofty cliff very near the right bank of the river. This commanding position was, in the later part of the tenth century, a fortified outpost of the heathen Magyars, from whom it was taken in 984 by Leopold, the first Markgrave of Austria, the founder of the present monastery, who, with his five successors, is buried in the conventual church. Centuries afterwards, it had again to do with Hungarians, who besieged it for three months in 1619. When visited by Dr. Dibdin, it had also recently suffered from war. The French generals lodged in it on their way to Vienna, and during the march through of their troops it was forced to supply them with not less than from fifty to sixty thousand pints of wine per day.

In spite of the antiquity of its foundation, the monastic

buildings are all modern, having been erected between 1707 and 1736.

A walk of about a mile from the landing-place led us (after passing round beneath the walls of the monastery and ascending through the town of Mlk) to a gate, passing through which, and traversing a spacious quadrangle, we ascended a stately staircase to the Prelatura, or abbot's lodgings. The community were at dinner, but we ventured to send in our letters, and the first to come out and welcome us was the prior, Herr Friedrich Heilmann, a monk who had inhabited the monastery for forty years, but who was as amiable as venerable, and full of pleasantry and humour. He introduced us to the Prelat, Herr Alexander Karl, who then came up conversing with the monks who attended him on either side.

Rather short in stature, he wore his gold chain and cross over his habit; and on his head a hat, apparently of beaver, shaped like an ordinary 'chimney-pot,' except that the crown was rather low. He displayed at first a certain stiffness of manner, which made us feel a little ill at ease, and which seemed to bespeak the territorial magnate, no less than the spiritual superior. This uneasy feeling, however, was soon dissipated, for nothing could be more cordial and friendly than the whole of his subsequent demeanour to us throughout our visit. As we were too late for the community dinner, the abbot consigned us to the hospitable care of the prior, and sent word to ask the librarian to show us whatever we might wish to see after dinner. Since many of the ninety monks who have their home at Mlk were now away, the community had not dined in their great refectory, but in an ordinary, much smaller, apartment. To the latter the genial prior conducted us, and sat beside us, chatting of the good game which stocked their forests—their venison, partridges, and pheasants—while we, nothing loath (for the river journey

and our subsequent walk had given us a hearty appetite), partook of soup, boiled beef, roast lamb, salad, sweets, and coffee, which were successively put before us. The prior had been a keen sportsman, and still loved to speak of the pleasures of earlier days. Invigorated and refreshed, we set out to see the house, and our first visit was to the adjacent refectory. It is a magnificent hall, worthy of a palace, with a richly painted ceiling, and with pictures in the interspaces of the great gilded caryatides which adorn its walls.

Passing out at a window of the apsidal termination of the refectory, we came upon an open terrace, whence a most beautiful view of the Danube (looking towards Linz) was to be obtained, with a distant prospect of some of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. We here met the venerable librarian, Herr Vincenz Staufer, Bibliothekar des Stiftes Mölk, into whose hands the prior now consigned us. After contemplating with delight the charming scene before us, and viewing with interest the parts which had been occupied by Napoleon's troops, we entered the library, which is a hall corresponding in shape and size with the refectory, and, like it, abutting on the terrace balcony by an apsidal termination.

It is a stately apartment furnished with costly inlaid woods, and with a profusion of gilding on all sides, including the gilt Corinthian capitals of its mural pilasters. The library is much richer now than it was when visited by Dibdin, and it contains 60,000 volumes. Amongst its treasures are an original chronicle of the abbey begun in the twelfth century, a copy of the first German printed Bible, and a very interesting book about America, executed only two years after its discovery by Columbus. There are also mediæval copies of Horace and Virgil. Various other apartments, besides this stately hall, are devoted to the library, amongst them one containing 4000 volumes of manuscript. The librarian turned out to be an enthusiastic botanist; so

with his help we made out the names of several Austrian wild plants which had interested us. Having done the honours of his part of the establishment, he reconducted us along several spacious corridors to the prior, whom we found in his nice suite of five rooms, well furnished, ornamented with flowers, and with his pet Australian parrot. He took us to see the royal apartments, which are less magnificent than those of St. Florian, and to the abbey church, which is exceedingly handsome of its rococo kind. It is cruciform, with a high and spacious central dome. The choir is in the chancel, but there is a large organ and organ gallery at the west end. All round the church—where a clerestory would be in a Gothic building—are glazed windows that look into it from a series of rooms which can be entered from the corridors of the monastery. The church is rich in marbles, and profusely gilt.

We were finally conducted to the lodging assigned us, which opened (as did many other rooms) into a very long corridor, close to the top of the staircase we first ascended. On the opposite side of the corridor is the door which gives entrance to the abbot's quarters. This very long corridor is ornamented with a series of oil-paintings representing the whole house of Hapsburg in figures of life size. It begins with fancy portraits of Hapsburgs anterior to the first Imperial Rudolph, and continues with portraits, more or less historical, of all the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire and with the subsequent Emperors of Austria, including the present Francis Joseph. Ample vacant space remains to similarly depict a large number of his successors.

Our room was comfortably furnished with all modern appliances, including a large looking-glass and a spring bed, while our window commanded a fine view of the mountains towards Vienna. After a little more than an hour's rest, the

abbot himself came to invite us to go with him to see his garden and join in a slight refection habitually partaken of between dinner and supper—a sort of Teutonic ‘afternoon tea.’ The garden was very pleasantly situated, with a well-shaded walk overlooking the Danube, and with a fine view of the mountains of the Semmering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz. He told us that his lands were only in part cultivated by hired labour, the more distant being let out to tenants at fixed rents. As abbot he had the right of presentation to twenty-seven livings. We then entered a very large summer-house, a long hall lined with frescoes illustrating the four quarters of the world, and representing their beasts, birds, flowers, as well as their human inhabitants. The painting was wonderfully fresh, though it was done 130 years ago. Here was taken the ‘afternoon tea,’ which consisted of most excellent beer, a dish of cold veal, ham, and tongue, cut in thin slices, a salad, cheese, and butter. The abbot sat at a principal table with his guests, including a monk from Kremsmünster, the aunt and sister of a freshly ordained young monk who was to sing his first mass the following day, the young monk himself, and a secular priest who had come to preach on the occasion, and also the prior and the librarian. At other smaller tables sat other monks, and apparently one or two friends from without; most of them smoked (the prior enjoying his pipe), and parties of four amused themselves with cards, playing for very small stakes or for nothing. The demeanour of all was easy and quite *sans gêne*, but in no way obnoxious to hostile criticism. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to a further examination of the vast building until eight o’clock, when we were summoned to supper. Of this the community would have partaken in the smaller room in which we had dined; but, in honour of the event of to-morrow and of his guests, the amiable abbot had ordered supper to be served in the mag-

nificent refectory, which was illuminated with what poor Faraday taught us was the best of all modes of illumination—wax candles.

We were but a small party in the great hall. On the abbot's right sat the aunt and sister of the young priest—the latter with her brother next her. On the abbot's left were the secular priests, ourselves, and the librarian, and one or two more. Our supper consisted of soup, veal, soufflé, and roast chicken. For wine we had at first a good but not select wine—being from the produce of several vintages mixed,—but afterwards came a choice white wine of one vintage. Supper ended, the whole party retired together and separated in the large corridor outside the abbot's lodgings, the ladies being politely conducted to their rooms, which were adjacent to our own.

The next day (Sunday) was the festival of the first mass, which was to be sung with full solemnities, though ordinarily there is no high mass on Sundays at all.

It was to take place at eight o'clock, but long before that time the church was fairly filled, and the clerestory boxes occupied by visitors, who from that vantage-ground could see well. First came the sermon, to hear which the monks left their choir to occupy benches opposite the pulpit; they wore no cowls, but white cottas (a Roman shrunk surplice) over their cassocks. The worthy priest who preached had evidently determined not to make a journey for nothing. For a full hour his eloquence suspended the subsequent proceedings. At last came the mass, in which the abbot was but a spectator in his stall. The newly ordained priest occupied his throne, as if abbot for the day. There was an assistant priest, as well as the deacon and subdeacon, and all the choir boys had garlands of flowers round the left arm, with flowers round the candles they carried, as marks of rejoicing at this 'first mass.' The aunt and sister were

accommodated with seats for the occasion in the monks' stalls.

The high mass was not liturgical; no introit, offertory, sequence, or communion was sung by the choir, which was in the western organ gallery. The music was florid, and there were female as well as male singers, accompanied by a full band.

We had to take a hurried leave of our friendly host, and, promising to pay another visit at the first opportunity in compliance with his very friendly request, we took the train to St. Polten in order to go thence to visit the Benedictine monastery of Göttwic or Göttweih. We had specially looked forward to visiting this house, for, though smaller than any of the three previously visited, it had been most attractively described in Dibdin's tour.¹ The abbot in his time was Herr Altmann, who had, he tells us,² 'the complete air of a gentleman who might have turned his fiftieth year, and his countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence.' He received Dr. Dibdin with great courtesy; and as his bibliographical tour is by no means a common book, the following extracts may not be without interest to our readers:—

'Pointing out the prospect about the monastery, the abbot said: "On yon opposite heights across the Danube we saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte's first advance towards Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *déjeuner à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception, but I own that I was glad when he left us. Observe yonder," continued the abbot; "do you notice an old castle in the distance? That, tradition reports, once held Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold of Austria." The more the abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading on faëry

¹ See vol. iii. pp. 260-273.

² P. 263.

ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. On our way to the library I observed a series of paintings which represented the history of the founder, and I observed the devil or some imp introduced in more than one picture, and remarked upon it to my guide. He said, "Where will you find truth unmingled with fiction?"

'We now entered the saloon for dinner. It was a large, light, and lofty room; the ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. We sat down at a high table—precisely as in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and elegant repast. We were cheerful even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter.

'Behind me stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant. He spoke not; he moved not, save when he saw my glass emptied, which, without previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling, even to the brim, with the most highly flavoured wine I had yet tasted in Germany, and it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process. In due time the cloth was cleared, and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced, tall, square, and capacious, which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavour. It proved to be most exquisite. The past labours of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to everything which I tasted, and in the full flow of my spirits I proposed "Long life and happy times to the present members, and increasing prosperity to the monastery of Göttwic." It was received and drunk with enthusiasm. The abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna. "Come, sir," he said, "I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation at Vienna." I then requested that we might withdraw, as we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna that evening. "Your wishes shall be mine," answered the abbot, "but, at any rate, you must not go without a testimony of our respect for the object of your visit—a copy of our *Chronicon Gottwicense*." I received it with every demonstration of respect.¹

'Our amiable host and his Benedictine brethren determined to

¹ This copy was placed by Dr. Dibdin in the library at Althorp.

walk a little way down the hill to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be, but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands, and then saluted by uncovering. Stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the Göttwic Chronicle, exclaiming, "*Valete, domini eruditissimi! dies hic omnino commemoratione dignus,*" to which the abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, "*Vale! Deus te omnesque tibi charissimos conservet.*" They then stopped for a moment, as the horses began to be put in motion, and, retracing their steps up the hill, disappeared. I thought that I discerned the abbot yet lingering above with his right arm raised as the last and most affectionate token of farewell.'

We had no sooner arrived at our inn—the Kaiserin Elizabet—than we, not without much difficulty, engaged a carriage and pair to take us the two-hours' drive thence to Göttweih, along the same road driven over by Dibdin. I passed several sets of pilgrims such as he describes, as also the statue of St. John Nepomuk, which he took for one of St. Francis. At first our path was bordered by poplars, but afterwards, for miles, by damson-trees which were loaded with fruit. At the commencement of the last quarter of our journey we entered a defile in the wooded mountains, a most welcome shelter from a driving wind and blinding dust. The monastery then soon became visible at the top of a lofty elevation, reached by a long winding road, which we, unlike our predecessor, ventured to drive up. No doubt half a century has done something to improve it. As we mounted, we obtained charming glimpses of the Danube, and a good view of an adjacent town. We pulled up within the courtyard of the monastery a little after two o'clock, and found the community engaged in afternoon service, which was largely recited in the vernacular. The church is much smaller than that of the other monasteries we visited, but is more interesting, as, in spite of its stucco ornaments, its substance is ancient, and the romanesque character of its

nave and the pointed architecture of its chancel are distinctly traceable. The latter part, which contains the monks' choir, is raised up many steps, on either side of which is a way down into a light and rather lofty crypt, in which is buried the founder of the monastery, Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who died in the year 1091.

When the service was concluded, we made our way to the cloister entrance, and having sent in our letters were received by the abbot, Herr Rudolph Gusonhauer, in the well-furnished suite of apartments which constituted the abbatial lodgings. We found him at first much disquieted from a fear that we should make some large demand upon his time, which, he declared, was insufficient for the multitude of calls upon it. When reassured, however, by learning the modest nature of our demands, he was all courtesy, and insisted on showing us himself the library, and some of its most precious contents. He, indeed, invited us to sleep, or at least to dine, but we had lunched before starting, knowing that we could not reach the abbey in time for the community dinner, and we much preferred spending the short time at our disposal in inspecting whatever might be seen to taking a solitary dinner. Dibdin's pleasant experience of Göttweih's hospitality was, therefore, impossible for us. We were, however, shown the pleasing portrait of his kind host, Abbot Altmann, who, we were told, survived till the year 1854, though the last ten years of his life were passed in blindness. The library is said to contain 60,000 volumes, besides 1400 volumes of manuscripts, and no less than 1200 books printed before the year 1500. Amongst the latter was one dating from before the time when type was first used, each page of printing being one large woodcut. Amongst the manuscripts was a small Bible 700 years old, entirely written in the monastery itself on the finest parchment in such small characters as to make ordinary eyes ache to read it, but most beautifully

written. One manuscript was of the sixth century, and, of course, we were careful to see the celebrated *Chronicon Gottwicense*. We also carefully visited the refectory, and noted in the corridor the paintings of legendary events in the founder's life, noted by Dibdin.

The apartments prepared for imperial use, and which were used by Napoleon the First, are finer than those of Mlk, and are approached by a wonderfully imposing staircase. From their windows delightful views may be obtained, but, indeed, the monastery is so charmingly situated on a summit amidst such umbrageous mountains that not only northwards on the Danube side, but also southwards, there are delightful prospects and agreeable walks. The monastery is evidently much visited, and in its basement are rooms which are used as a public restaurant, and had the appearance of doing a good business.

The community consists but of fifty monks and two novices. It is not nearly so wealthy as the abbeys we had previously visited, but the abbot declared himself fully satisfied both with its present condition and apparent prospects.

After showing us the library we were committed to the care of an attendant, and other visitors arrived, a carriage and pair with two Augustinian canons from a neighbouring house, and other carriages full of laity. On taking our farewell of the abbot, who was now, indeed, busy with his guests, some of whom were old schoolfellows he had not seen for years, he cordially wished us farewell, exclaiming, 'Truly this is a wonderful day. Heaven has opened and showered down upon us the most unexpected marvels.'

We rapidly drove along the, mainly downhill, road to St. Polten, which we quitted next day to return by rail to Linz, and went thence, through Gmunden and Ischl, to Salzburg, there to pay the last of our monastic visits, that to its venerable abbey of St. Peter.

St. Peter's, Salzburg, is the origin of the whole of its surroundings. From it have arisen city, archbishopric, and principality, so that it is one of the most venerable establishments in Austria. Unlike those yet visited, it stands in the very heart of a city, in close proximity to the cathedral, of which all the earlier abbots were the bishops.

Though far from a picturesque building, it yet contains more fragments of early art than Mlk or Kremsmnster. The outer gate gives admittance to a romanesque cloister, almost entirely paved with ancient tombstones. Adjacent to the cloister are remains of the old chapter-house in the pointed style of architecture. The abbey church, though horribly disfigured, with the best intentions, in 1774, still shows some traces of its early romanesque character. Till the above-mentioned date, it had exceptionally preserved its old decorations, being entirely lined with old frescoes, and having its choir closed in by a wooden rood-screen with its rood. We were conducted over the establishment by the reverend prior, assisted by Father Anselm, who greatly lamented the architectural ravages of the eighteenth century. In that same century St. Peter's Abbey was a not unimportant scientific centre, and its zoological and mineralogical collections are still worth a visit, especially the latter, which is very rich. There are also interesting and instructive models illustrating the topography and geology of the neighbourhood, and of the Salzkammergut generally. The treasury of its church is also rich, and its library of fifty thousand volumes contains many precious manuscripts, the chief of which, 'The Book of Life,' goes back to the sixth century, and contains a long list of benefactors with their anniversaries, for masses. There are also manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries not less wonderful for their state of complete preservation than for the brilliancy and beauty of their illuminations.

. . .

It being very near the hour of dinner, we waited in an anteroom to the refectory for its arrival. Therein are hung the portraits of a long line of abbots, including the one who welcomed to the abbey my predecessor Dr. Dibdin.¹ In the refectory itself we met the abbot, a bright, rather small and youngish man, who cordially shook hands and invited us to take our place beside him at the high table. The company consisted, this being vacation time, only of the abbot, twelve monks, five novices, three guests, and some lay brothers. The guest beside us was Dr. von Schafliaentl, professor of geology at Munich, who was the only German present who could speak any English. The repast was of the usual plain character, but the wine fully merited the reputation it has acquired. It had been made at Stein (near Vienna), where the community possesses a vineyard.

Before taking our leave we visited the abbot in his lodgings, which are remarkably elegant, and consist of seven richly furnished apartments with an oratory. He seemed to take an amiable pleasure in showing us everything of interest, and cordially invited us to renew our visit.

St. Peter's Abbey is rich, but only contains about fifty monks when all are at home. Not many are required for external work, as not more than half a dozen parishes belong to the abbey. With St. Peter's terminated our long-desired visit to these curious instances of ecclesiastical survival, the still established and endowed monasteries of Austria, which we found to be just what we had anticipated to find them. That these were no abodes of stern austerity we knew, but we hardly expected to find such diminished observance as regards public worship. The men with whom we conversed had much learning, and some were devoted to one or other of the natural sciences. We found also that they were well up in the politics of the day. Nevertheless we were surprised to find that none of the five

¹ See vol. iii. p. 197.

abbots we visited were any more able to converse in either French or English than were those visited by Dibdin sixty-seven years before. It should be recollected, however, that the principals are selected largely with a view to wise administration of the abbey lands, and not for learning. All the five, in spite of the more or less sumptuousness of their lodgings, partook of the plain monastic fare, and we remarked the earnest gravity with which each superior took his part in whatever of devotion we witnessed. The existing communities are not responsible for relaxations of monastic discipline which already existed before the present monks joined them. Nor would it be fair to expect that men who had attached themselves to a body, enjoying a certain degree of comfort and freedom, should readily acquiesce in the institution or reintroduction of severities for which they never bargained. Though we met with a certain breadth of view and tolerant spirit in those we ventured to converse with on subjects affording opportunity for the display of such qualities, yet it would not be just to conceal that we met with no tendency to what would be called unorthodoxy by the strictest theologians. At Kremsmünster, at MÖlk, and at St. Peter's we took occasion to turn the conversation upon Dr. Döllinger, and in each case we found that with expressions of the warmest personal esteem there was manifested the most unqualified condemnation of the line he had taken. Whatever may be thought, however, of these institutions, whether they may be admired or their continuance in their present state deprecated, they are full of interest for us in England, as it is more than probable that such as they are our own abbeys would have become, had events in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries turned out otherwise in England than they did turn out, so that abbots of St. Albans and St. Edmunds might still be sitting in our House of Lords beside our Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

THE GREYFRIARS.

FOR a good many years a gradually increasing interest has been felt in the older religious Orders. This has been partly due to the study of art and especially architecture; partly to the numerous valuable publications (such as the Rolls Series and various monastic chronicles) which have, of late, from time to time appeared, and partly to positive changes in religious belief, and the ever wider diffusion of High Church sentiments. Englishmen now fifty years old had little opportunity in their childhood of seeing a monk or a friar. In 1846 the only religious house of men thoroughly established in England was St. Bernard's Abbey, near Loughborough.¹ Forty-three years have made great changes in this respect, and so widespread has become the interest felt in such communities, that we think a few particulars respecting the most popular and widespread of the mediæval religious Orders—that of the Franciscans or Greyfriars—may not be unwelcome to our readers.

This religious Order initiated a great innovation. Up to about A.D. 1210, the regular² clergy had been 'monks'—almost all Benedictines, Cistercians, or Carthusians.³ The

¹ Then recently erected (Augustus Welby Pugin being architect) for a community of Cistercian monks who still dwell there—now under the rule of their third abbot.

² The clergy were divided into 'seculars' and 'regulars.' The secular clergy comprised the bishops, cathedral chapters, parish priests, curates, and all clerics subject only to their bishop.

³ Each monastery of Carthusians in England was called a 'Charterhouse,' and in Italy a 'Certosa.' Such was the well-known 'Charterhouse' in the City. A new Charterhouse inhabited by French Carthusians has lately been built at Parkminster, near West Grinstead, in Sussex.

Franciscans assumed the simple name of 'Brothers'—'Frati'—and became known as 'Friars,' an appellation also given to the Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians.

The Dominicans were generally known as *Blackfriars*,¹ because they wear in church a black cloak and hood over their white habit. The Carmelites were called *Whitefriars*, because they wear a white cloak and hood over their brown habit. The Franciscans were known as the *Greyfriars*, because such was the colour of their habit. They use no cloak in church, and they were, and are, further distinguished by being girt with a knotted cord.²

Their founder, as almost every one knows, was St. Francis of Assisium—a saint who has exercised a wider influence and inspired a deeper devotion than has any other Christian since the days of the Apostles. His influence was not exercised in Court rivalries or political struggles. It was a gentle, personal influence elevating the aspirations of individual hearts and aiding each to repress his baser and more selfish tendencies.

A loving admiration for St. Francis has extended far beyond even the limits of the Roman communion. The present writer's personal experience convinces him of this; but it needs no more than a reference to the writings of Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Stevens, Rev. J. M. Wilson, Dr. Jessopp, etc., to prove it. The fact ought not to cause wonder. No other saint has shown so conspicuously and indisputably a heart overflowing with charity—with the most intense love of God and tenderness to his fellow-creatures, including even the brute creation.

¹ The Augustinians (who wear a black habit) were sometimes called 'Blackfriars,' though they seem to have been more generally known as Austinfriars. The districts in London known as 'Blackfriars,' 'Whitefriars,' and 'Austinfriars' respectively, indicate the situations wherein the friaries of these three Orders formerly existed.

² On which account they were known in France as *Cordeliers*.

The true Franciscan spirit is emphatically the spirit of charity; and charity is also the characteristic of the most advanced phase of our present civilisation. The difficult problem, how to benefit our poor materially, without simultaneously injuring them in other ways, is the anxious and arduous study of the choice spirits of our day. It is only in recent years that the claims of the lower animals on our consideration have also been energetically, even passionately, urged; and surely the society for animal protection might well take St. Francis for its patron.

But though charity, rather than learning, is the leading Franciscan characteristic, the Order may claim a high place as regards intellect, especially its English Province. No less than sixty-seven friars were professors at Oxford,¹ and seventy-three at Cambridge. Those brilliant and laborious thinkers known as 'the Schoolmen,'² are now beginning to meet with due appreciation after three and a half centuries of neglect. Of the whole group, one mind was admittedly the most acute, the Franciscan Scotus, known as *Doctor subtilissimus*,³ the fearless critic of St. Thomas Aquinas. But the Franciscan most interesting to the lovers of the critical and experimental sciences of our own day is certainly Friar Roger Bacon. His love for physical science is widely known, but the breadth of

¹ The first at Oxford was Adam of the Marsh, especially beloved of the illustrious Bishop Grosseteste, who was so attached to the Franciscans. His letters (published in the *Rolls Monumenta Franciscana*, edited by Dr Brewer) give us a vivid picture of the England of his day. Repeated applications for English friars were made from abroad, and they were sent to act as professors at Lyons, Paris, and Cologne.

² He who has been termed the father of the schoolmen, Alexander of Hales, was an English Franciscan, as also was Occam of the renowned logical 'Razor.'

³ The founder of the philosophical school known as the Scotists. He is believed to have been born in Northumberland in 1274, and he died at Cologne (the university of which he started) in 1308. He lies buried there in the old Franciscan Church, which is once more in the hands of his order. The chief part of his manuscripts, after being paraded about Oxford, were burnt there as 'Popish rags,' in 1550.

his views concerning Holy Scripture is much less so. Aided by him, Robert Elsmere would have had little to fear from his neighbour the Squire, who would have been met by principles capable of discounting beforehand his whole contention.

But in addition to the moral and intellectual claims of the Greyfriars on our sympathy, they possess a special interest on purely historical grounds. Dr. Jessopp has written admirably on 'The Coming of the Friars.' We would invite him to employ his facile and attractive pen in picturing for us 'The Going of the Friars.' And a sadly pathetic picture he might thus draw. The English Franciscans were widely beloved. Their general poverty shielded them from much of the envy and hostility felt against richer Orders, and the immediate cause of the destruction of the most venerated section of them, the *Observants*, was grateful fidelity to an ill-used woman and a fallen cause. But many of our readers may be inclined to ask, 'Who are the Observants?' Before, then, saying more as to our English Greyfriars, it may be well to give a brief sketch of the evolution of the Order.

St. Francis, who was born A.D. 1182, obtained from Pope Innocent III. a verbal approbation of his rule and Order in 1210. In 1223 this was confirmed by Honorius III. The saint died in 1226, on October 4th, which day is celebrated as his feast throughout the Catholic Church. Besides his friars and nuns, he also instituted what was at first called the 'Order of Penance,' but which is now known as 'the Third Order.' This includes men and women, married and single, who live in the world without any external sign of their inner spiritual allegiance, save a certain sobriety of dress and demeanour.

So rapid was the growth of the whole Order that at its first chapter, held by St. Francis only ten years after its foundation, no less than 5000 friars attended. Forty years later they had 1400 houses, and in 1680—in spite of losses in

Protestant countries—they had augmented to upwards of 100,000 members.

St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary joined the Third Order in its earliest days, and in the present age it probably includes a greater number of souls than it did in the preceding century. Kings, nobles, philosophers, merchants, small tradesmen, artisans, and beggars are to be found amongst its ranks in continental Europe, and in our own country it is worthily represented in both Houses of Parliament, on the bench, amongst our barristers, surgeons, and physicians, and our officers of both navy and army.

The rule of life adopted by the first disciples of St. Francis was extremely austere, but by degrees, here and there, relaxations were introduced which called forth many local attempts at a return to primitive strictness of life.

The great convent of Assisi itself became relaxed, but that of St. Mary-of-the-Angels (which had ever been considered the headquarters of the Order) maintained the stricter rule.

The great writer St. Bonaventure (known as the Seraphic Doctor), and the celebrated St. Anthony of Padua (whose magnificent shrine remains intact in that city) were conspicuous supporters of reform.

In the year 1415 a final split took place, one section of the whole Order adopting the mitigations which had been introduced, especially in the matter of poverty. The members of this section became known as *Conventuals*. They practically reverted to the life of monks, and were the owners of many magnificent monasteries and churches. The members of the other section became known as *Observants*. They adhered to the primitive Franciscan customs, and have generally maintained to this day the austerity of their rule.

The division of the Franciscans into these two sections was first officially sanctioned by Pope Martin v. in 1430, and

subsequently by Leo x.,¹ who imposed upon the whole of the Observants the general denomination of '*Friars Minor of the Regular Observance.*'²

In 1525 a reform was started which developed into a third, altogether distinct, section of the Order. Its members became known as Capuchins,³ and are distinguished externally by wearing a beard and a long pointed hood.⁴ They had no place in England at the time of the Reformation.

The Franciscans came to England in 1224, and soon

¹ By his bull '*Ad Statum,*' in 1430, Martin v. granted to the Conventuals the dispensations they required, and the general of the whole Order always belonged to the Conventual section till 1517. In that year Leo x. issued his bull '*Ite et vos in Vineam meam,*' and decreed that a general was to be chosen from amongst the Observants to be the 'Minister-General,' but that the Conventuals were to have a separate head called 'Master-General,' who was to be confirmed in his office by the 'Minister-General.'

² Three different groups have formed themselves successively amongst the Observants in response to various local outbursts of zeal. Thus, early in the sixteenth century a reform was started in Italy, the followers of which were known as the *Reformati*. Thence they extended into France and Poland. About the middle of the same century another reform was developed in Spain by St. Peter of Alcantara, and its members became known as *Alcantarines*. From the earliest days of the Franciscan Order, certain houses were set apart for retirement, and were known as 'houses of recollection.' From this circumstance the followers of a reform which took place towards the end of the sixteenth century got the name of *Recollects*. At the time of the English Reformation the Observants had not become thus differentiated.

³ In 1536 Pope Paul iii. approved of this reform, and empowered the Capuchins to elect a Vicar-General under the proviso that he was to be confirmed by the Magister-General of the Conventuals, who, in his turn, had to be confirmed by the Minister-General. This proviso was abrogated in 1619, since which time the Capuchins have been allowed a General of their own choosing, without any need of confirmation by either the Master or the Minister-General.

⁴ There was for a long time much disputation as to what had been the form of the hood worn by St. Francis himself. Authority at Rome deemed this dispute so idle and objectionable that it was formally forbidden by Alexander vii. in 1658. At the present day any publication which should be issued '*de vera forma caputii S. Francisci*' would find itself on the index from the mere fact of its publication. This is a plain demonstration that the placing of a book on the index need not mean that its contents are judged to be doctrinally mistaken or morally objectionable. It may merely signify that it is deemed inopportune or trivial, so that time should not be uselessly squandered in its perusal.

attained great popularity, spreading far and wide over the land. Their advent was, of course, long anterior to the split between the Conventuals and Observants, so that they cannot be reckoned as having belonged to either, although the magnificent churches they here and there possessed would indicate that the affinity of such monasteries was with the Conventuals. The Observants were distinctly introduced later, as we shall shortly see. Long before their advent, the old-established English Franciscans had a very stately church at York. More interesting, however, was their magnificent friary in London, founded in 1300 by Edward I.; on the site of what is now the Bluecoat School. It had a noble church 300 feet long, and its ample library was the gift (in 1429) of Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor.

The Observants were not introduced into England, as far as is certainly known,¹ before the reign of Henry VII., who built two or three houses for them, and greatly favoured them, as also did Henry VIII. till his matrimonial difficulties began. Then there appeared to have been seven² such friaries, amongst which were houses at Canterbury, Southampton, Newcastle, Richmond (in Surrey), and Greenwich. It is concerning the last that we have the most interesting details. Henry VIII. was a great friend to the Greenwich friary, which adjoined the palace. In 1513 he wrote himself to Leo. X. in favour of its friars, declaring his deep and devoted affection for them. They present, he says, 'an ideal of Christian poverty, sincerity, and charity; their lives are devoted to fasting, watching, and prayer, and they are occupied in hard toil by night and day, to win sinners back to God.'³ They,

¹ Tauner says he could find no account of their being here previously.

² According to F. Franciscus and St. Clara (whose family name was Davenport) in his *Historia Minor F. F. Minorum Provincie Angliæ*; Douay, 1665.

³ For authorities, see Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, vol. i. p. 156.

however, felt bound in conscience to oppose the king's will both as to his divorce and his headship of the Church in England.

The first public sign of royal displeasure was a letter written by the King in 1532 to the General of the Order, asking that the English Provincial, Blessed John Forest,¹ might be removed from his office. Friars Forest, Peto, and Elstow were the most prominent opponents among the Greenwich Friars of the king's designs. It was Peto who first openly resisted, and who, preaching before Henry at Greenwich, threatened him with those words from the Book of Kings, 'Even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall the dogs lick thy blood also, O King.'² It is to Henry's credit that, for this, he did him no immediate violence; but a few days afterwards Peto and Elstow were brought before the Council, where the Earl of Essex told them that they deserved to be put into a sack and thrown into the Thames. To which threat Elstow replied with a smile, 'Threaten these things to rich and dainty folk who are clothed in purple, fare delicately, and have their chiefest hope in this world, for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence. With thanks to God we know the way to Heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and, therefore, we care not which way we go.'

The king greatly desired to obtain from the Observants an abjuration of the Papal Supremacy; but after his agents had again and again sought, in various modes, to effect this, they were obliged to report—'Sorry we be we cannot bring them to no better frame and order, as our faithful mind was to do for the accomplishment of the king's pleasure.' A few days afterwards two carts full of friars were seen passing through the city to the Tower. These were the expelled

¹ One of the English Martyrs recently beatified by Leo. XIII.

² As to the sequel, see Gasquet, *op. cit.* p. 161, note.

Observants, four of whose houses had been emptied for this cause. About two hundred of them were cast into prison without trial. Fifty died from the hardships they had to endure; while some obtained through friends, leave to pass out of the realm. Two-and-thirty, chained in pairs, were sent to various prisons in England, where they died. Antony Brookby, 'a man well skilled in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew,' was not allowed to lie down or wash for five-and-twenty days, and would have died, as did Friar Belchiam, of starvation but for friends who supplied him with food till he was strangled during the night of July 19th, 1537.¹

Blessed John Forest died, like More and Fisher, for the Papal Supremacy; but, unlike them, was burnt alive at Smithfield on May 22nd, 1538, Bishop Latimer preaching at his martyrdom. The wood used to burn him consisted in part of an image of a warrior saint called Darvel Gadarn, which had been highly venerated in North Wales.

The English Observants were greatly diminished in numbers and scattered, but by no means crushed. Queen Mary had hardly ascended the throne when they returned. The queen refounded their house at Greenwich, where Friar Elstow became Superior. In 1554 Cardinal Pole was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in their church. The queen also restored the friaries of London and Southampton.

The year after the accession of Queen Elizabeth they were all again expelled, though the queen had been herself baptized in the church of the Observants at Greenwich. Thus the first English Province came to an end after an existence of 330 years; but its official seal was preserved and handed down, as we shall shortly see.

One friar appears to have been permitted to live peacefully in England long after the expulsion of all his brethren. This was Brother John, commonly known as the 'old beggar,'

¹ See Gasquet, *op. cit.*

whose high repute for virtue induced the Earl of Derby to obtain letters of protection for him from Queen Elizabeth, by which he was authorised to wear his grey habit in public when the Penal Laws were in full force. He died in 1590, and was buried in Layland Churchyard.¹ He was the last to wear publicly the Franciscan habit in England until our own day—unless perhaps during the short reign of James II.

The surviving friars were dispersed on the Continent and in Ireland, and Englishmen from time to time entered the Order abroad. A surviving English friar, in 1614, gave the habit to one John Jennings, who persuaded several students of the English College at Douai to join him, and after opening a small house at Gravelines, established the Friary of St. Bonaventure at Douai. Afterwards, having had handed over to him the official seal of the extinct first Province, a succeeding, second, Province was regularly organised in 1625, under his rule. By favour of Queen Henrietta Maria and King James II., this second Province maintained a chequered life, its members occasionally having to undergo imprisonment, and some being put to death, as were Thomas Bullaker, Francis Bell, John Woodcock, John Wall, and Charles Mahony. In 1729 Friar Paul Atkinson died in prison, after thirty years' confinement, and he appears to have been the last who so suffered. The members of the Province served different missions, and opened various schools,² but it was impossible for them to live anywhere and keep their rule as a regularly organised community, and the destruction of their friary at Douai at the French Revolution was a fatal blow. An attempt was made in 1818 to establish a Novitiate at Aston Hall by favour of Cardinal Weld, but in 1823 it was

¹ See *Lives of the Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis*. Published by the Franciscan Convent, Taunton. Vol. iv. p. 362.

² One of these was at Edgbaston.

given up. The old friars gradually died off, and in 1839 the second English Province came to an end, after a struggling life of 214 years. The last member was Father Patrick O'Farrel, who lived for thirty years acting as a missionary priest at Bristol, having in his care the official documents and effects of the Province.

Soon after the establishment of the present Catholic Hierarchy, in 1851, a great desire was felt to have Observant friars once more in England. Accordingly some were introduced from Belgium, in 1858; and Father O'Farrel and three other friars who still survived, made over to them the seals of the two old Provinces, together with all the official documents saved from Douai. Their number was soon augmented in this country, and friaries were successively opened at Manchester, Glasgow, Stratford, and Upton; but the Province was not reconstituted, and no separate house in Great Britain yet existed to serve as a Novitiate. The future therefore still remained uncertain. The year 1887, however, saw the formal reconstitution of the Order here, and the regular organisation of a third English Province, with Father David Fleming as Provincial; and 1890 has seen the beginning of the last step needful to ensure growth and perpetuation of the Order in England—the beginning of its new Novitiate.

As we have already remarked, the great historical house of the old English Observants was at Greenwich. Their houses at Canterbury and in Surrey were also within what is now the Roman Catholic diocese of Southwark. Into that region the Observants are now once more entering. At Blackheath (not near Greenwich but near Guildford) they are endeavouring once more, with the greatest care, to reunite the threads of tradition severed 330 years ago. There they are building their Novitiate (with a church dedicated to the Holy Spirit) in the style in vogue at the time of Queen Mary's death—the latest

‘Perpendicular.’¹ There, at Greyfriars, Chilworth, conventual Mass and office will be daily sung (the friars rising for matins a little after midnight), and there the martyr of their old Greenwich house, Blessed John Forest, will be publicly honoured on each recurring 22nd of May.

To men who are true lovers of freedom, though they be neither Catholics, nor even Christians, such manifestations of the religious liberty which it is the happy privilege of Englishmen to enjoy cannot but be gratifying. In France and amongst Continental so-called Liberals, religious ‘liberty’ means liberty to insult and outrage religion, but rigorous bonds and restrictions for those who would promote it. In the English-speaking world, which Providence seems to have destined for predominant diffusion, it is indeed, most happily, otherwise. We all recognise that no man has religious freedom who is not free to obey inoffensive precepts and to promote by peaceful persuasion and example the cause he has at heart. The freedom of the religious Orders to live and grow is the surest sign of the presence of such religious freedom, and certainly no Order may better claim this freedom than that of the sons of St. Francis, the disciples at once of Scotus and of Roger Bacon. We must conclude this notice of a process of evolution begun 680 years ago, by expressing our conviction that religion, science, both physical and philosophic, the first principles of philanthropy and due consideration for even the irrational world of life, may all find their purest and noblest expression through the spirit and teaching of that most attractive saint who could say with emphatic and literal truth those remarkable words of St. Paul,² *‘Ego autem stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto.’*

¹ The English Observants could have erected no building save in the Perpendicular style, as at their coming the middle pointed Gothic had already passed out of fashion.

² Gal. vi. 17.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

WE are all at one in desiring a good education for our poor children. However we may differ as to the details of instruction, we are all at one in desiring that enough knowledge may be imparted, and the intellect sufficiently trained, to call forth into exercise as many latent capacities as possible, for the advantage of their possessors and the general gain of the entire community. If we are not all equally zealous, yet plenty of zeal for the cause of education exists, and needs but to be wisely directed to ensure satisfactory results. Even as to the direction it should take, there is again a general agreement. We all desire that while the intellectual powers should be developed, the sterling moral qualities of our countrymen should at the same time be maintained and intensified, and that, if possible, the teaching of all our schools should be sufficiently uniform to deserve to be called 'National Education.'

Now the improvement in our poor-school teaching has hitherto mainly, if not exclusively, consisted of an increase in the efficiency of instruction, and in the number of subjects taught. A like improvement is also desired and looked forward to for the future. It is this matter of 'instruction' which forms, and must form, the most obvious part of every system of education. This it is which strikes the senses, and is therefore apt so to occupy the attention as to lead many persons to forget that '*instruction*' is not '*education*,' but only its indispensable preliminary and agent.

This is not surprising, for nothing is more common than

for men to become so absorbed in any 'means' which greatly interests them, as by degrees to make of it an 'end.' One man sets out with a reasonable desire for money as a needful agent, and ends as a miser caring only for money itself. Another forces himself into some daily drudgery in order to live, and ends by living only to carry on his daily drudgery. Not a few persons have, I think, undergone an analogous change as regards their interest in efficient and multiplied instruction.

The need for the wide diffusion of a good education, and of good instruction necessary thereto, is painfully evident even now. But the educational destitution of a quarter of a century ago was appalling. Since then we have every reason to be grateful for very much good and zealous work. What wonder if, in the doing of it, a number of excellent persons have, little by little, become quite passionately attached to the cause of instruction at which they have so long and zealously laboured. They may well be apt to look with impatience and some distrust on any one who would bid them pause in their work and consider whether they may not have, inadvertently, done some injury to the cause they had originally at heart. Yet there is not a little to be said in favour of the assertion that, by the mode of instruction which has become a fashion of the day, the sources of our national life and prosperity run the risk of being calamitously deteriorated.

In order to test the truth of this very grave affirmation, it may be well to try and draw out clearly and distinctly what it is Englishmen generally, and all practical Englishmen, really have in view when they advocate National Education.

In the first place, they mean to advocate the acquisition by children of a certain amount of more or less elementary knowledge; but secondly, and far more, they mean the acquisition of such a disposition of mind as may make them useful members of society—honest, temperate, and industrious

citizens, with kind hearts for their neighbours and a sincere and intelligent love for the land of their birth. Every one who has the welfare of his country at heart must now desire the improvement of knowledge, but he cannot but much more desire the wide diffusion of noble aims and generous sentiments, and the depression of the more selfish and brutal instincts of our animal nature.

To bring this most desirable end about, it is plainly necessary that considerable instruction should be given, the intellect being strengthened by judicious exercise, and the memory stored with a knowledge of many facts. It is, however, no less plainly necessary that such intellectual cultivation will be useless, or worse than useless, unless at the same time the affections are stimulated, and the will directed in harmony with the great end in view, so that good actions may be the result. Clever and well-informed men are as plentiful as blackberries; the rich and rare phenomenon is the really good man.

As a fact, most men are moved to action by a variety of motives, such as: 1, the gratification of their personal instincts and passions; 2, the hope of reward; 3, the fear of punishment; 4, the desire of what seems to be their own greatest good; 5, love for their friends and sympathy with their fellow-men; 6, a certain love of truth; 7, a spontaneous admiration for what strikes them as beautiful; 8, an irresistible recognition of noble and generous conduct as being such; 9, a perception of duty; and 10, an unavoidable knowledge that certain acts are virtuous even though the performance of them may, owing to existing conditions, be extremely repugnant.

The varying effect of these motives on the will cannot but be powerfully affected by a full, continued, painstaking, hearty, and definite inculcation of elevated conceptions calculated to ennoble the character, to weaken the action of motives which are low and selfish, and to strengthen those of an opposite nature.

That such conceptions are alone to be found in relation to a Divine ideal, and that it is only by distinct and avowedly definite religious teaching that such conceptions can be brought home to the minds of our children, is what few practical men will venture to deny. By it the highest and most salutary aspirations are aroused and strengthened. Such a conception of God as is set before us in the highest religious teaching, supplies at once a realisation of our noblest ideal, and an object about which the most elevated emotions of love, reverence, and admiration for all that is most beautiful and good may be fitly exercised. It also enlarges and strengthens our natural sympathy with our fellows, while the rational desire which each one has, and should have, for his own greatest good, is justified as coincident with the law of 'right.' That same law, thus regarded, also tends to augment our instinctive hopes and fears as to retribution, and the final and necessary connection of 'suffering' with 'ill-will.' Finally, in this way only can our besetting tendency to self-gratification at the expense of right, be effectually opposed by a *consensus* of motives of the most powerful kind.

Religion brings down to the popular apprehension, and embodies, for the benefit of the ignorant, the highest results of philosophy. Those, therefore, who would exclude it from our schools, would deprive the masses of such share as is open to them of education of the highest order. A parallel folly would be to insist on each man working out for himself his own astronomy. As religion, however, has infinitely more to do with practical life than astronomy has, it is plain that to exclude the former, is an infinitely more momentous matter.

It is simply undeniable that persons who are without the aid of theological teaching and belief are, however naturally good may be their instincts, at a very great disadvantage. The greatest of all ideals has disappeared from their horizon, only inferior and secondary objects can affect their emotions

or their will, and they can have no absolute certainty that what is right or true must always, under all circumstances, be for their greatest happiness or for the happiness of those they love and cherish.

The utility and the necessary tendency of such belief can be tested by each man, simply by looking into his own conscience. However unhappily inoperative his Christian belief may have been on his actions, he none the less must recognise that such belief has ever *tended* to make him act well. He never sinned or acted fraudulently or unchastely *because* he believed in God, in Christ's redemption, or in a life hereafter, and he has never abstained from a bad action *because* of his *disbelief* in such doctrines.

What man, on the other hand, can honestly say that the mathematical, chemical, geological, or botanical knowledge he may have attained, or that any skill in part-singing and drawing he may have acquired, have helped him to perform an act of self-denial, or even directly tended to check an unlawful glance at his neighbour's wife? Place two men, in all things equal, save that one accepts and the other rejects Christian belief, in circumstances of great temptation, and it is as certain as any mathematical truth that the first will have and the second will lack, a very important aid towards overcoming it. Men of the latter category *must* be less likely to be good citizens, because they are less supplied with motives to do their duty towards their fellow-men.

I have spoken above of 'avowedly definite religious teaching,' and I did so advisedly, for in the words 'avowedly definite' are included all our difficulties. The advantages of such religious teaching are so obvious, and its opponents on principle form so altogether insignificant a fraction of the nation, that a uniform system of National Education upon such a basis would be received with all but universal

satisfaction save for our unfortunate religious differences. State action to aid our schools was begun by Lord John Russell on an avowedly denominational basis, and it was only because such action seemed insufficient that the school legislation of 1870 took place. Even then, such legislation was declared to be effected in no spirit of antagonism to voluntary and denominational schools, but merely with the object, as avowed, of supplementing their action.

But for our various differences of creed, no 'conscience clause' would have been thought of, and still less would so many persons have come to look with comparative favour either on a supposed system of *indefinite* religious teaching, or upon a system of secular instruction from which religious teaching should be eliminated, under the impression that such systems were '*Unsectarian*.' Such teaching none but a very small minority amongst us would declare to be the absolutely best teaching, but only the 'second best,' the practically best attainable by us under existing circumstances.

It is strange, but it is none the less true, that many persons seem to suppose that there may be beliefs and opinions which are not *definite* beliefs and opinions. Such persons clearly see the absurdity of believing in the real existence of abstractions, such as 'humanity' (holding that in reality there are but individual men and women), and yet believe that these men and women may have religious opinions, which, because they are not affirmative in a Christian sense, are 'indefinite' They seem also to hold that teaching which is not the religious teaching of any recognised body of men is not the teaching of any body of men at all. Yet every man, as certainly as he has eyes of a definite colour and a chin of a definite form, must have definite opinions on the subjects which occupy his thoughts, even though it be the sceptical one that certainty has not or

cannot be attained about them. Thus every man must believe that the existence of God is or is not a thing about which there is certainty for him, and every man must hold that he has or that he has not grounds sufficient for acting in this life with a view to another which is to follow it. One of these two beliefs is just as definite and dogmatic as the other, and both are fruitful in effects. To bring up children and youths without giving them avowedly definite religious instruction, is, in fact, to bring them up in a definite religious instruction which is *unavowed*. It is to bring them up with the definite teaching that Christian doctrines are either unimportant, or else matters about which there can be no real knowledge unless it be the knowledge that they are untrue. These views are just as definite, just as 'sectarian' as any others, and those who hold them sympathise with one another, and co-operate more actively than do the members of some recognised religious communions. They do, in fact, form a religious body of a definite kind with definite views and aims, for all that such body may not possess an external visible organisation like that of the Church.

Everything which comes within the experience of a child helps, intentionally or not, to educate it. Not only forms of words, but the tone and manner of their utterance, produce their consequences on its plastic mind. The same is to be said of any elaborate, studied silence. To bring up children in silence as to a future life, is practically equivalent to teaching them that there is none.

Those who clamour for purely secular education, clamour in effect for the education of all in the tenets of one, in every way inconsiderable, body—the secularist sect. They have the effrontery to seek the practical diffusion of unbelief at the expense of believers. Unlike the various religious bodies, willing to put their hands freely into their pockets

to educate their children, secularists would put their hands freely into other people's pockets not only for the education according to their views of their own small progeny, but for an identical education of the numerous progeny of their opponents also.

Rarely has such a remarkable imposture obtained currency through the use of an ambiguous, misleading word, such as the word 'unsectarian.' That at least a very large portion of the English people would reprobate such a system if it were so unmasked that they could plainly see it is shown by the number of denominational schools which are maintained by voluntary efforts, and by the wide-spread practice of having a certain amount of religious manifestation even in Board schools, upon which so many electors have insisted.

But can members of the English Church, or of other denominations who do not wish all Christian belief to be undermined or withered by chilling silence and enforced neglect, rest satisfied with such Board school teaching, a teaching from which, as the late Archbishop of York pointed out, even the Ten Commandments, as forming part of the Prayer Book, might be, as a formulary, legally excluded?

Such Board school religious teaching may represent fairly well the belief and views of a certain number of Englishmen; but it is monstrously unfair that their beliefs and views should thus be practically established and endowed at the expense of the entire community. Unsatisfactory, however, as is the present state of affairs, it is, according to the warning voice we have heard at Birmingham, only the prelude to still worse. That voice not only threatened us with a further move towards the State endowment of secularism, but did not recoil from avowing a desire to follow in the wake of the French Jacobins. And yet it is these foreign Jacobins who are giving us what to

most moderate men is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the system of 'levelling down.' In France, in spite of its comparatively few religious divisions, the levelling-down system has been carried so far that, as M. Jules Simon tells us,¹ in one school an inscription on the wall, 'Love God, honour your parents,' has been erased as too denominational!

This excessive tenderness for the conscience of the occasional or possible young Atheist, is accompanied by the most cynical and brutal disregard for the consciences of believers. And these are the men whom our 'advanced' politicians would emulate. We, on the other hand, desire only even-handed justice. By all means let the conscientious scruples of Agnostics, Positivists, and every kind of Nonconformist, be sincerely respected; but in God's name let the scruples of men who desire a distinct, definite, hearty and constant inculcation of Christian doctrines be respected also!

Practically, though not legally, many a poor father and mother are oppressed in conscience by having to send their children, against their will, to Board schools, and many more by having to contribute through the rates to a system which they regard as fatal in its tendency to all Christian belief. Why are the consciences of such persons less to be respected than the consciences of those who object to pay a Church rate?

What has been the origin of this distrust of denominational teaching? The conscience clause originated with the Wesleyans. They had a just cause of complaint in the practical impossibility they experienced in various country places of obtaining education without attendance at Church and at Sunday schools. But they never meant by it to object to such religious teaching as took place on week-days in Church schools. Certainly now the Wesleyans are

¹ *Dieu, Patrie, et Liberté.*

aggrieved and suffer from the development the School Board system has taken and is likely to take. They would not, then, be opposed to an amelioration of the existing system in the direction of more justice to voluntary schools. Other Nonconformist bodies who have, with more or less reason, been jealous of their rights with regard to the Established Church would welcome a modification which, while recognising and respecting their claims, should check the further propagation at the national expense of the views of the secularist minority.

We would ask the zealots and devotees of 'unsectarian education' what possible harm they can anticipate from an avowedly full and distinct religious education, so arranged that each body receives its due, and that the consciences of all believers, as well as of all unbelievers, be efficiently protected? What harm can be done by reinforcing morality by religious sanctions? We have long looked, and looked in vain, for any answer to these questions. If they cannot be answered, then what must be desirable for this country is the gradual modification of an insincere and delusive system of 'levelling down' in favour of an honest and avowed system of 'levelling up.' As far as may be found practicable, the desire of every intelligent statesman should be that religious teaching should become as full, hearty, definite, and efficient as possible. Each party also should have its due. Let ardent secularists, sincere agnostics, benevolent positivists, and the men whose views are truly represented by the religious system generally taught in Board schools, have, one and all, a fair field for their philanthropic activity, and meet with their full share of State co-operation and support; but let a precisely similar share of co-operation and support be also accorded to our Baptists, Methodists, Jews, Quakers, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, and Anglicans.

The Board school system, which began with loud, and,

no doubt sincere, professions of friendship to voluntary efforts, has gradually drifted into a position of antagonism and hostility to denominational education. What fair-minded moderate men desire, is that it should return to its primitive spirit and more and more give the hand of fellowship to religious bodies, and honestly seek, through them, to spare the hardly-taxed pockets of the ratepayers. Instead of this, we have been led to expect the very opposite by those who would, if they could, impose upon us the un-English, unpatriotic, oppressive and demoralising system of compulsory and free secular education.

The various Nonconformist bodies who have favoured the Board school system through a just and rational desire not to be subjected to the teaching of the Established Church would, if such men could have their way, be subjected to the teaching of that body which they would repudiate above all as the very synagogue of Satan. If Churchmen have ever chastised them with whips, that synagogue will chastise them with scorpions. For what are the differences between the various Christian bodies compared with the differences between them and that aggressive body whose creed, sometimes avowed, but more often dexterously disguised, is that they know no God, and that a future life is a dream?

But it is not only on religious grounds that Englishmen must be up and doing against such efforts. If there is one thing in which England happily contrasts with surrounding nations, it is our habits of individual initiative, persevering co-operation, and local autonomy. But no greater blow could well be aimed at this national virtue than the paralysis of all our individual and corporate educational activity.

Politicians of the Birmingham school have stood forth as the zealous advocates of sound political economy; but what could be a movement more directly in the teeth of sound

political economy than a free compulsory system of education? And Mr. Chamberlain forsooth has advocated it as *logical*. Seeing that the existing system is through necessity a compromise between State relief and individual action, he would raise state action to a maximum. Let him carry his logic to the Seine, where logical communistic mobs have been logically plundering the stores of inconsequent bakers. But if he is so logical, would he push his logic into the domain of the poor law, and because, through dire necessity, we there admit a minimum dose of communism, would he increase it to a maximum? Should every pauper be provided with his orchid at the nation's expense?

To return, however, to the question of religion. If the ideals it sets before us, if the devotion it preaches and of which it so often affords us ennobling examples, are to continue to give vigour to our nation's morality, if our fellow-countrymen are still to be aided in the repression of their baser passions, and in the development of all that contributes to hearty co-operation in the cause of orderly progress and healthy national life, by the powerful sanction of religion, then it is time, high time, to come to the rescue of the oppressed consciences of a large number of our fellow-countrymen.

But a certain number of well-meaning and intelligent persons will here reply: 'We grant all you say as to the value of religious teaching; we have little faith in the mere reading of the Bible without note or comment; and we desire that the most ample justice should be accorded to all denominations. But why cannot this be done by Sunday schools? Why cannot the week be given up to secular teaching alone, and yet every school be thrown open for the use of ministers of religion on Sundays?'

To this we reply in two ways. In the first place, we reply that, as we have endeavoured to show, so-called unsectarian

secular teaching is really sectarian. In the second place, we reply that education cannot be thus divided; that if religious teaching is worth anything in aiding national morality, its action should be as continuous as possible. It is by no means a matter for Sundays only, but for every day, and, if possible, for every hour in due measure and degree.

But not a few of my readers may be mentally exclaiming: 'It is too late; resistance, to have been effectual, should have been made years ago. To obtain a reversal of the Act of 1870 is altogether beyond the region of practical politics!'

Happily for us in England, sentiments of this despairing kind have much less force than on the other side of the Straits of Dover. Englishmen are often unreasonable enough, as Napoleon said, not to know when they are beaten—a happy ignorance which resulted in their beating him. If we once wake up to the fact that we have made a fatal mistake, we possess enough of candour to avow it, and of vigour to reverse it. But, regrettable as was the legislation referred to, we neither expect nor desire to reverse it. We desire but to ameliorate its action in harmony with the spirit of the majority of its first supporters. For, as before observed, they avowed no hostility to denominational schools, but only a wish to supplement and aid them. To the objection that opposition should have been offered much earlier, we reply it *was* offered much earlier by many clear-sighted opponents; and if a multitude of men have only recently become aware of dangers which before were hidden from them, that is due to the fact that the more oppressive features of the system have only gradually been developed. It is no uncommon thing for a principle or institution to reveal its latent virus only after it has been allowed a considerable sphere of activity. But in the Board school system, as now exercised, we have to deplore a distinct antagonism to the denominational schools, a spirit of reckless extravagance, a blighting tendency both

on the English spirit of self-help and upon English Christianity, and an undue and unjust pressure both upon the consciences and the purses of the ratepayers.

We repeat, however, that we neither expect nor desire to reverse the legislation of 1870, but only to complete and develop it in a spirit of even-handed justice. What the particular measures are which shall do this, it is not the object of this paper to suggest. It is intended merely to call attention to and to re-enforce certain principles as to which we believe the overwhelming majority of Englishmen are profoundly agreed, but which have for a time become obscured in popular apprehension by the vague and ambiguous declamations of zealots for mere instruction on the one hand, and of secularist fanatics on the other. Should the cry of such fanatics ever succeed, we should witness a strange phenomenon indeed. Nonconformists have been relieved from the obligation of paying church rates: this is equitable, and no one desires that it should be otherwise; but had we a secular system of national education, the burthen removed from the shoulders of dissenters would be imposed on Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, and all but the small secularist sect would be called upon to pay rates for the propagation of a Church from which Churchmen and Nonconformists alike dissent.

The principles contended for in the present article may be expressed as follows:—

1. Education means the training of citizens in good conduct and right feeling, as well as in intellectual culture.
2. Such education is mainly effected by the apprehension of ideals calculated to develop the higher emotions and stimulate the will in the right direction.
3. Such ideals are brought home to the mass of the people mainly through religion.
4. All knowledge, to be efficient and worth anything, must

be definite and, so far as it goes, exact; and this, of course, applies to moral and religious knowledge.

5. Though it is only necessary for the State to supervise and test non-religious teaching, yet it should sympathise with and favour the support of morality through the sanctions of religion.

6. It is unjust that persons of one religious denomination should be called upon to pay for the spread of the doctrines of another denomination, the tenets of which they abhor as being the negation of their own.

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

LIFE in all its forms, however definable by its phenomena, is confessedly a mystery. It is so, as seen in the irrational worlds of animal and vegetable existence, from the rock-encrusting lichen up to the well-trained companions of our sports. There, as quite beyond the experience of our consciousness, it is especially mysterious. In the earliest stages of our being, and in certain conditions of maturity, our life is like that of the senseless plant, or like that of the thoughtless animal. In all our conscious states, however, the active intellect enters and transforms what but for it would be merely vegetative or sensitive activities. Thus, from lack of experience, we cannot imagine, however we may come to understand, what such lower forms of life in themselves may be.

The object of this paper is not so much to direct attention to the meaning of life in this most general sense, as to that of human life in the individual, the nation, and the race. Yet the meaning of life in its more general sense may by this inquiry have some light thrown upon it. Although human life (as most intimately known to every one of us) is in one way less mysterious than the life of lower organisms, still the problems of human life, as they are of course the most interesting to us, so they are the most profound. The animal thinks nothing of its destiny; it may suffer, it may desire, but, devoid of reflective self-consciousness, its desires and sufferings pass without note; strictly speaking, it knows neither that it suffers nor that it desires. But man has been in all

ages occupied not only with the phenomena of his own being, but also with speculations as to his origin and destiny—as to the meaning of his life—and successive ages and successive phases of thought and waves of feeling have given rise to various more or less discordant solutions.

The question as to the real meaning, and therefore the true end, of life, is one form of the old question as to the *summum bonum*—a question to which a curt answer will suggest itself to the majority of Englishmen, though not perhaps to most readers of these Essays. For to very many persons that answer will probably suggest itself which they may well have gathered alike from their religious and anti-religious teachers. They will say the true aim of life is ‘happiness’ in this world or the next, and that this aim is unconsciously pursued by all those who do not consciously and deliberately set it before them as their end.

But if ‘happiness’ is that which we should make the true end and aim of our activity, any inquiry as to the real ‘meaning’ of life may be at once abandoned as fruitless. For that which really gives meaning to life must be that which it is at least in the power of every one to attain. Not only, however, is happiness anything but universally diffused, it is too often unattainable, and is even strangely missed by some who seem specially qualified to attain it, and never perhaps was this more evident than at present.

How painfully the enigma of life now presses upon many generous minds, he who runs may read. And it is not merely the questions as to origin, destiny, and fate—the lament—

No whence—no why—no whither, but that we are,
And nought besides.

Even the very value of life itself as it passes is again and again questioned and more and more denied as pessimism gains upon us.

It has lately been expressly asked, 'Is life worth living?'—a question which, though to the many mere foolishness, and to some a perversely set stumbling-block, is yet to others a real problem of sad and deep significance.

While the body is healthy and appetites and passions are keen, life to most men is, of course, worth living. To the ambitious, to the enthusiastic pursuers of an ideal, to the votaries of sense, life, while full and vigorous, is manifestly a gain. It is perhaps emphatically felt so to be by those who, free from material cares and avoiding strong emotional excitements (with their inevitable reactions), peacefully enjoy those calm perennial pleasures yielded by any branch of literature or science to its faithful followers.

On the other hand we all know what a gloomy view of things may be occasioned by even some slight constitutional disturbance. How sadly, often, real calamity causes life to seem no blessing, but a curse, is made only too evident by the many poor souls who rush to seek they know not what, rather than bear the ills they have and feel so vividly.

Now, however, it is by no means only the unhealthy, the bereaved, the forsaken, or the ruined who feel keenly the sadness of human life, and who, impressed with the dreary spectacle of widespread sin and suffering, of the apparently fruitless toil and aimless misery of so many of their brethren, question life's absolute worth. Young men whose steady pulse and clear eye show the regular and harmonious activity of heart and brain, who are beloved by their fellows, and whose means of enjoyment are ample, suffer from this sadness. Such sadness may indeed be merely ungrateful and morbid, but it may be also occasioned by an exceptional nobility of character and generosity of sentiment, existing under certain adverse intellectual conditions.

A melancholy and morbid estimate of life may, and probably often is, due to an ungrateful neglect to note the many

pleasures of ordinary existence. In health, even each act of respiration and many another mere organic function is accompanied by real, if unobtrusive, pleasurable-ness. The support of the body in its various postures of repose, the movements of the limbs in unimpeded locomotion, are all pleasurable. And if even these lowest pleasures merit grateful advertence, how much more the countless higher ones which accompany the majority of most men's intellectual acts and emotional feelings! Nevertheless there are exceptional natures which, while admitting fully the existence and more or less general diffusion of all our physical and intellectual pleasures, are, through certain intellectual errors, tortured by an ungratified longing after a lofty moral ideal apparently unattainable, and which restlessly cry out, 'Who will show us any good?' Unable to satisfy themselves with mere pleasure, however intellectual, unable to satisfy themselves with any end which their reason and higher emotions tell them is inadequate, they are yet bound hand and foot in the chains of a philosophy which forbids them to raise their eyes above phenomena, which teaches determinism, and which tests the morality of actions only by their utilitarian results. They may well exclaim—

My will is bondsman to the dark—
I sit within a helmless bark.

Their lament is honourable. Their dissatisfaction is reasonable. Their sadness merits the deepest respect, the tenderest sympathy. Their painful unrest calls for zealous aid. It is nothing less than the struggle of the rational conscience garroted by Agnosticism.

No express controversy with that system can be here undertaken, but its rejection is in fact already implied by any serious endeavour to answer such questions as are here, with much diffidence, tentatively considered, and the importance of which many persons now so deeply feel—namely, the ques-

tions: 'What is the good of life?' 'Why are we here?' 'What shall we do?'—in short, the great question as to 'the meaning of life.'

Upon the answers to be given to these questions hang most practical results concerning not only the aims and actions of men as individuals, but also in their corporate capacity as bodies politic, *i.e.* practical results concerning nations and their government. But every art must follow the science which supplies it with its principles. The art of conduct for individuals and communities must depend upon the real significance of life, its end and aim. The consideration of the government of life must follow the inquiry as to its meaning.

It would, at first sight, seem a hopeless task to say anything whatever new upon questions which, in one form or another, are perhaps as old as is the human race itself. The writer, at least, would feel himself guilty of absurd presumption if he thought that he could bring forward from his own mind any real novelty of value on so well-worn a theme. But though creative novelty may be hopeless, yet any one may again interweave the well-used threads of older intellectual fabrics into new combinations. These old questions are ever again and again repeated in new forms under the influence of the ideas and emotional tendencies of successive periods, and they therefore continually need corresponding answers. Now there is one most important matter in which modern thought differs both from the cultivated thought of the ancient classical days of Greek and Roman intellectual activity, and from the wonderful scientific activity and accuracy of the Middle Ages. This matter is the way in which we regard 'Will.'

Both those who deny and those who assert the freedom of the will regard it as a purely determinative faculty altogether *sui generis*. The progress of science, and especially the great discovery of the quantitative equivalence between

the different successive activities of the same or of different bodies (commonly called 'the transformation of energy'), has brought out, with a sharpness and distinctness never before seen, the wonderful nature of this power—a nature so wonderful that on this very account its existence is again and again denied, in spite of the combined voices of conscience and of consciousness.

In the Middle Ages, though the freedom of the will was fully asserted, yet the phrase applied to denote it—*appetitus rationalis*—was one open to serious misconstruction, and which was, in fact, seriously misconstrued. We had to wait till a later day for clearer views and expressions. The Jesuits, to whom all Churchmen, and indeed all Theists, are on so many accounts indebted, have a strong claim to gratitude also in this matter. The Jesuits may be said to be the Church's 'Rationalists'; they are the men who have especially made a free use of their reason, and it is they who have excogitated and put forward the only truly rational theory of the will, vindicating its freedom against the more confused utterances of their predecessors. Of the moderns, Kant stands pre-eminent for the vigour with which he asserted the dignity and the freedom of the will, and the importance of ethics. In our own country we may boast of a noble series of writers who have helped to bring prominently forward the full significance of volition, and in our own day we have especially to thank the authors who wrote in that epoch-marking periodical, the *British Critic*. But, as has just been said, modern science has served to bring out more emphatically than ever the marvellous and isolated character of this power of choice, by showing how rigid law rules not only all living as well as all inanimate irrational creatures, but how even the immense majority of our own actions are simply automatic, while the interplay of activities (always equivalent in quantity) makes an act of free determination

comparable with little less than an act of Divine creation. The will thus stands markedly apart, as a power altogether peculiar; the 'will' of each man is seen to be his very self—his individuality *par excellence*, his personality *in excelsis*!

Bearing in mind, then, all that is meant by 'will,' as now revealed in its full significance by the combined activities of moralists and men of science, let us return to the questions concerning the meaning of life, its aim, and value.

The question, 'Is life worth living?' must depend on our conception of its proper aim and end, and of the possibility of our attaining that end.

An inevitable instinct impels us all to seek our own happiness and to gratify our passions and desires, though we are by no means compelled always in all cases to choose whatever we most *like*.¹ Yet, however we may suffer ourselves to be borne passively along by the instinctive pleasure-seeking current, our reason can, even while we are so borne along, ask the question, 'Are we rational if we acquiesce in happiness as the supreme and deliberate aim of our life?' The answer of reason to itself must surely be that the *rational* end of life is that which *should* be its end, *i.e.* which *ought* to be its end; and 'ought' is meaningless without the conception 'duty.' Therefore, it seems that not 'happiness,' but 'duty,' is declared by reason to be our supreme end and proper aim. That it really is so declared, appears yet more distinctly (1) from an analysis of the idea 'duty'; and (2) a consideration of our power of will yet further reinforces the declaration.

1. The very conception of 'duty' is of that which is necessarily supreme—of that which commands us, and is enjoined on us absolutely and without appeal.

¹ The ambiguity of language often confounds the 'selection' or 'volition' with the 'impulse' or 'liking,' and leads us erroneously to say 'we do what we like,' when really we choose what we 'like the less,' and make an anti-impulsive effort.

To many persons it will seem, at the first glance, that 'happiness' may really be, after all, 'our being's end and aim'; but, apart from those higher and nobler aspirations which affect many minds, even men who feel them not have but steadily and repeatedly to meditate upon the word 'duty' to perceive that, however little the declaration may come home to their *feelings*, yet the calm decision of their *reason* is that duty is that which we should always have in view in our actions, and therefore in our whole life, *i.e.* it should be our one great aim. Nor can the slothful and voluptuous refrain from an involuntary and inward tribute of respect to any man who seems to them constantly to make duty the aim of all his actions and his supreme guide through life. The truth of these assertions will appear more plainly when we have considered the two diverse conceptions prevalent with regard to the term 'duty.'

2. Our power of will, if it exists at all, is of so transcendent a nature, that no other activity known to us by experience can be even compared with it; though ranking beside it (in a different order) stands one other incomparable possession, 'reason,' declaring to us that our will should be directed to what is right. The exercise of will, therefore, in accordance with reason, must be the highest act of which we are capable—that to which all our lower powers and faculties minister—that which, if there is a purpose at all in our existence, must be our proper end.

Not that the charms of material beauty and the delights of corporeal pleasure should be ignored or underrated by any rational man. But it seems impossible to deny that both are (however fascinating in themselves) comparatively valueless when contrasted even with intellectual power, quite apart from all thought of duty. Similarly, if we had to choose between a mental and a bodily loss of activity or beauty, we should surely a thousand times prefer to keep our intellectual integrity and

mental harmony. *A fortiori* ought we to choose the higher even if the contrast was between 'goodness' and great 'intellectual capacity,' for there can be no question but that the more developed mind sees clearly that amongst its intellectual perceptions the perceptions of 'goodness' and 'moral worth' are immeasurably the highest: so that one would make a miserable choice indeed if one were to choose for one's-self great intellectual power and activity, accompanied by a moral nature like that of the worst of the Malatestas or Viscontis, instead of choosing moral qualities such as those of a Socrates, an Epictetus, or a St. Francis. It is not that we should undervalue intellect or intellectual pleasure, but that our intellect itself seems to declare that both these (however estimable and excellent in themselves) are *relatively* valueless when compared with 'goodness.'

Man (both the individual and the race) slowly emerges from pursuits and perceptions relatively low, though good in themselves and in their degree, to pursuits and perceptions of a higher and higher character—from seeking nourishment drawn from the human mother's breast, or the hunter's prey and edible roots drawn from the breast of mother earth, to higher and more complex pleasures of sense and intellect, to the full light of reflective intellectual life; and thence on to higher and higher intellectual stages, till the individual and the race come to see and realise that 'the best' is *best*, that 'goodness' is the highest aim, the noblest pursuit, and the one which reason bids us follow in tones now more or less threatening and imperative, now more or less alluring and persuasive.

The expression 'comes to see' has been applied to both the individual and the race because, though conscience operates with the first light of reason, and though children may be taught about 'right' and 'wrong' from their earliest years, yet reflexion is needed to enable us to understand and

appreciate the full significance of either the teaching of the parent or that of the innate conscience.

The parental teaching, however valuable and practically effective, is comparatively meaningless till the maturation of intellect enables us to wake up to the full, living signification of what we may have automatically accepted. Similarly the deliberate and intelligent pursuit of duty as a conscious end, recognised as our one best and highest aim, to be pursued for its own sake and at whatever cost, can only be fully realised by a race which has attained a considerable intellectual elevation and development.

It thus seems that our reason tends to carry us one way and our instinct another. Our organism automatically and instinctively seeks its own gratification and our immediate happiness, while our intellect imperatively commands the pursuit of duty at no matter what sacrifice of happiness. There is, then, as we all too well know, this profound discord and divergence in our being; and to some men who keenly suffer from the conflict, who feel acutely the many miseries of human life which surround them on all sides, and who see no reason to hope confidently for an ultimate harmony between happiness and duty (a hope abundantly justified by Theism), life may well seem to be a bane, and a Buddhistic Nirvana, an object of reasonable aspiration.

To those, on the other hand, who see signs of the existence of an all-controlling Power 'which makes for righteousness,' the ultimate coincidence, here or hereafter, of virtue and happiness becomes a certainty, however much their virtue may be tried and augmented by the apparently insurmountable difficulties which seem as if they must frustrate such coincidence. For these men life has indeed a rational meaning and object, and consequently a priceless value. It has a priceless value because, as reason declares the performance of duty to be the one thing needful—that which is

unutterably beyond all else in value—it necessarily follows that what is indispensable to its performance must be of a value second only to itself. Our natural instinct, indeed, powerfully tends, by itself alone, to the preservation of our lives; but the action of this instinct is further reinforced by reason, since reason makes it clear that life is to be sacrificed to nothing but that which is its object—the performance of duty—to which alone it stands second in value.

Thus it seems that life is ‘a good,’ inasmuch as it is the arena for the fulfilment of duty, for the right exercise of our most wonderful power of will. The meaning of life, then, the purpose of our existence, is such fulfilment of duty.

But we may now turn to consider the two prevalent conceptions (before adverted to) regarding the question ‘What is duty?’ The question, in the first place, may have two significations: ‘What is our duty in the concrete?’ and ‘What is duty itself in the abstract?’ The former signification of the question, however, will only occupy us later, when we come to consider the practical results as to ‘the government of life’ which follow from our interpretation of its meaning. To the abstract question two very divergent answers are, as every one knows, given by two fundamentally divergent schools of thought. These two divergent answers carry with them consequences which run up from individual ethics to politics, and logically result in widely differing views as to social organisation and as to the claims and obligations of the various members of each social community.

The view as to duty which has been and is so prominently taught in this country by the representatives of Hume, and which is propagated by Agnostics of all shades, is one which happily human nature, and emphatically English human nature, will never thoroughly assimilate—innate and inherited tendencies too strongly bearing

witness in favour of the opposite belief. The Agnostic view as to 'duty' is that it is a function of 'pleasure'—a view which annihilates the very conception it professes to explain.

The same Agnostic school, especially as represented by extreme evolutionists, asserts that in spite of the *present* difference between the ideas of 'pleasure' and 'duty,' they are, nevertheless, one as to their origin—an origin consisting ultimately of pleasurable and painful sensations. Moral conceptions, they say, have been evolved from pleasurable sensations by the preservation, through long ages (in the struggle for life), of a predominating number of such individuals as happened to have a natural and spontaneous liking for practices and habits of mind useful to their tribe or race, while the same action has destroyed a predominating number of those individuals who possessed a marked tendency to contrary practices. The descendants of individuals so preserved have, they say, come to inherit such a liking and such useful habits of mind, and at last (finding this inherited tendency thus existing in themselves distinct from their tendency to self-conscious gratification) have become apt to regard it as fundamentally distinct, *innate*, and independent of all experience. In fact, according to this school, the idea of 'right' is only the result of the gradual accretion of useful predilections, which, from time to time, arose in a series of ancestors naturally selected. In this way 'morality' is the congealed past experience of the race, and 'virtue' becomes, as it were, *a sort of 'retrieving,'* which the thus improved human animal practises by a perfected and inherited habit, regardless of self-gratification, just as the brute animal has acquired the habit of seeking prey and bringing it to his master instead of devouring it himself. As Mr. Martineau has briefly put it: 'Conscience is a hoarded fund of traditional pressures of utility; . . . our higher attributes are

only the lower which have lost their memory, and mistake themselves for something else.'

The same teaching also asserts that no man has any power to determine his own volitions. The unanimous verdict of our most generally followed psychologists (the two Mills, Bain, Spencer, etc.) would represent an act of will as being nothing more than the oversetting of an unstable balance which has been temporarily maintained between competing attractions—the passing from tendency into action (mental or bodily) in some definite direction. According to this doctrine there can, in fact, be no such thing as an 'act of will' at all; the only 'actions' can be those of the attracting influences and the automatic responsive action of the organism. The same school further teaches that acts which have useful results, however indeliberate and automatic, are really good actions, and that the best intentions do not prevent materially hurtful actions from being altogether bad. The result is an inculcation that the one thing needful is to elicit from each man and from each community as many useful actions as possible, *i.e.* actions tending to promote the material happiness and prosperity of individuals, of the nation, and of the race; and it logically follows that for this end we may fitly employ others and employ ourselves merely as means—that no right possessed by the individual can be validly pleaded in bar of the general material prosperity. *Salus populi suprema lex.*

Such is one of the two widely divergent answers to the question 'What is "duty"?' The other answer, that which is here adopted and defended, is very different. It asserts, in the first place, that though it is right to do many things because they are useful, yet 'virtue' and 'utility' are ideas not only fundamentally distinct, but so far in actual opposition that the existence of utility in an action may now and again detract from its virtue. So essential is the distinction

that not only does the idea of 'benefit' not enter into the idea of 'duty,' but we even see that the very fact of an act not being beneficial to the doer of it, makes it the more praiseworthy. Its merit is increased by any self-denial which may be necessary to its performance, while gain tends to diminish the merit of an action. It is not that the absence of gain or pleasure to us is a benefit to our neighbour; it is that the absence of any remuneration (irrespective of any advantage thereby occasioned to our neighbour) *in itself* heightens the value of the action. That, therefore, cannot be the substance of duty which by its absence makes an act more dutiful. Secondly, this answer asserts that every sane man has absolute power to determine many of his acts of will—nay, that he is even largely responsible for his tastes and convictions—as being greatly the unconscious outcome of his antecedent volitions. For both desires and emotions, though quite distinct from the will, are yet very often really dependent thereon when such an origin is altogether unsuspected. Thirdly, it asserts that actions which are done in obedience to conscience are really 'good actions,' even though mistaken and hurtful, and that the most beneficent actions are not really good unless done from a good motive in obedience to 'duty.' Thus arises the distinction between acts 'good' in two different senses: (1) *materially* moral acts—acts good in themselves *as acts* apart from the intention of the doer of them; and (2) *formally* moral acts—acts which are done with a deliberate intention of acting rightly. This distinction is so obvious that it would seem to need more than a bare statement to make its validity evident; and yet, strange to say, it is either ignored or expressly denied by the most popular of our Agnostic writers. Therefore an example or two may not, perhaps, be uselessly cited. If one man, intending to do harm to another, through a miscalculation as to his action, benefits him he would injure, no unsophisti-

cated man would call such a 'useful' action a really 'good' one. If a dying man is attended with patience, care, and exactness, but solely with the hope of obtaining a legacy to the detriment of others having a better claim, such attendance would afford an example of an action *materially* good, but certainly not virtuous formally. A man may shoot his father in the dark, taking him to be an assassin, an act which makes him *materially*, but by no means really or *formally*, a parricide, since he had no parricidal intention. It is not meant to assert that no man can perform a really good action unless he pauses and reflects as to his intention, or that spontaneous good actions are devoid of merit. What is meant is that, in order that any action should be really 'good,' the doer of it must directly or indirectly be moved by the idea of 'right' present to his mind then or antecedently, so as to have become a mental habit. The action must be, in fact, directed by him who does it to a good end either actually or virtually.

The idea of good, which he has in the past apprehended, must be influencing the man at the time, whether he adverts to it or not; otherwise the action is not moral. The merit of that virtue which shows itself even in the spontaneous, indeliberate actions of a good man, results from the fact of previous acts having been consciously directed to goodness, by which a habit has been formed. The more thoroughly a man is possessed by the idea of duty, the more his whole being is saturated with that idea, the more will goodness show itself in all his even spontaneous actions, while these will have additional merit through their very spontaneity.

It is thus 'intentions,' and not 'consequences,' which determine the morality of actions. 'Goodness' resides in volition acting in conformity with reason when it points out 'the right.' The result of this mode of answering the ques-

tion as to 'duty,' is that what appears to be the one thing needful is that each man and each community should abound in good volitions, if, that is, good volition is the real end of our existence—if the meaning of life is the furnishing a necessary and adequate field for its performance. That such is the meaning of human life, the foregoing brief review of the significations given to the word 'duty' may serve to bring out with greater clearness. Recognising fully the thorough distinctness of the conception, as well as its imperiousness, the innate and necessary contradiction which exists in the attempt to make happiness the end of existence to a moral nature becomes manifest. The supremacy of that which 'ought' to be supreme, must be, if life has any meaning, the only legitimate supremacy, and if, 'right' being sought as the one end, unsought 'happiness' necessarily follows as its result, then life has indeed a meaning which is distinct and satisfying, and such a meaning it must present to the mind of every consistent Theist.

But if such be the meaning of life, such the true conception of 'duty,' in what light are we to regard 'pleasure'? If 'happiness' is not to be our aim, what is the meaning and purpose of 'pleasure'?

If the world is the creation of a Being whose title of 'good' serves but as a symbol for a beneficence which no mind but His own can adequately conceive of, then the happiness which creatures enjoy is His free gift, intended for their enjoyment. But with regard to moral beings, such as men, it is evident that if virtue is their end, and intended to be their conscious aim, such happiness and pleasure as they experience must be secondary and subordinate in purpose, and if pleasure is capable of ministering to man's great end, Theists would be unreasonable if they did not regard it as intended so to minister. Theism, in fact, makes no other conception a possible one. Plainly life, which is unendurable to so many

as it is, would be much less endurable if deprived of its multitudinous amenities, and without life there could be no fulfilment of duty. The pleasures also which make life valuable as a whole serve to facilitate the performance of most of the actions which fill our lives, and amongst them our good actions. The pleasures which accompany gratitude, the exercise of beneficence, the vindication of justice, etc., greatly help us to perform right actions undertaken from right motives. We may say, then, that pleasure is intended to aid virtue, and there are two modes in which it does so. To cheer and help us on our way in the fulfilment of our duty is one mode, but the other mode, not less important and far higher, is the opportunity it affords for self-denial and self-sacrifice. Evidently pleasures are well used when they help us to act rightly; they are still better used when they are renounced that we may act yet more rightly. Not, of course, that there is any virtue or merit in renouncing pleasure for the mere sake of renouncing it, but only when by so doing we may attain a higher good, otherwise unattainable, for ourselves or for other men. 'Pleasure' thus comes to have a great moral value, as it alone renders possible the higher human virtues of generosity and self-sacrifice, and is especially valuable as affording us a means for testing our fidelity and our love, by its voluntary abandonment. Through perseverance in this exercise in small things as in great, the mind may be trained and braced to an ever higher moral standard. The moral value which attaches to our pleasures of course attaches also in a similar manner to our pains.

Accepting then what reason declares—namely, that human life is to be regarded as an arena for the fulfilment of duty—we may next consider what principles should regulate that fulfilment in the life of each individual, and then endeavour to ascertain how far the meaning here assigned to human life is applicable to the life of a nation or of a race, and what,

if any, further principles may disclose themselves in the course of such inquiry.

First as to the *individual*, it is manifest that, in order to fulfil his end and do his duty, he must know it, and for this he must learn his own nature and his relations to other beings, that he may feel, will, and act with proportionate reverence to all in their various degrees and according to their several claims. Surrounded as he is by a multitude of other living beings to whom he is in diverse ways related, he cannot act rightly even to himself unless he estimates correctly his duties to them and his relative position.

And in the first place the living beings which surround him and present themselves to his senses belong to two very different classes. (1) In the first category are those beings who are, like himself, 'persons,' *i.e.* beings with intelligence and free will, and therefore with moral responsibility. Whatever their position, they have the same one great end set before them, and their life has, from the ethical standpoint, the same objective value as his own. Since they have duties as he has, therefore their rights must limit his own rights; they cannot be justly made use of by him as his slaves or instruments, as if the end of their being were different from his own.

(2) In the second category are those living creatures who, being devoid of intellect and free volition, cannot incur moral guilt, who have not the same end, and whose life has not the same objective value as his own. Such creatures, as they have nothing which can be properly called 'duties,' so they have no 'rights' which can be properly so called. They may justly be treated as mere instruments and slaves, yet not altogether without reverence or without consideration for the feelings of such as are sentient, if unintelligent. If these creatures have no rights of their own, they have *quasi* rights which result from their being intrusted by God to the care of

men, *i.e.* to the care of beings who, in addition to their intelligence, have corporeal feelings, and may therefore be justly expected to sympathise with the sufferings of their irrational fellow-creatures.

Thus a wide gulf, as it were, separates the relations of rational creatures one to another, and those between rational and irrational creatures. But, whatever gulf exists between such diverse beings and their interrelations, it is of course absolutely nothing to the abyss which separates the claims upon us of our fellow-creatures, and the claim upon us of God—a God of whom morality is not the creature, but the essence. Yet no real conflict of duties can thence arise, nor can such supreme claim justify any neglect of duty to our fellows. The service of such a God must absolutely coincide with the carrying out of what alone gives an adequate meaning and aim to life. It is as impossible to serve such a God by doing anything which our conscience tells us is wrong, as it would be to fail to serve him by faithful obedience to our conscience, even though it be ill-informed and mistaken while we obey it. An ignorant transgression of his real law must be indefinitely better and more acceptable than an unscientious conformity to it. The worship and service of such a God must be morality in its highest expression, and religion must be the essence of morality. Thus understood, to know, love, and serve God must be the noblest destiny, the highest aim and end of which any creature can be capable. In that aim will necessarily be included the fulfilment of all our duties in their due degree; the claims upon us of creatures, whether ‘persons’ or less than persons, are thus reinforced beyond measure; and a new light is thrown upon a duty as yet unnoticed—our duty to ourselves.

God, as the concrete infinity of goodness, beauty, and truth, who has endowed us with the power of understanding and admiring such qualities, is, in part, to be served and

loved by our seeking to develop these very qualities in due subordination, by a true self-culture, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, and moral.

The expression 'in due subordination' of course implies that in comparison with moral good, all other good is valueless—a *fortiori* in comparison with the flower of morality, which is, as we have seen, religion. But though the greatest bodily perfection, the most refined poetic creation, and the most brilliant physical discovery all fall into utter insignificance when compared with one virtuous act of will, yet these things have their absolute value after all. A body which is the vehicle through which alone duty can be performed by us merits on that very account careful conservation, and, as the gift and creature of God, reverence and attention, save only when, or in so far as, such care may accidentally be the occasion of moral defect, and then reason declares that neither eye nor limb is to be spared if either be a necessary occasion of offence.

Similarly the intellect, without which morality cannot exist, demands cultivation as a duty, if only for the reason that our conscience may thereby be better informed, and our actions (our will remaining good) so become more and more worthy. But besides this, our intellect, as so noble a gift from God, deserves the highest cultivation we can give it, even for its own sake, except when, under special circumstances, such cultivation leads to moral evil, and then it must clearly be foregone.

The same considerations may be applied to our æsthetic faculties. Our higher emotions are noble powers which merit development for their own sake, in addition to the reverence they deserve as being the powerful aids they are to right volition. This distinct claim, on religious grounds, of our physical, intellectual, and æsthetic powers to care and culture has been too much overlooked. It cannot be denied that

morality, though incomparably the most important object of culture, is not everything. Though it should be the supreme, it need not be the whole and sole object of our care. The perfect man is healthy, strong, beautiful, intellectual, and æsthetically refined, as well as moral and religious. This conscience itself declares by demanding reverence for our higher emotions, our intellectual powers, and even our very physical frame. Nevertheless, though physical, intellectual, and æsthetic perfections are good, they are evidently not necessary goods; though all of them are legitimately *desirable*, there is but one thing *needful*—our being's end, the fulfilment of duty.

The meaning of human life for each individual, then, seems to be represented to us by unprejudiced reason as a series of opportunities for exercising the most transcendent power known to us in nature—right volition. The pains and pleasures of existence supply us with abundant and unceasing occasions of choice between a higher and a lower good, and conscience is ever at hand to suggest our adoption of the higher. Were 'happiness' the end of life, we saw that life as we know it must be meaningless, since happiness is not universally obtained. It is quite otherwise if the exercise of will be that end, for that *is* obtained universally. No possible circumstances can deprive us of that end, or divert us from it. Nothing can make life aimless to us, no toil can be fruitless, no suffering or misery useless; for no power, not even Almighty power itself, can, without depriving us of the use of our faculties, and so destroying our responsibility and moral life, divest us of our power of will. Subordinate to this great end, individual life serves, and, theistically viewed, must have been designed to serve, as a means for manifesting the most varied individual excellences of all kinds, physical, intellectual, and æsthetic. Such being the conclusion arrived at with respect to the meaning and end of life

for the individual, we may next consider the life of a community and the relations between it and the life of the individual.

A community or nation has, since Machiavelli, often been compared to a living organism, with its organs of prehension, secretion, assimilation, circulation, repair and reproduction, and nervous supervision and regulation. To a certain extent the ingenious parallel holds good, but it must not be pressed too far. For the highest activities existing in the social organism are volition and thought, and each of these is exclusively the activity of the individual man, not of the community, however much thought and will may be stimulated by social existence. Feeling is, of course, also the exclusive property of the individual. The social organism may perish, but it is only the individual men that can really suffer, that can think, that can will and act, that can be faithful or unfaithful to duty and conscience. If, therefore, the fulfilment of duty be the end of life for the individual, the meaning and end of social existence must be to aid and subserve that end—an end which is beyond its own inferior power. The existence of each morally responsible being constitutes an end in itself. The existence of a social organism which is unable to think or will must serve to act mainly as a means to that greater end which is set before its individual components. But though the social organism has no objective existence as an organism, it has nevertheless a certain existence in its component units.

The individuals who constitute every civilised community exist, not only as juxtaposed and separate units, but also as units which have varying kinds of relation one to another, and each to the whole. They are individuals existing in some one definite condition or combination of relations; they form *a State*, and certain individuals which, by means of one kind or another, wield the power of the complex mass, form its *government*. Thus, though the State, *as 'a State,'* has no

real existence apart from the individuals who compose it, yet it really exists as a certain condition of relationship in such individuals—just as a genus and a species (which have no separate objective existence) exist in the characters and properties possessed by the various individual units which together make up such natural groups.

Every 'State,' then, should be organised for the benefit of the individuals who form it, and every 'government' should exist exclusively for their service and welfare. But it is no less evident that each individual has duties as well as rights in the face of the 'State' and 'government' in which he is included. For his duties to his fellow-men not only regard those fellow-men in their individual capacity, but also regard them in their related aspect as members of a State and subjects of a government. The duty is really to individuals always, but (as it is to individuals so specially related) we may, for convenience and shortness, speak of duties to 'the State,' although the expression requires to be used cautiously, as it is a misleading one, and one calculated to favour the sacrifice of realities to abstractions. With regard to the *duty of the State towards the individual*, as the government and State exist for the individual, as the meaning of social and national life is to aid and develop individual life, the State's end must be determined by that of the individual. Now each man having the powers and duties already enumerated is bound to desire to promote the welfare of his fellows, and above all their moral welfare. Therefore each community is bound above all to promote the moral welfare of its members (that is, their conscientiousness), that they may abound in energetic, intelligent, deliberate, good volitions and actions. Therefore the motto, 'The greatest happiness for the greatest number,' though an admirable expression of benevolence and good in itself, yet, as expressing the one great aim and end of social organisation, is a false, misleading, and degrading principle.

Now the indispensable condition of human virtue is moral freedom, and, as we have seen, the rights of each person, or morally responsible being, are strictly limited by the corresponding rights of his fellows. Therefore it is incumbent on all to leave to each as much freedom as is consistent with the freedom of others, and to pay extreme respect to the individual conscience. For each man's life has, as we have seen, the dignity of being an end in itself—namely, the fulfilment of a moral career—and we may not employ other men, or even ourselves, as mere means (irrespective of such moral end) to bring about any conceivable prosperity of any multitude of other beings. The individual as a person (*i.e.* an intelligence with free volition) has rights which override the merely material welfare of worlds. Not only may we not say, '*Salus populi suprema lex*,'¹ but we may properly exclaim, '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum!*' Even if, *per impossibile*, universal conscientious action should result in the world's entire destruction, then rational beings, who understood the necessary supremacy of right, could but exclaim with St. Augustine, '*Oh! felix exitium mundi!*'

As we have seen, the great end of life for each individual man is right volition; but we have also seen that many subordinate goods are to be sought with due regard to their relative worth.

It follows, consequently, that each complex of individuals, each community or nation, is bound not only to pay the most extreme deference and respect to the individual conscience, but also to have due regard to the physical, intellectual, and æsthetic culture of its individual members, always in due subordination, however, to their freedom as moral agents.

Moreover, the respect to be shown to the several individuals,

¹ Unless *salus moralis* be understood. But this is no contradiction, since it cannot be for the moral health of the community to treat an individual man immorally.

necessarily entails respect for those subordinate creations or aggregations which the units of a State naturally and willingly, and altogether voluntarily, assume. Above all is such respect due to the family and to property; and it is also due to all voluntary associations of individuals, and to such voluntary segregations and aggregations of their own property as individuals may choose to form or institute, provided that by so doing they do not infringe upon the rights of their fellows. A similar respect is to be shown to endeavours to promote and develop intelligence by the publication of opinions and their free discussion. Just, however, as the individual is bound to subordinate his passions and lower tendencies to his reason and conscience, 'so neither the individual in his solitary nor in his collective capacity as a member of the State is bound to tolerate, rather is he absolutely bound to repress, expressions and actions on the part of individuals, which expressions and actions he has good grounds for certainly knowing are the manifestations of bad volition and not of conscientious conviction, or which have directly and manifestly immoral consequences.

Moreover, as the rights of each limit the rights of all, there are unquestionably true '*rights of man*,' and the unimpeded exercise of those rights is that '*liberty*' which may justly call forth the ardent aspirations of every lover of justice and of his kind. The same love of our fellow-men must also cause *equality* (the elimination of social injustice) and *fraternity* (the diffusion of true charity) to be no less objects of benevolent desire. It follows also that the natural form of government in a community of men who understand and act up to their duties, must be a government of express or tacit mutual surrender and harmonious co-operation—must, in fact, be a '*social contract*.'

Thus it seems that the recognition of virtue as our one end, and of moral freedom as its one necessary condition,

results in consequences which harmonise with that teaching which, however misunderstood and misapplied, has found its way to the hearts of men over the wide world, and which seems to hold the promise of the future.

The duties of the individual to the State—that is, of the individual to his fellows regarded in their complex social relations—is manifestly obedience in all things which do not violate his conscience. If, however, any act required of him is clearly and certainly against his conscience after he has taken all possible pains to inform it rightly, then at all hazards he must unhesitatingly refuse to obey, whatever consequences may ensue to himself, to others, or to the whole State. But although rebellion, save by such passive resistance, is always unjustifiable, it is always justifiable to oppose and to seek to change the state (that is, to destroy it and make it into another State) by persuasion. Hostility to the State, and even its destruction, are nothing less than positive duties if it is clear that its existence is a crying moral evil for the men and women who compose it. To deny this would be to commit the absurdity of mistaking the means for the end. Nevertheless, it is manifest that great deference is due to the opinions of a majority of our fellows if their means of information are as good as our own, and much more so if there is any reason to suppose such means may be yet better than our own.

But besides the reciprocal duties and claims between the community and its component members regarded in their isolated capacity, *the State has certain duties to itself*. That is to say, the action of individuals may regard their fellows not at all as individual men, but solely with reference to those complex social relations the existence of which constitutes them 'a State.'

In the first place, each organised community of individuals, each State, may properly desire and strive after its own per-

sistence and perfection (*i.e.* the definite, coherent, and complex development of the relations which constitute it), and its government may properly endeavour to promote such ends by all moral means. It must not, however, do so by attacking the conscience of its members for any such purpose. But if the existing state or condition of a community be one exceptionally favourable to morality, a government may, with extreme reluctance and in the last resort, justly exercise pressure on consciences, even for the preservation of the State—not, however, for the preservation of the State as an end, but merely as the lesser of two moral evils, and as a means towards the furtherance of that moral good (supposed to be inextricably connected therewith) which is the only proper end of human life, whether individual or social.

There is yet another corporate duty of men to one another. *The State has duties to other States*; that is to say, two different communities of men are bound to act towards each other not only with regard to their characters as individual men, but also with regard to those conditions of relationship which bind them up into States. In the first place, as each community has a right to preserve itself, it has manifestly the right to defend itself against the aggressions of other communities; and similarly, on the principle of mutual good-will, each community is morally bound to respect the integrity and freedom of other communities. But these rights and duties have narrower limits than have the analogous rights and duties of individuals. For, in the first place, if we destroy an individual, we render impossible the performance of duty any longer by him. But if we destroy a State, without taking life, we do not necessarily occasion the diminution of active virtue in the slightest degree, for 'a State' can be no more really 'virtuous' or 'vicious' than it can think, will, or feel pain—such conditions being, of course, the attributes of its constituent individuals alone. On the other hand, we may, by

such destruction, promote virtue, if the condition of a State is such as powerfully to depress virtue and promote evil in its component individuals.

The last State duty which need here be glanced at is the *duty of the State towards God*. Every man has duties not only towards his fellows, but also towards God. He has first of all to look to his religious action, which extends beyond the visible world, as well as to his temporal concerns, which regard this world only. The duty, therefore, of a community of such individuals must evidently also be to look in the first place, and above all things, at their duties towards God, so as to make those duties their supreme concern in their social regulations, which should, it is plain, be harmoniously ordered in accordance therewith.

The consideration as to the duty of the community, as a community, to God, throws further light upon the various subordinate goods which rank in a hierarchy of ends beneath moral good.

As we have seen with the individual, such highest good is not the only one, and the lower goods may be pursued each for its own sake as a gift of God, and in due subordination to the highest. *A fortiori* is this the case with the merely temporal life of a community considered as a social organism.

If the meaning and purpose of the life of the individual may be, in part and quite subordinately, to manifest diverse forms of individual excellence, so social life may be conceived as intended, in subserviency to moral ends, to manifest diverse forms of social development and perfection. If, however, the relation of the State to God has these consequences, another also plainly results. It is this—that as God is the author, sustainer, and governor of all things, the State and Government (however popularly elected, however it may really express a social contract) is and must be a government of divine right; and this consideration yet further shows the culpability of rebellion and revolt.

The relation of a nation to God is generally expressed in terms of what are called the reciprocal rights and duties of 'Church' and 'State,' but the more correct expression would perhaps be 'the relations between the temporal and spiritual governments of a State.'

Let us analyse a little the conceptions implied by this phrase, in the light of real visible existences, and of individual rights.

As has been said, a government should exist for the sake of the governed, and the government of an ideally civilised State would be a perfectly constitutional one, the result of a social contract. But every government must consist of whoever (one, few, or many individuals) manages or is chosen to absorb and direct the means and efforts of the community in definite directions for definite ends.

Every unit of each State may be considered as being more or less religious, as having both his mundane and his religious side. He may exert himself, spend time, effort, and means, to a greater or less extent, with a view to another world as well as with a view to this world.

As the various individuals of the community have each these two sides to their being, so there are necessarily two corresponding sides to every organised community, or State, the individuals of which are thus bipolar. And as the bipolarities of each constituent portion of a magnet result in two conspicuously divergent poles, so do these diverse attributes of the individual men of a State, tend to result in two conspicuous manifestations—the Church and 'so-called State'—of a community.

Whatever body (of few or many individuals) manages or is chosen to absorb and direct the means and efforts of the community for temporal ends, is the temporal government—'the so-called State'—of that community.

Whatever body (of few or many individuals) manages or is chosen to absorb and direct the means and efforts of the

community for religious ends, is the ecclesiastical or spiritual government—‘the Church’—of such community.

Just as the two poles of a magnet may be so arranged and bound up together as to appear one, though really as bipolar as before, so these two governments may present the external appearance of a unity.

This appearance may be produced by the encroachment of either on the domain of the other, or by the voluntary conferring of both powers on one executive. Examples of such apparent unity have been the governments of the Cæsars, the Caliphs, the Popes, and the commonwealths of Geneva and Massachusetts.

Thus ‘the Church’ or churches of a community means its individuals in certain voluntary relations, and considered from one point of view, while ‘the State’ means the same individuals in other relations and considered from another point of view.

It is evident that evils may arise from certain temptations which necessarily beset both the temporal and also the spiritual government.

The temporal governors may be tempted to employ the means and efforts of the community unduly for their own private temporal advantage and enjoyment.

They may be tempted to abuse the trust imposed on them in order to augment their power, treating their subjects as mere means, and disregarding their essential rights as persons.

This may be carried so far as to lead them to disregard altogether the desires of the governed in spiritual matters, overriding religious scruples and oppressing consciences for merely temporal ends, and so violating the final end of their existence.

Similarly the spiritual governors may be tempted to use the means and efforts of the community unduly for their own private enjoyment.

They may be tempted to abuse the trust imposed on them to augment their power, treating men as mere means, and disregarding their essential rights as persons.

They may be tempted to use, or to try to use, the means and efforts of a whole community to oppress the consciences of a minority in a body where divergence as to religious views exists, or at least to produce unfair action towards such minority. Thus a so-called struggle for 'Church rights' may now and again really be but an effort on the part of the religious nominees of one set of citizens to use the means and efforts of others who did not nominate them (of the whole community, in fact) for religious ends to which a considerable section of the community is opposed.

We have State tyranny when the individuals of the social organism who have been chosen to govern in temporal matters (not being also spiritual governors) seek to control and direct the religious affairs of a community or of a portion of it against their will, or seek to restrict their actions, denying them freedom in religious matters.

We have theocratic tyranny when the individuals of the social organism who have been chosen to govern in spiritual matters (not being also temporal governors) use the means and efforts of dissidents for spiritual ends against their will, or restrict their actions, denying them freedom in temporal matters.

In both forms of tyranny, governing individuals seek to control either the mundane or religious affairs of others without having been authorised by the latter so to act with respect to them, either seeking to infringe subordinate rights or even attacking and seeking to oppress the most sacred of all human things, conscience, and so frustrating the very end for which life, whether individual or social, has its existence.

We may then, it seems, venture to assert with respect to the meaning and true aim of social life that it is first and

supereminently, a condition intended to aid and promote right volition on the part of individuals, and subordinately to help to develop in them all those minor excellences of which they have been made capable by their Creator. Besides these ends, every Theist must also assert that in a still more subordinate degree social life has for its aim to manifest in the world a variety of what may analogically be called 'social organisms' presenting the most varied conditions of utility, harmony, and beauty.

It only remains now to consider what may reasonably be said as to the meaning of human life considered as one vast whole, extending from times long anterior to those which saw our first Palæolithic flint-workers, to the most highly developed races of the future, and onwards till this planet ceases to be inhabited by mankind.

Such a question no man, revelation apart (and in this paper there is no question but of natural reason), is competent thoroughly to answer. Even to seek to answer it at all, seems, at the first glance, a monstrous presumption on the part of any one of the momentarily existing units which together successively make up the long procession of the ages of human existence.

Nevertheless, there are certain truths which throw light even upon so vast and seemingly unanswerable a question.

In the first place, as societies have no objective existence, save as conditions of the individuals who compose them, and as their ends must be subordinate to the purposes of individual life, so 'human life as a whole' is but a way of regarding individual lives—the life of each viewed in relation to the life of all—and must also be similarly subordinate. We may say, then, that the life of mankind means an arena for the exercise of right volitions, and for the manifestation of the various subordinate excellences of the individual, of human societies, and of the whole human race.

Secondly, every Theist must assert that the course of history reveals the purposes of God. And what has been that course? Through long-continued ages, when social change seems to have been very slow, as it certainly is over so large a part of the earth's surface now, a basis was none the less being prepared for those developments and transformations which have shown themselves in later ages, especially since the Christian era. Manifest proofs of early Theism exist in Judea, Egypt, and amongst our Aryan forefathers. Intellectual activity and æsthetic feeling so culminated in ancient Greece that its citizens have ever since been the teachers of mankind in art, the drama, oratory, history, poetry, and philosophy.

Conscience was coeval with mankind, for man without conscience is not man; and no particle of evidence exists that any race of man now exists, or ever did exist, altogether devoid of moral perceptions and responsibility. Nevertheless, the full perception of the just claims of conscience is a modern growth. In the pagan Roman Empire, as before in Greece, the omnipotence of the State was a universal doctrine and practice. The individual citizen had no recognised, sacred, God-given rights to maintain, and the will or the welfare of the community rose superior to every plea which any single citizen could put forward. It was the Jews and Christians who, for the first time, to the amazement of judges who would fain have been merciful, maintained the sacred rights of conscience, and, by patient endurance, sufferings, and death, vindicated the claim of the individual to the proper freedom of a rational and responsible nature.

But in times yet more recent the recognition of the sacredness of conscience has continually gained ground, alike by efforts intended to promote it, as well as by efforts made in utter disregard of it. The tendency of this modern movement has been (amongst many acts which are to be deplored) to make

the individual more free to dispose of his means and efforts religiously according to his own will, and not according to the will of others. This movement, which has now continued for six hundred years, and extended over the whole area of Christendom in spite of the most persevering and zealous efforts of the most varied kinds to reverse and repress it—a movement which has been the very flower of human progress, seeing that all the highest races of the world have concurred in it, and that the advance of human society through all the ages which have preceded it was not to be compared with it—such a movement cannot surely, by any one but a Manichean, be deemed other than one specially ordained by God's providence for a wise and good end.

The movement of human progress, judged by what we see up to our own days, may be compared with the development of the individual man. It is a process of intellectual differentiation and integration, a movement from direct and simple apprehensions to more and more reflex, self-conscious, and complex comprehensions. What has taken place for ages unconsciously and unintentionally, now takes place with deliberation and full consciousness; and this characteristic of deliberate self-consciousness is daily spreading over a wider area of human action. All these facts being borne in mind, and the lesson they convey being seen to coincide with and reinforce the meaning of life before arrived at, we may venture without presumption to affirm that the course of human life has been arranged so to afford a constantly increasing field for more and more intelligent and deliberate and fully intentioned right volitions performed by individuals presenting the greatest variety of increasing individual excellences, and grouped in aggregations tending to manifest greater and greater degrees of utility, harmony, and beauty, and, above all, more and more favouring the full and free development of the individual conscience.

But the considerations here put forward as to the totality of human life may be yet further extended, and some speculation may be even hazarded as to the aim and meaning of all life which exists or has existed in the beautiful world we inhabit.

Geology and palæontology show us that a great process of evolution has taken place in the past, and is taking place now. In examining the creatures around us we see varying degrees of perfection expressed by the terms organic and inorganic, animal and vegetable existence. Science gives us good grounds for believing that before this world was the theatre of organic life-processes, it had existed as an inorganic mass of highly complex materials, each with its special properties, and that animal life (at least in all but its lowest forms) was preceded in existence by the kingdom of plants. Certainly we may affirm that all these forms of life—the merely inorganic, the vital, and the sentient—co-existed for untold ages before the introduction into the world of the self-conscious life of man.

The inorganic world long existed alone, and could so have persisted indefinitely. It had, and has, no need of living organisms for *its* being. The vegetable world, which feeds upon inorganic matter, could not exist without what had preceded it, but might for untold ages, or for ever, have lived and flourished, nourished but by showers and breezes, fertilised but by the wind, with no hum of insects about its inconspicuous flowers, and with no songsters amidst its groves.

The animal world, which is necessitated ever directly or indirectly to feed upon the vegetable world, could not exist without the earth's green, vital, but insentient vesture, yet might for untold ages, or for ever, have lived, undominated by the hunter and with no experience of domestication and pampered servitude.

Man, though capable of sustaining life on vegetable food alone, could never have attained his high civilisation without the aid of his dogs and horses, his flocks and herds. The animal world has been necessary to him, as he is.

Thus an increase of service, and a consequently increased dependence, are manifest as we ascend through these degrees of existence. Cosmical entities and their laws serve organic being more than inorganic, sentient being more than insentient, rational being more than sentient. Now, if the purposes of God are revealed by history in which the free will of man intervenes, *a fortiori* they are revealed by the history of the irrational creation, which responds absolutely to His will. Every Theist, therefore, is logically compelled to affirm that God has evidently willed most service to man of all His earthly creatures. Thus a successively increasing purpose runs through the irrational creation up to him. All the lower creatures have ministered to him, and have as a fact prepared the way for his existence. Therefore, whatever ends they also serve, they exist especially for him. But, as the aim of the life of man is the exercise of right volition, the life of all lower creatures must have been ultimately directed to that same end. When, then, in the unfathomable abyss of past time, the first algoid film of vegetable substance coloured the water of some primeval pool, and when the most undifferentiated and nascent organisms first moved upon the surface of some dismal, silent morass, the true end of existence of such lowly forms of incipient life was the fulfilment of the moral law, a fulfilment to be brought about after what seems an eternity to the imagination, but which reason cannot doubt to have been but in its due time and season.

And now, before concluding, dare we ask yet one more question? Why was this so ordained? To ourselves, from the human standpoint, we see that the fulfilment of duty is a sufficient end for the life of each of us, and, convinced that

happiness and virtue must ultimately coincide, it is a fully satisfying end. But our mind seems, in speculating on the ultimate cause, to demand some further answer. Those who feel satisfied that they have a right to conclude analogically from the human to the Divine mind, may look within and see if it be possible to conceive some further motive underlying even the moral law. Falteringly we may answer that but one conception seems capable of satisfying our minds, utterly inadequate as any idea of ours must necessarily be to respond to the inconceivable reality. That one conception, the conception which seems to take us even deeper into God's essence than the conception of 'right,' is the correlated conception expressed by the sublimest and noblest of all words — 'Love.'

The meaning of life, which it has thus been sought to extract from the combined interrogations of consciousness and consideration of natural phenomena, has given occasion to the enunciation of various maxims and principles, some of which have probably struck the reader as altogether abstract and devoid of practical utility. But the writer has purposely deferred the consideration of circumstances and limitations which must necessarily be entered upon in considering human life in the concrete. Here causes and principles have alone occupied us, but this is because the subject is to be completed in another essay devoted to the consideration, not of the aim and meaning of life, but of its ordering and government.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LIFE.

IN the preceding essay an inquiry was tentatively entered into as to the meaning of life, especially of human life, both social and individual. Therein the conclusion seemed unavoidable that the true purpose of life was to serve as 'an arena for the exercise of free volition,' the fulfilment of duty being the proper end and aim of both individual and social existence. In the course of the inquiry, certain subordinate principles were arrived at relating both to the duties of individuals and governments and respecting the relations of 'Church' and 'State.' These it is proposed here to pass in review, in order to see what, if any, more definite rules may be thence deduced for conduct—*i.e.* for the government of individuals and of communities.

It may perhaps be objected *in limine*: 'You have considered man and his social relations in the abstract, not in the concrete; you have had to do with so many puppets, not with men and women. Even if you were right in what you before said, you will certainly be wrong as to any positive rules and maxims you may deduce from a set of abstract speculations—suitable perhaps to wear away an idle hour, but of no practical use to anybody whatever. As men really live and move, it is but an infinitesimal portion of them that will even understand, still less appreciate, the ideas you enunciate. Living men are really dominated mainly by their material wants, and too generally by their lower emotions. Beware, whatever you do, of attempting to construct an ideal community of abstractions, and thence deducing rules for the action of real

communities. To do so would be to act like Rousseau and the well and ill-meaning dreamers of the eighteenth century, the survivors of whom were rudely awakened to behold the dissolution of a great commonwealth in blood and mire. At no time were individuals isolated; they have always existed as constituents of some social organism which has done far more to make them, than they have done to constitute it. The social unit was at first "the tribe"; even "the family" seems to have been a later formation. That the teaching coming from such a source as you have chosen will be pernicious is probable; that it will be thoroughly unreasonable is certain.'

This objection would be unanswerable had the present writer any pretension to draw out rules for actual conduct from abstract principles without regard to the many limitations which circumstances render necessary in the concrete. The intention of paying due regard to such limitations and circumstances, was announced at the close of the preceding essay, and special attention will be here directed to bearing them in view. Not that the author ventures to hope that he can take anything like a complete view of their number, or form an adequate estimate of their importance; he ventures but to throw out a few suggestions which have appeared to him and to some of his friends likely to be useful, especially for conciliating opponents who mistake each other for foes, when they really differ only because they respectively see but opposite sides of the same shield.

As to the criticism of the supposed objector based on his estimate of his fellow-men's intellectual powers and moral tendencies, together with their barbarous past and want of individuality, it may be replied as follows: 'Men, as they exist with all their faults, are, after all, animals with at least latent moral perceptions and emotions, and volitional power; they can apprehend more or less distinctly, however imperfectly, the useful, the beautiful, and the good, and for the

most part they are more or less, knowingly or unknowingly, religious. Whatever was the physical origin of man, such is his nature now, a nature capable of progressively appreciating his position, his rights, his duties. It may be that all our ancestors were once in a very degraded state; but the individual man, however degraded—as it is he alone who thinks and feels—must be considered as being, and having ever been, the real social unit—a unit, however, of which the tribal or family “state” may have made, and probably did make, small account. Probably also at no time and nowhere have individuals failed to form a “state” of some definite kind, large or small; and existing nations, their laws and customs, have doubtless been derived through diverse sources from rude origins. To seek then violently to change the laws and customs of communities (the masses of which have too often the passions of men with the intellects of children) in obedience to an arbitrary, absolute ideal, would be even more a blunder than a crime.’

But all this is no bar to advocating political ideals in pages addressed to the cultured few, nor does it forbid the attempt to satisfy that desire to justify the ways of man to man which every rational mind must feel as it develops. Moreover, each day advances the movement which transforms the process of civilisation from an unconscious evolution to a fully self-conscious and deliberate development. It is true that vast follies and terrible crimes have been committed in seeking to realise abstract political ideals drawn from within, without due regard to circumstances of time and place. But that is no reason for erecting empiricism itself into an ideal. Let us at least *try* to be rational. God has given us our reason as the test and measure of all that comes within the range of our experience and of much that transcends it. However expedient it may be to acquiesce in the continued existence of the less good, for the sake of not

destroying in embryo a greater good, let us not regard that acquiescence as if it were a thing to take pride in. If a teaching drawn from principles may be pernicious, certainly that drawn from the mere chapter of accidents with avowed disregard of principles must be yet more so.

It is true enough, as we shall see later on, that we cannot draw from abstract considerations, hard and fast absolute lines to anticipate and guide human concrete actions in all cases; but if we are hindered from laying down such absolute rules, we may none the less keep before us certain salutary ideals which may help us to hold fast to the dictates of developed reason.

As in the former essay, so here, we may divide the subject into three heads, with reference respectively to (1) the individual, (2) the community, and (3) the race.

As to the meaning of life for the individual, we concluded before that it might be taken to be a series of opportunities for exercising right volition—our pains and pleasures supplying us with continually recurring occasions for the exercise of our power of choice according to the dictates of conscience, and strengthening us morally by the exercise of self-denial.

Self-culture, physical, intellectual, and æsthetic, as well as (but in due subordination to) moral improvement, was also recognised as one form of duty, the cultivation of each such perfection being limited only at that point where its further development would occasion moral retrogression. And though reason tells us that it is right for the individual to cultivate all these lesser goods according to their relative degrees of value, at the same time it is plain that it may often be a better thing for this or that individual to neglect such minor good, lest its culture should lead to the neglect of greater good. Thus it may be that to this or that young man or woman a diminished care of physical beauty may be a con-

dition of greater advance even intellectually and *a fortiori* morally. Again, a good housewife with small means and a large family may be bound in conscience to sacrifice an æsthetic advance in painting or music for her domestic duties. Similarly her husband may have a strong inclination to intellectual culture, but would seriously deteriorate in virtue if he gratified that inclination by devoting to it time which the needs of his family required him to devote to some bread-winning drudgery. Doubtless many a noble mind, with intellectual aspirations and powers which circumstances repress, dutifully spends days shovelling coals into a furnace, or in the monotonous toil of some factory, a spectacle for angelic eyes far grander than any that could be afforded by a world-renowned intellectual triumph and social elevation, accomplished at the sacrifice of some unobtrusive duty.

But, apart from such moral neglect, it is evidently not only right for the individual to cultivate himself, but reason tells us that it is a minor duty to aid in the cultivation and improvement, in lesser matters, of the world as he finds it. He has not merely to do good morally to his fellow-men, which is, of course, a major duty, but also to seek the promotion of truth, harmony, and beauty, as far as may be, in every sphere and in all directions, in the beautiful world committed by its Creator to our rule and government. Thus every science and every fine art can be legitimately cultivated from mere inclination, when no higher duty intervenes to forbid it—scientific knowledge and artistic excellence, the promotion of truth and the development of beauty, being each a good in itself absolutely.

But the scientific man and the artist may follow their pursuits from a higher motive—namely, from the belief that they *ought* to follow them, and from the perception that they in fact are absolute ‘goods’ in themselves, and lawfully to be followed for their own sake. A higher motive still may, how-

ever, intervene, that of benevolence; such pursuits may be followed from goodwill to our fellow-men, and from a desire to benefit them intellectually or æsthetically by devoting to their service such scientific or æsthetic aptitudes as we may possess. A yet higher motive may be followed, if we believe (as we most reasonably may) that such culture may result in some ethical gain to the world, for they may then be cultivated as a means direct or indirect towards the increase of virtue; and a still higher end than even this may also actuate us, as will be shown later.

In the preceding essay intellectual culture was represented as a duty, and also as a necessary means for enabling us to understand better our moral obligations through the perception thence to be derived of our true relations towards other beings.

As to living impersonal creatures, we concluded that 'they might justly be treated as mere instruments and slaves, yet not altogether without reverence or without consideration for the feelings of such as are sentient if unintelligent.' It is manifest that such reverence is quite incompatible with the reckless cruelty towards animals practised in the south of Europe, or with a too unscrupulous advocacy of vivisection made use of by some of its foreign defenders. It is evident also that the tenderness towards animals which is one of the most recent developments of civilisation, is in itself a legitimate development. But this conclusion none the less justifies the infliction of death and any amount of pain which human welfare really makes it needful for us regretfully to give to animals, when every care has been taken scrupulously to minimise it. Moreover, the gulf recognised as existing between personal and impersonal animals tends to show that, desirable as mercifulness to the beast is for the beast's own sake, it is indefinitely more desirable for the sake of the person who directly or indirectly may be deteriorated morally by its even

involuntary neglect, and still more by its wanton abandonment and outrage.

As to 'persons,' we saw that 'from the ethical standpoint,' 'whatever their position, they all have the same one great end set before them, and their life has the same objective value.' The life of each one is an end in itself, and no one can be justly used by another as a mere 'means.' The rights of each must therefore limit the rights of all, and be limited by the rights of every other. We also saw the 'priceless value' of human life as the one indispensable condition for the performance of that which we found to be the ultimate end of all organic life, irrational as well as rational—namely, the exercise of volition in accordance with the dictates of reason judging as to what is right.

And, indeed, the supreme sacredness of human life comes out with special plainness when compared with the life of beings whose existence is but a means, and may therefore be sacrificed without scruple to our needs. Human life, as the life of a being whose moral nature makes its existence an end in itself, is of incomprehensible, of infinite, significance.

From this point of view, it is plain how grossly and grievously those err who would urge the destruction of deformed or unhealthy children, or who would sanction euthanasia and the painless extinction of the aged and hopelessly sick. Those who would do so would pervert the whole aim and object of human life, and would place physical welfare and the cessation of physical suffering above moral good; they would deem the good actions of the unhealthy and the deformed, of less moment than their physical defects, and the pains of the aged and the hopelessly sick, of greater account than their virtuous volitions. Similarly condemned are those who would advocate or sanction the voluntary limitation of conjugal fecundity. The painful life of struggle, which parents of large families may have to go through, is not for a moment

to be denied or ignored ; but, apart even from the many consolations which may be fairly expected to attend it, the moral gain of such a self-denying career, is out of comparison with any physical, intellectual, or æsthetic losses which may attend it. So also as regards the children themselves, it is neither to be denied nor ignored that less health and strength, less knowledge and less culture, may be the lot of a large family as compared with a small one ; but apart again from the many consolations and supports of fraternal affection, the moral gain of the generous self-denial and mutual sacrifice between the brothers and sisters of a large and painfully struggling, but virtuous, family, is out of all comparison with the lower benefits which may accompany its diminution in number.

The next relation which was before considered, was that borne by each man to God ; and not only the inexpressible supremacy of the duty thence arising was recognised, but also the impossibility of any real conflict taking place between our duty to man and to ‘a God of whom morality is not the creature but the essence,’ His ‘religion’ being necessarily the acme of morality. The reflected sanctity which the idea of God throws upon human life needs no more than mention, and the sanction thence to be derived for self-culture in all its forms is manifest. Herein is to be found that highest motive, lately spoken of, for the cultivation of art and science, namely, their cultivation for God’s sake. The artist and the scientific man may recognise them gratefully as His gift, as also their own mission to cultivate them as one imposed upon them by Him who has given them their appropriate faculties, and placed them in circumstances permitting their lawful exercise. Thus the sciences, from philosophy and theology to botany and mineralogy, may be cultivated from all and every good motive combined. Art may adorn the world with edifices which, however humble, may be beautiful, because harmoniously fitted to their end, as also with stately and

graceful fanes, wherein the eye may be gladdened and the imagination enriched with the triumphs of sculpture and of painting, while the ear is entranced and the mind elevated by the wondrous outpourings and soul-stirring messages from the world of sound in musical harmony.

Such products of human intellect and feeling are at their best when they spring from the orderly combination of all good motives, from reverence for each art and science in itself, from goodwill to man, from the desire for moral good, and above all from reverence for their Divine Source and Fountain; and they are inexpressibly most fitly used when they are employed for His service and worship.

Another consideration may here have a passing word assigned to it. We have seen before how all lower goods are properly to be sacrificed to moral good, and we see now how the need for and the merit of such self-denial are both enhanced by the idea of God. We have seen also how the voluntary sacrifice of pleasure is valuable as a test of human love, and may be eagerly sought for by him who practises it as the best expression of the devotion he feels to another. If this applies to our love for our fellow-man, how much more to our love for God—a God in whom all our highest ideals are realised, of whom all we can conceive of goodness and of beauty can serve but as the faintest and most distant adumbration.

If in His service we are permitted to undergo humiliation, pain, and suffering, who that understands the Theistic conception does not see that we ought to welcome such humiliation and suffering? If, in pursuit of all that brings us nearer to Him, we can justly, gratefully, and lovingly deny ourselves lower pleasures which tend to impede or slacken us in such pursuit what Theist can doubt but that he ought to spurn such pleasures with boundless gratitude to God for being granted the opportunity of so spurning them?

The principle of asceticism is implanted as deeply in human nature as is the perception of virtue or the feeling of love, and wherever both these faculties abound and flourish, asceticism will exist in practice, now carefully hidden by humility from the world, now happily manifest, and teaching us by its example.

Our relation to God being borne in mind as well as our relations to our fellow-creatures, it becomes evident how true was our previous conclusion 'that no possible circumstances can deprive us of our end, or divert us from it'—that 'nothing can make life aimless or useless to us.' Whatever may be man's lot, life, while only obedient to duty, has a dignity and a worth which cannot be over-estimated. It is never without a full meaning, never without an adequate aim, never without utility or deprived of a sphere of meritorious action. Let a man lie paralysed, and blind, and deaf and dumb, he can yet unite his will in submission to his Maker's, and abound in mental acts of goodwill towards, and intercession for, his fellow-men. He can perform a multitude of acts, any one of which outweighs immeasurably the worth of the greatest mechanical invention or the most brilliant scientific discovery ever made.

Thus the real end, the true signification, of life, the essence of the highest speculation and the deepest philosophy, is as truly, as tersely, expressed in what the Christian child is taught at the very commencement of his catechism.¹

We may now leave the practical deductions from our previous speculations as to the meaning of individual life, and turn to those which concern the life of the community. The meaning of that life was previously declared to be, 'first

¹ 'Question. Why did God make you? Answer. To know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next.' It should be borne in mind, in considering this answer, that here God and goodness are considered as one and the same.

and supereminently, a condition intended to aid and promote right volition on the part of individuals, and subordinately to help to develop in them all those minor excellences of which they have been made capable by their Creator.' It was recognised that there were reciprocal rights and duties on the parts of both the individual and the State.

As to the *duties of the State to individuals*, seeing that the end of life is conscientious action, we recognised that the first duty of all was an extreme respect and reverence for the individual conscience. But because conscience is thus sacred, and because nothing can absolve the individual from the duty of following his conscience, it cannot be contended that the duty of the community to respect the individual's conscience is co-extensive with that of the individual to act according to it. No abstract hard and fast line can practically be drawn as to the duty of the community in this respect, on account of individual eccentricity and bad faith. Absurd views of duty, bordering on insanity, and inculcating acts directly attacking life or morals, have been, and probably will again be, held and put forward as of moral obligation. Men have also sought, and do seek, to shelter mere wilfulness, class hostility, or even anti-moral passion under the mendacious plea of conscientious conviction. No one could deny but that, at this moment in Berlin, persons may be justly restrained from carrying out into act an alleged conscientious desire to lecture publicly in favour of tyrannicide. No one probably was ever so absurd as to insinuate that the propagation of free-love and murder should not be forcibly repressed, however loud might be the outcries in the name of conscience on the part of the propagators. Profound respect for, and consequent freedom of, conscience, being based on morality, could not, of course, be extended to acts directly destructive of morality.

No one could even reasonably maintain that vice and

error should not be extirpated by force, if it were not intrinsically impossible, and even a very contradiction in terms. In 1848 some French Radicals desired to come over here to give 'liberty' to the aristocratic English; being told by their opponents that the English did not want 'liberty,' they exclaimed, 'Eh bien! s'ils n'en veulent pas, nous prendrons nos fusils et nous irons la leur donner.' A contradiction as absurd as that here exemplified underlies the conception of extirpating vice by force. For all moral worth, all merit, depends essentially upon our freedom of choice, and the attempt to produce it by force would be like seeking to give liberty to a man by shooting him. God Himself could not extirpate vice from mankind save by extirpating mankind itself.

Admitting, however, all the restrictions and limitations which the complex circumstances of life render inevitable, it none the less remains true that *freedom* is an *ideal* which must be kept in view by those who believe in morality and freewill, who recognise each human life as an end in itself, and the limitation of the rights of all by the rights of each. Meanwhile, of course, pending a more complete degree of evolution, such restrictions as may be inevitable to prevent gross moral corruption must be maintained, different in amount in different communities, according to the degree in which such communities may have emerged from relative barbarism. But, bearing in view the ideal of freedom and human moral dignity, restrictions will decrease more and more through the endeavour to keep them at such minimum as it may still be necessary to maintain.

With respect to the State's duty towards individuals as to lesser goods, the first of all is of course the preservation of life, which, as the supremely necessary condition for the existence of moral good in man, is second in value only to it. Indeed, so great is its value, that for its sake pressure may be

justly exercised even upon conscience. Not that the primary good is to be sacrificed to the secondary one, but because the primary good itself, in the case supposed, would be sacrificed but for such pressure. After life comes health, physical and intellectual. Physical health, besides its many minor claims, is to be cultivated that the body may attain its maximum of vitality, and so minister, by its unimpeded activity, to the dictates of the intellect. Not, however, that any direct moral evil could be tolerated by the State any more than by the individual, on the plea of the promotion of physical health; while, on the other hand, care must be taken that no such plea should unduly restrict the individual's freedom. Here we have one of those cases where it is impossible to draw a precise line, though there need not be, in most cases, any great practical difficulty in adjusting conflicting claims.

So, as regards the intellect, the greatest freedom is desirable that it may reach its highest possible degree of cultivation, acuteness, flexibility, and vigour, and that its ethical faculty especially may acquire its richest and most luxuriant growth. Yet as with physical good, so with intellectual, nothing which directly and certainly produces great moral corruption can be tolerated for the sake of intellectual advance—which would indeed be to prefer the lesser good to the greater, and the means to the end. But if freedom is kept in view as the ideal, and restriction only imposed where clearly necessary, there will be, in countries like our own, but little practical difficulty in the matter.

But the plain duty of the State is to have primary regard, not to itself as a state or government, but to the individual men and women who form it—not to society in the first place, but in the second place. Recognising that the rights of all, of the whole community, are strictly limited by the rights of each person, each morally responsible being composing it, it must necessarily respect family life, the liberty

of association, individual and corporate property, as parts of those 'liberties' which form the 'rights of man' in his developed condition. As before said, in addition to 'liberty,' the same love of justice and of our fellow-men must cause 'equality' and 'fraternity' to be no less objects of benevolent desire, and the natural form of government in a community of men who understand and act up to their duties must be a government of express or tacit reciprocal surrender and harmonious co-operation—must, in fact, be virtually a 'social contract.'

These expressions will naturally excite a feeling of opposition in many readers, reviving, as they must do, memories of errors as ridiculous as their consequences were disastrous—the errors of the eighteenth century, of Rousseau and the French Radicals. The present writer would be the last to ignore, disguise, or palliate the errors of those men. Their political principles were, of course, founded on a mistake, inasmuch as they reposed on the theory of a real aboriginal social contract. Yet, after all, this error was not theirs, save by adoption. Immortalised as it has been by the mad or criminal author of the *Confessions*, the sinister apostle of sentimentality, it had its roots far back in the seventeenth century, and became generally diffused after the appearance of Hobbes's *Leviathan*. It is hardly necessary to repudiate the error now, grotesquely erroneous as it appears to men of the nineteenth century, so many of whom would trace the origin of human society to the gradually more persistent herding of inarticulately gibbering anthropoid apes. Even to the moderate evolutionist, indeed to all students of history, the social-contract theory is so manifestly false, that one wonders how such a notion could ever have gained general assent.

But, because the theory is false *historically*, is it necessarily devoid of *all* value? Have on this account its many

eloquent and philanthropic advocates written and declaimed altogether in vain? Can it be that the contagious enthusiasm which spread so far, and which seemed to contain so much of generosity, such warm love of justice outraged by the monstrous abuses which existed when its proclamation aroused, startled, and charmed the world—can it be that this was all perversity or delusion? By no means. False as an historical fact, it is a pregnant truth as an IDEAL FOR THE FUTURE. What else, indeed, is all constitutional government but an approximation towards such an ideal? On what other principle is a constitutional state conducted than that of power delegated by the community to its servants, who are to carry out its wishes or retire to make room for others who may be ready so to do? The doctrine of government by social contract, which is but another word for constitutional government, is, then, the political doctrine of free states now and of the civilised world hereafter, when France shall have ceased to contain a large revolutionary and anti-religious minority, and when the Slavs and the intellectually cultured Teutons shall have emerged from their present despotically governed phase of social evolution.

But because it is here maintained that constitutionalism is an ideal towards which we may hope that the world will on the whole approximate, there is no intention of advocating the absurd doctrine that good must necessarily ensue from a mere change in the form of any government. The one important thing, the only really important thing, is that the ethical spirit of a community should be good. Let such be the case, and political forms will be comparatively unimportant. This might be concluded *a priori*, even if there were not sufficient *a posteriori* evidence that it is so from the failure of so many foreign constitutional forms of government made in imitation of our own. If the spirit of a community be bad, a constitutional system will necessarily reflect that

spirit emphatically by its elected government. Indeed, the example of the United States, by the occasional ostracism of estimable citizens and the corruption of many of its professional politicians, abundantly shows what bad results may ensue even when the mass of a community merits our esteem.

The practical problem is to place the government in the hands of a true aristocracy; and in an ideally perfect ethical and intellectual condition, such a government would necessarily result from popular election, and the carrying out of the social contract would but be another expression for the reign of worth.

The recognition of the 'social contract' as an ideal to be attained when the mass of a community shall be both intellectually cultivated and morally estimable, by no means implies that a democratic form of government is the best form for even a single community now existing. Its advocates allege that any one class of men intrusted with political power will be sure to seek first the welfare of their own class, and that in an oligarchy, only the few will be greatly benefited. Such advocates will also point triumphantly to history, and even to some existing laws and customs of our own country. Its opponents, on the other hand, will with at least equal reason reply that not only would the most numerous class, if it governed, go and do likewise, but would do so with even fewer scruples, less forbearance, and less intelligence. Taxation is not yet equitably distributed in England; it bears unduly on the poorer classes and too much spares wealth, especially landed wealth, instead of, as it should do, being so apportioned as to be felt sensibly by all. In the United States, on the contrary, wealth tends to be absolutely crushed beneath the unfair incidence of taxation. The truth appears to be that the many are much inferior intellectually to the educated few, as common-sense says must for a long time to come be the case. At the same time,

this very intellectual inferiority causes the many to be more open to the influence of their emotions of all kinds. Now human emotions belong to two categories—the lower, which we share with the animals, and the higher, which pertain to our rational nature. The higher emotions as they exist in the many, are not only less likely, than in the few, to be stunted and checked by the accidental disadvantages which attend intellectual culture, but such emotions are less likely to be interfered with by selfish views as to private interest. For political action is less plainly seen by them to affect their few interests directly, than by the higher classes whose many interests radiate so widely in all directions. Let, however, the highest emotions be defective in the multitude, whose views are at the same time much mistaken as to their interests, and the characteristic defects of democracy show themselves at once.

As it is with the '*social contract*,' so also it is with the '*rights of man*.' Because once no men were born with the recognised political rights they now so generally possess, and because the claims put forward under that title were ill-conceived, falsely expressed, and advocated in defiance of history and common-sense, there is no reason that the recognition of the rights which morally responsible beings may certainly claim should not be regarded as an *ideal* in the future, to be continually aimed at and striven after. The much-decried expression '*rights of man*' in the mouth of poor Anacharsis Clootz, *représentant du genre humain*, and in the mouths of his patrons and executioners, was indeed ridiculous or revolting. The idea, as conceived by them, was tainted with the same historical error as was their '*contrat social*,' and could not be effectually maintained by men whose views were fatal to the real dignity of mankind. But because their '*rights*' have no historic basis in embryonic social conditions, their essential sacredness need be none the

less, nor their recognition the less constitute a real Palladium of freedom for the future. Wisely and rightly our English freedom has been so far secured by appeal to history, precedent and prescription—this historical method has justly secured, and will justly retain, the esteem of practical men; but there is no reason why that method should not be supplemented and reinforced by philosophical principles, if those principles repose upon a thoroughly sound foundation. The ‘rights of man’—the right, that is, of every being possessing reason and freewill to be considered an end in himself, and not to be treated as a slave or mere means for another’s welfare—form one matter in which the Christian ideal so favourably contrasts with pagan conceptions. This sacred right, imperilled as it is speculatively by Agnostic philosophy (which logically cuts the ground from under, and which is ‘simply fatal in its *tendency* to, both morality and freedom, an utterly immoral tyranny being its natural result), will have to be more and more strenuously asserted against tyranny such as we have recently seen in operation in Switzerland and Germany.

Such a call for justice will find its way sooner or later to the hearts of men as the blinding effects of prejudice disappear, and the cry for human freedom will rouse men as powerfully in the twentieth as in the eighteenth century, though we may hope with a far less admixture of the lower passions. How great a progress has already been made in a short space of time is manifest by the contrast between the Congresses of Vienna and Berlin. The comparative respect for nationalities which has so distinguished the latter, is but one form of upholding the ideal of the social contract. It will probably ever be an impossible task to rightly estimate in what proportion the diverse forces which moved the minds of men in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries severally operated—to unravel the problem as to how far they were due

to aspirations after truth, goodness, and beauty, and how far to the worst and most ignoble passions. That, envy, lust, brutal ferocity, and the desire for vengeance operated very largely in revolutionary France, M. Taine¹ has for ever established by a harrowing catalogue of indisputable facts. But that imminent starvation and panic fear largely contributed, is also unquestionable. It is, however, no less unquestionable that the loftiest and most sincere aspirations after good were scattered broadcast also. The cry for 'liberty' may be the yell of bad passions demanding licence. It may also be (and who dare say it may not have predominatingly been?) the desire for reasonable freedom and a protest against the oppressive and immoral domination of mere men over their fellows. An effete and rotten Government, a more or less Erastian Church, invited the avenger. The rational desire for justice co-operated with the disordered craving for licence, and the union of such forces convulsed the world.

Analogous reflections suggest themselves with respect to the expressions, *liberty, equality, fraternity*, approvingly adopted—in a certain sense—in the former part of this essay. For all they are the motto of French Radicals, and have received much merited ridicule and execration, they none the less *do*, after all, give expression to the most generous and virtuous aspirations.

True enough that many propagandists and advocates of 'liberty,' many self-styled 'liberals,' have plainly demonstrated that their secret desire has been liberty for themselves to deny liberty to others.² So our Anglican clergy of 1721 denounced as 'persecution' the attempt to deprive them of the

¹ See *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*, 'La Révolution.'

² Thus M. Pergamein frankly remarks (in the *Revue de Belgique* for 1875) as to the means of propagating his liberalism: 'Fines, banishments, and imprisonments are perfectly lawful and justifiable, and there is no reason why such methods should not be employed. Liberty, tolerance, free discus-

right to enforce payment of tithes through a process ruinously costly to their debtors, by substituting instead a simple and easy legal process.

But such facts need not, and should not, make us esteem as one iota less precious, a generous indignation against tyranny and injustice, which is the true meaning of the cry for 'freedom.' Similarly the crimes which have been committed in the name of fraternity,¹ can neither depreciate the value of brotherly kindness, nor of the public and energetic testimony to its exceeding worth.

But it is '*equality*' which has met and meets with the least sympathy and the most opposition from some excellent persons, while from others it has elicited the strongest feelings in its favour. This diverse development of honest sentiment from one apparent cause must be due to an ambiguity.

sion, and mild ridicule will not gain for us, who are free-thinkers, an iota in the struggle. On the contrary, the more we talk of liberty, and the more we amuse ourselves by turning miracles into ridicule, the more will superstition spread among the people. If we wish to accomplish a serious work, we must ignore the doctrines of the constitution of 1830, and set aside our first bright dreams of liberty.' This is the man who has been chosen by the Minister of Finance, of the new liberal Belgian Ministry, as his first secretary.

¹ The true appreciation of brotherly love and charity possessed by some of the preachers of fraternity has just been well exemplified at Marseilles, where they have shown their wish to destroy the statue of the good Bishop Belzanc, a bishop of whom even Voltaire (in 1746) wrote as follows: 'The Bishop of Marseilles, while contagion depopulated this city, and when no one was to be found to bury the dead and solace the dying, went day and night, temporal succour in one hand and the sacraments in the other, confronting from house to house a danger far greater than that to which one is exposed in an attack upon a covered way; he saved the remnant of his flock by the most tender zeal and ardour, and by an excess of intrepidity which cannot be sufficiently characterised by the term heroic; he is a man whose name will be blessed with admiration through all ages.' And this (says the *Pall Mall Gazette* for July 9, 1878) 'is the man whose statue the municipal council of Marseilles desired to remove.' The same journal instructively adds: 'It is remarked that the most bitter adversary of the bishop is Dr. Bouguet, a deputy who in 1848 was dismissed from the National Guard for deserting his post during the cholera.'

It shows that the supposed one cause is really not one. There is, in fact, equality and equality. There is the equality which honest men hate, the desire for which is prompted by envy, and tends to a revolutionary process of summary levelling,—the equality which results from a desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals; and there is the equality which honest men love, the desire for which is prompted by benevolence, and tends to elevate and to diffuse all benefits as widely as possible—which would diffuse not merely material welfare, but intellectual, æsthetic, and moral good also. In the latter sense ‘equality,’ like the ‘social contract,’ though an absurdity when regarded as something to be immediately realised, is none the less admirable as *an ideal* for the future, towards the fulfilment of which our most strenuous efforts may be fitly directed. But even this assertion may probably arouse strong opposition on the part of many. The patent facts of congenital inequality will be insisted on, and it may even be objected that God Himself has made and makes men unequal in all respects, both physically and intellectually. Such an objection, however, when carried to the lengths to which some would carry it, entails some curious consequences, for not only are men made thus unequal, but their congenital inequality is the cause of an access of yet greater and induced inequality. To an inequality already existing, there is added, by the operation of natural laws, a further exaggeration of that inequality.

If, then, we should model our actions upon these natural laws, the naturally weak and ailing should be further enfeebled, the hard of hearing should be improved into stone-deafness, and the blind with one eye should be made blind with two.

But what is almost the whole course of human activity, what the nature of all our philanthropic effort, if not a series of endeavours to remedy the defects existing in the world as

we find it, and which has been placed under our dominion to cultivate and improve? The oculist's and aurist's arts have no other meaning, and no pious horror is ever expressed at the application of an orthopædic shoe. It is true that to a certain extent, as regards social and political matters, this augmentation of congenital inequality is still effected. Our laws, happily amended and improved as they have been by a long course of beneficent legislation, are, on the whole, just, but even yet our social system still tends greatly to accentuate inequalities naturally presenting themselves, and to hinder their more equitable adjustment. The advance of the wealthy to greater wealth, and of the well-born to more distinguished social eminence, is greatly facilitated, while the progress of those who start less advantageously is impeded. The incidence of taxation is not yet entirely equitable. The freely disposable margin of income, after the necessities of life have been procured, augments geometrically with each increased thousand of annual revenue, but very different is the increase of taxation.

It is such considerations as these, and the recollection of the many powerful minds and acute intellects which fail, from social hindrances, to yield their fair quota to the general good, which make the idea '*equality*' a desirable one to keep before us, as an ideal to be peacefully striven for—as the hope of a remote and greatly ameliorated future.

There is, however, yet another consideration in its favour. Class hatred is an evil of fearful importance. The result of a high degree of social inequality and class antagonism has been once for all written with ineffaceable characters in the history of France. The development of the very opposite feeling is surely to be desired by all, in proportion as they love their country or their kind. But the diffusion of such opposite feeling is rendered very difficult by the existence of glaring inequality, unless the wealthy and highly placed are excep-

tionally gracious, and the poor and lowly exceptionally good.

Not but that the folly and injustice are extreme of those who represent that the individuals who form our higher classes (whose hereditary state and luxury are matters of course to them, and who so often abound in philanthropic activity) are less generous or thoughtful than would be individuals of our lower classes could they suddenly change places with them. The self-conscious and deliberate luxury of enriched democrats and of loud-tongued declainers against their social superiors need be no more than referred to—the cynical phenomenon is too familiar. Still, absurd and unjust as is the ignorant prejudice against the wealthy, it does exist, and must exist until there is a much more highly developed moral tone or a degree of equality in intelligence and education which cannot exist where misery is so abject, and wealth so overflowing, as with us in England now. Social as well as political equality then, the full development of all men æsthetically, as well as physically, intellectually, and morally, may well be, in this sense, our conscious and deliberate aim—an ideal for the distant future indeed, but an ideal to be ever more and more approximated to, though never actually attained.

We should therefore seek to further its advance by every manifestation of social kindness in our power, and by cultivating in our own minds the most hearty respect for, and sympathy with, men and women of other ranks—a sympathy and respect to be manifested with all that refinement and delicacy without which the best meant efforts may defeat their object, and wound where we would fain heal. Thus liberty, equality, and fraternity, like the social contract and the rights of man, have their good and true, as well as their false and pernicious side. Pernicious and misleading indeed, as objects of speedy attainment, they may none the less usefully

serve as ideals to aid us in attaining the greatest social benefits in a more or less remote and distant future. They form a compendious memento of our duties as well as our rights, and of that ethical progression which is the end and meaning of our life.

Turning now to the *duties of the individual to the State*, we saw that in the first rank stood obedience in all things not against conscience, but that 'at all hazards he must unhesitatingly refuse to obey, whatever consequences may ensue to himself, to others, or to the whole State, if any act required of him is clearly against his conscience.'

But the strongest supporter of the rights which spring from the duties imposed by conscience must yet affirm that no man should lightly yield to his own individual persuasion in opposition to the affirmations of others likely to be better informed or more impartial than he can be. Unquestionable as is our obligation to do what we clearly and certainly see to be right, we are by no means bound to act according to what merely seems probably right to us, when we are not certain but that we may, after all, be wrong. Rather it is our bounden duty, when an act seems to be right which respectable authority condemns, to examine with the greatest care again and again whether some defect on our part may not have misled us—such, *e.g.*, as the action of some low or personal motive, vanity, pride, the unnoticed influence of some latent passion, an imperfect acquaintance with ethical principles which should guide us in cases of the kind supposed, or even ignorance as to the facts of the individual case. Especially should we be distrustful if the act which we seem to be called upon to do against the injunctions of others is one which accords with our own natural bent of character, or with the ordinary inclinations of men, such as the acquisition of honour or power, the gratification of any appetite, or of tender personal affection. We should also specially distrust our own

judgment if the authority we are inclined to oppose is one of long standing, which has commanded the assent of most virtuous men of most varied views and positions, and who have made the matter in debate the subject of careful study and long deliberation. We are by no means culpable—indeed, we merit the reverse of blame, if in some given case we prefer the judgments of others to our own. We need not refuse to act on what others say is right, though it may seem to us not to be so, if we have grounds for thinking that they know better than we do. On the contrary it is, as has been said, only after the most painful and anxious scrutiny, sufficiently prolonged, that we can venture to act in opposition, merely on our own judgment, to an authority we habitually revere. Nevertheless, if after sufficient scrutiny we are finally certain that our duty is to oppose it, we are bound unhesitatingly, and at all possible risks, so to do.

The second matter previously affirmed was that passive resistance was alone justifiable, but that this might be carried on for just reasons even to the destruction of the State. The unjustifiableness of violent revolt and insurrection springs from the reverence due to our fellows, and is made clear by the recognition (of what every Theist must logically maintain) that all power comes from God. Moreover, such revolt would be as superfluous as it is unjustifiable, but for the immorality of a portion of the subject community, of which immorality, revolt, and insurrection are the natural outcome. If subjects were so penetrated by the idea of duty as always to refuse to obey and carry out the unjust behests of a sovereign man or sovereign assembly, violent revolts would be superfluous. Moreover, the members of the subject community may rightly help those charged with the execution of unjust decrees to obey the moral law by preventing and hindering them from carrying such decrees into effect. Plainly the defence of right against the unjust attack of a tyrant who violates the law is

no real revolt. It is the tyrant who revolts, and the suppression, if needful by force, of his insurrection, is an unquestionably permissible conservatism.

Some readers may perhaps think that the ideas here advocated, like the 'rights of man' and the 'social contract,' conflict with Christian morality as taught by the Church from St. Paul to Leo XIII., that disobedience to the powers that be is a sin, and that monarchs rule by divine right. The Church has indeed taught that *all* power is from God, and therefore that the sovereign power of any state has divine right: but every other power has also such right down to the most subordinate parish official, village schoolmaster, or head clerk of an office. This doctrine is only what every consistent Theist must, to be consistent, necessarily maintain. Moreover, the rights of subjects are no less divine than those of their rulers. The Church has taught, and in no ambiguous fashion, but by absolute deposition, that the sovereign power exists for the good of subjects, and that the ruler (man or assembly) forfeits all right to sovereignty by complete desertion of the duties incumbent on sovereignty. It has also taught that the nation has the right to indicate who it is to whom the sovereign power shall be intrusted, and when the sovereign has been so indicated, such sovereign has *ipso facto* authority from God. Consequently the nation has full power to nominate itself as the sovereign chosen, and it will then reign (through its properly chosen delegates) as fully and perfectly by 'divine right' as ever did Cæsar or Bourbon. Thus the teaching of revelation harmonises with the most advanced thought in politics, as fully as it does in physical science.

Next as to *the State's duty to itself*: it was before said, the State may justly seek its own preservation, and (for the sake of moral good to be obtained by such preservation, though not for any merely material good) even, 'with extreme

reluctance and as the last resort, justly exercise pressure on consciences.' It will be objected to this remark that by such restrictions and limitations the door is opened to any amount of intolerance and persecution, made yet more odious by hypocrisy; and the force of the objection must be regretfully admitted. For, as has been said, it seems absolutely impossible to draw any hard and fast abstract line which shall at once secure all rights and protect all consciences. Still, practically, if the principles here advocated were honestly and sincerely acted on, individuals would have little to complain of. Freedom, and above all freedom for conscience, would then be held aloft as the great ideal, and pressure on conscience would be most scrupulously minimised, and only employed to stave off direct and evident extreme moral evil, and no one could venture to deny that to that extent it must be employed.

With respect to lesser goods, as it is with the individual, so it is with the State or organised community. It may most fitly pursue all such lower goods as ends according to their several degrees and claims, seeking to develop its own life, health, strength, and beauty—its æsthetic cultivation—in due subordination to moral good, the supreme end both of the State and of the individual.

In an ideally perfect 'State' all social activities should be duly developed in their relative degree—agriculture, manufactures, commerce, education, art, science, and religion. Yet in the concrete we can never hope to find such a perfect balance, but rather atrophy in one direction and hypertrophy in another. Happy must be the state in which the atrophy is not in the region of morals. A due balance is, in fact, practically all but unattainable on account of the limited nature of human intelligence. However good the will and intention, and however we may be bent on developing, in due subordination and proportion, our physical, intellectual, and

moral powers, the accurate carrying out of the process is so impeded as to be rendered all but practically impossible through a deficiency of our organisation which may be compared to that attending our optical instruments. When we wish to examine a transparent microscopic object by a very high power, we find that it is impossible for us to do so directly at all. We may see distinctly its superficial stratum, but what is beneath is invisible without a fresh adjustment; and if, in order to observe structures a minute degree deeper, we slightly alter the focus, we cease any longer to see the superficial stratum. We cannot see the two together; to see one clearly, we must put the other out of focus. In the same way it is practically impossible for all the goods, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, and moral, to be attended to and cultivated in the exact proportion they merit even by the individual man, and *a fortiori* by the State. We cannot attend adequately to either the lowest or the highest good without one becoming, as it were, out of focus, and so being inadequately appreciated. Thus it follows, with individuals and with communities, that in most cases the really honest and intelligent pursuit of a higher or of the highest good, though in the abstract it is no bar to the attainment of all lower goods, yet practically issues in a more or less disappointing result even to the sympathetic observer.

In fact, there is absolute good in everything save in the perverse exercise of will. Even the lowest pleasures and the acts which minister to them are always 'good' in themselves in so far as they are no bar to the attainment of the higher goods; but yet directly the intellect is much occupied about them they become more or less relatively 'bad' on account of the neglect of higher things which they thus accidentally occasion. This consideration affords another argument in support of asceticism.

Leaving, however, this subject, of which want of space

forbids the further pursuit, we may turn to the next consideration, which is that concerning *the duties of States to other States*. It was before said that, in spite of the general duty of benevolent action, the destruction of one State by another may be a truly moral action. That this is indeed the case it is not difficult to demonstrate by patent examples, and it will probably suffice to quote the instances of Mexico and Tahiti as they were when discovered by Europeans.

The transformation of such social conditions was manifestly called for, though the modes adopted may have been objectionable in the extreme. It is plain, then, that such destruction may be not only permissible or even laudable, but that it may be an obligation binding under the law of duty.

Still a due regard for the rights of our fellow-men shows us that conquest and destruction of this kind can only be good when those who attack have really taken due pains to inform themselves thoroughly as to the facts, have weighed the question maturely, and have become thoroughly convinced that duty, and not a predominant lower motive, calls upon them for such aggressive action.

And here one more protest may be entered against the reckless destruction of the lower races of mankind. The existence of every moral being, however low in the scale of morality, constitutes an end in itself. The same cannot, of course, be said of the conditions of their aggregation, or their 'states,' which, as we have just seen, may call for transformation or destruction. But the men themselves have not only as good a right to existence as we have, but there may be latent within them special qualities the development of which in beneficially transformed communities might at some distant day enrich the life of humanity as a whole. It is, for example, at least a question whether, if the Indians of Paraguay had been allowed to continue their peaceful social

evolution under their beloved guides, the world would not have been a gainer. How many potentialities of excellence may not the past reckless destruction of savage races have annihilated! Who knows but the cruelty of Spaniards in the West Indies may not have deprived the world of much good at the hands of developed Caribs?

The next matter formerly considered was *the duties of the State to God*, and it was said that such duties should be made the supreme concern in social regulations, 'which should be harmoniously ordered in accordance with them.' In a community of men who think alike about God and their religious duties, Church and State will be in a natural and most intimate union. In a community the individuals of which think differently about God and their religious duties, those duties are no less to be made their supreme concern, but, *on that very account*, their social regulations can be only so far regulated by them as may be possible without undue pressure upon the consciences of any. For, duty to God being the supreme duty, it would evidently be the greatest calamity in the eyes of conscientious and religious men that any individuals should be tempted to violate their consciences by bribes or threats, and on the principle *qui facit per alium facit per se*, each man would shrink from incurring the guilt of aiding or even consenting to such proceedings. Respect for conscience will be the leading motive and idea. However it may here and there have been for a time obscured, it will be recognised as a moral axiom that all the citizens of a State save one are deeply culpable if they seek to force or bribe that one to do an act against his conscience, such as might be to curse the Koran, salute the Host, or tread upon the Cross.

Thus religious freedom will be maintained, not from religious indifference, but from the maximum of regard for religion. It will be maintained first and mainly from con-

siderations of right and justice, and but secondarily from considerations of prudence and expediency. The prudential reasons which render religious freedom desirable can here only be glanced at. They may perhaps be summarised thus: (1) Religious persecution is injurious in the long-run to the interests of truth, by abolishing opposition, and therewith a most important stimulus to truth's energetic support and extension. (2) It tends to lessen the diffusion of a keen, intelligent, and reasoned apprehension of the doctrines and teachings which it is intended to protect. (3) It promotes hypocrisy and cowardice. (4) Religious freedom promotes the more and more reflex, self-conscious, and deliberate adherence to religion and morality, and consequently to the highest forms of the practice of both, and therefore to the highest good of which man is capable. Even these practical motives of expediency repose indirectly on moral perceptions and aspirations, and thus the cry for 'freedom' appeals both to the highest and most disinterested, as well as to the lower and more selfish feelings of our nature.

An *argumentum ad hominem*, grounded on the alleged intolerance of the Church, or at least of its ministers, may perhaps be opposed to the views here put forward. But however much and however sadly persons in authority may have in fact oppressed individual consciences, however fiery or bloody may have been many persecutions which all right-minded men will ever deplore and execrate, the Christian Church none the less always officially defended the rights of conscience. However grossly such rights may have been trampled on in Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, France, or England, the Church's executive never claimed jurisdiction over any but her own spiritual children—*i.e.* the baptized—and the Jews and others who were burned were burned in the mistaken conviction that they were necessarily acting in bad faith and against their consciences. It was due to

mistakes as to matters of fact, not to a false principle as to conscience. Such mistakes were indeed lamentable, but need not surprise us when we recollect how in those days 'faith' was all but universal in Christendom—how all authorities, secular as well as religious, were its supporters, and had been so for centuries. It surely must have been difficult, in such circumstances, for Churchmen who were themselves clearly persuaded of the certainty of their system, to believe that individual dissenters were acting conscientiously, and this the more from the glaring moral obliquities which so often went with mediæval heresies. Those conscientious dissenters whose sincerity could be believed, had their rights of conscience respected by ecclesiastical authority, however brutal was their treatment by barbarous populations and by rapacious despots. The Jews were ever protected at Rome, meeting there with a shelter long denied them in almost the whole of Christendom besides.

To objections which may be raised by some Churchmen to principles advocated here and in the former essay¹ as tending to base religious authority on popular election, it may be replied that all theologians will admit that the highest certainty for the individual must be subjective certainty, and that in seeking to act rightly, each man must of necessity ultimately repose upon his own subjective moral judgment. When even he accepts the Church's teaching as infallible, and so submits his own persuasions to its behests, he *can* only do so because *he* thinks it probable or certain that it is right, and because *he* therefore judges that it is his duty so to submit, and *elects* its ministers as his guides.

No church can exist on earth save through the subjective convictions of individuals that it is the true religion; and all who believe in its truth virtually elect it, and it can exist

¹ Wherein 'Church' and 'State' were treated as the outcome of the bipolarities of individuals.

only through such election. Any man who is converted to the Church, or who, having been educated a churchman, deliberately adheres to his religion as an adult, virtually elects the whole hierarchy of spiritual governors who govern the Church of his day, and in his region. Of course the Church, in the eyes of her children, extends beyond the limits of this world, and has a Divine invisible Head; but such considerations have no place in an argument which appeals to reason only, and in no way to revelation. In such a line of argument the Church must necessarily be treated but as an expression for the mass of individuals who agree in certain religious views and desires, and who have adopted certain voluntary rules resulting in a definite organisation and spiritual government. To speak of the 'rights of the Church' means necessarily the 'rights of the individuals who compose it,' and an attack on the spiritual executive is an attack on the individuals who have actually or virtually chosen that executive as their own.

How manifest a violation of just liberty is the intrusion of the civil governor into the spiritual domain, is made clear by the concrete example we have recently had in Germany. The Falk laws of Prussia, in fact, denied to individuals the right to group and associate themselves in voluntary associations for spiritual ends, to select from their fellows those to whom they will confide the education of their children, or to obey the dictates of their conscience by acts which are innocent of all encroachment on the similar rights of others. To deny the right of an Episcopally nominated priest to officiate in a parish, the parishioners of which desire him, is to infringe not so much his rights as the rights of election of those who, by calling themselves Catholics, show that they have delegated that power to their bishop, and have virtually elected as their minister the man appointed by such bishop. To exile or imprison such bishop is to outrage the rights of a

number yet greater—namely, the rights of all those who, by calling themselves Catholics, show that they, in fact, voluntarily elect as the man they will have as their Episcopal superintendent the one indicated to them by the supreme Pontiff.¹

This antiquated tyranny—antiquated from the advanced standpoint of the English and Dutch speaking people—is, thank God, now certainly on the wane.² At the recent Congress of Berlin, religious equality was supported by all, even—inconsistent as it was—by persecuting Russia. The relaxation of civil authority over religious acts will, it may be confidently hoped, in spite of occasional retrogressions, gradually spread over the less civilised part of Europe as savagery abates, and reciprocal reverence and consideration become more common between men who differ as to their religious views.

What is desirable for the stability of governments and for the happiness of subjects is, that each legislature and executive should recognise its own incompetence to dictate practices and impose religious beliefs upon its subjects. No individuals or their representatives can rationally pretend to override the serious conscientious convictions of their fellows. The absurdly arrogant pretension so to do was the bane of the first French Revolution, and is the bane of the liberalism of Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland now.

The true end of social as well as of individual life, the promotion of goodwill, must certainly, if slowly, bring about due tolerance, and a just equilibrium, however much the pendulum may be first made to oscillate by the less moral

¹ See *Contemporary Evolution* (H. S. King & Co., 1876), p. 85.

² It is remarkable that the German-speaking people should be in this so much behind the Dutch. Thus Professor Haeckel of Jena, in the preface to his biological romance entitled *The Evolution of Man* (recently translated into English), actually says: ‘We do indeed now enjoy the unusual pleasure of seeing “most Christian bishops” and Jesuits exiled and imprisoned.’

and intelligent of the two sections (conservative and progressive) which divide civilised communities. But the welfare of the nation can no more than the welfare of self be the ultimate boundary of our desires and efforts. Our conscience plainly tells us that we should, as far as we can, labour for the benefit of the whole human family, the members of which are all alike 'persons,' all possessed of an ineffable dignity, all capable of acts comparable with nothing but the activity of the Creator, capable of bringing forth fruits compared with which the most beautiful or awful of merely physical phenomena sink into relative insignificance—capable, that is, of goodness—which, we before saw, all human life, and even all known organic life, has for the final object of its being.

Thus it seems that the application of ethical principles to the phenomena of social existence, as known to us through history and observation, tends to the conciliation of the well-intentioned of both the sections of mankind just referred to. Too many men in each section unhappily misunderstand the real objects and desires of numbers of the other section.

On the one hand we have men devoted to morality and to its essence, religion, opposing 'progress' and hating its watchwords as necessarily hostile to all they revere.

On the other hand we have men devoted to morality in the form of philanthropy, opposing religion and its ministers as enemies of civilisation and progress.

Round each party are gathered men united with it from lower motives. Round the party of 'progress,' indeed, howl the energumenes of licence and disorder such as have lately shown themselves in their true colours at Marseilles. But their vices and follies must not blind us to the good intentions of those to whom they cling, and of whom they hope to make use, any more than religious men should suffer for the faults of the superstitious—that is, of believers deficient in love for God as well as for their fellow-men.

If there is any value, any truth, in the considerations put forward in these essays, it would seem that an analysis of the watchwords which have found such widespread acceptance shows that union may be effected and social peace concluded between all men who recognise that the one end of life is duty, and this without any repudiation of cherished expressions. It is surely preferable to retain these expressions (on account of the good things they really signify), rather than abandon them to the misuse of those who deceitfully avail themselves of the favourable connotations such expressions convey, the better to disguise the tyrannical nature of their real aims.

Thus the ideals of modern Liberalism, 'freedom' (especially 'freedom of conscience'), a political 'social contract,' as also 'equality' and 'fraternity,' all find their true realisation in the recognition of 'duty' as the aim of life, and may be adopted without scruple by patriotic Conservatism. In the idea of 'duty' is found their *true* realisation, while the delusions which have seduced men to the worship of false idols in their place stand revealed through such conception as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel. The idols which have been set up for the true God have been (1) 'freedom for the passions,' (2) 'the envious levelling of superiority,' (3) the 'abolition of reverence'—the abolition of reverence for man's essence (his moral responsibility), the abolition of reverence for the world, and the abolition of reverence for God. Such idols being overthrown, in their place stand disclosed the true objects of esteem. These are the various forms of activity in pursuit of physical, emotional, intellectual, and, above all, moral good, which arise from the conscientious pursuit in things great and small, alike by individuals and by States, of duty as the one aim of life. It is this conception which intensifies, beautifies, and transfigures human existence, and it is this which alone gives to it dignity and significance.

LAUGHTER.

THE wide-spread acceptance of the doctrine of evolution lays upon us the necessity of re-opening many a question which before was thought to have been finally settled. If the human frame, with its varied feelings and emotions, be an inheritance from brute ancestors, then two problems seem to call upon us for solution. The first of these problems is: What merely animal elements may be detected in actions once deemed peculiar to man? The second problem is: What elements of human activity—if any such there be—are so different in kind from those which any brute can be shown to possess, that they cannot be supposed to have had such a merely animal origin? Now, animal life, when studied in the light of the evolutionary theory, makes two facts clear. One is, that each animal bears a closer resemblance to its remote progenitors in the earlier stages of its life-history than it does when fully mature. The other fact (which, indeed, is a consequence of the former one) is, that any abnormal arrest in the process of individual development tends to bring into prominence some ancestral state of its being which would have otherwise been less conspicuous. If, then, amongst those powers and faculties which have been deemed exclusively human there are any which are of merely animal origin, we might expect to find them amongst those of our powers which earliest show themselves, and which are conspicuous in men and women, the development of whose mental faculties has been abnormally arrested. It is an old doctrine, the truth of which was once universally admitted,

that laughter is absolutely peculiar to man, because his 'risibility' is a necessary consequence of his 'rationality.' But certainly no human actions, apart from those of mere organic life, take place at an earlier stage of existence than do the smile and laugh of the infant.¹ Laughter, also, is conspicuous in persons whose process of mental development has been abnormally arrested. According to Sir Crichton Browne,² laughter is the most prevalent and frequent of all the emotional expressions of idiots. Though some are 'utterly stolid,' yet many laugh frequently in a quite senseless manner, while others 'grin, chuckle, and giggle whenever food is placed before them, or when they are caressed, or shown bright colours, or hear music.' Laura Bridgman, from her blindness and deafness, could not have acquired by imitation any special modes of emotional expression, yet when a letter from a friend was communicated to her by gesture-language, she would laugh and clap her hands, and the colour would mount to her cheeks.

Laughter being thus present in very immature and in mentally stunted human beings, can we also detect its presence in the higher animals? If we can do so there would seem to be no escape from the conclusion that 'risibility,' instead of being peculiar to man, is but a part of his brute inheritance, as, indeed, not a few evolutionists would unhesitatingly affirm it to be. Now we feel sure that many a man who loves his dogs must be confident that he has now and again detected, in the brightened gaze and retracted lips of his canine pets, something which, to say the least, is very like a smile. As to apes, Mr. Darwin observes:³ 'If a young chimpanzee be tickled, a decided chuckling or laughing sound is uttered; though the laughter is sometimes noiseless.

¹ Certainly often as early as the age of three months.

² Quoted by Darwin in his work on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, p. 199.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 132.

The corners of the mouth are drawn backward, and this sometimes causes the lower eyelids to be slightly wrinkled. But this wrinkling, which is so characteristic of our own laughter, is more plainly seen in some other monkeys.' Those attractive American apes, the sapajous (belonging to the genus *Cebus*), when in captivity and kindly spoken to, will often make grimaces which must be called grins, or smiles. They will, at the same time, throw the head on one side, raise the eyebrows and distend the corners of the mouth, emitting all the while soft, flute-like tones which seem distinctly to denote kindly and pleasurable feelings. Are we, then, to conclude that laughter is really common to men and animals?

Before responding to this question let us consider one or two examples of matters likely to arouse, if not laughter, at least a smile and a feeling of comic humour. Talleyrand is reported to have replied to an excessively ugly visitor, who was expatiating to him on the beauty of his (the visitor's) mother: '*C'était, donc, monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien!*' Now, no one, evidently, could smile at such a joke as this unless he not only understood the force of the words used, but had also some perception of the silliness of the boaster as well as of the comic 'setting-down' he received from the quondam bishop.

When, to Louis the Fourteenth's remark to Lord Stair (who so wonderfully resembled that monarch), '*Il me semble, Monsieur, que madame votre mère aurait dû visiter la cour de France,*' that nobleman replied, with a profound bow, '*Non, Sire, mais mon père y était,*' the attendant courtiers could hardly fail to have experienced a strong tension of their risible muscles. Fully to appreciate the humorous, but severe, force of Lord Stair's reply, the auditors must, however, have been able to perceive (1) the impertinent meaning of the king's remark, (2) the sting contained in Lord

Stair's reply, and (3) the justice of the punishment so skillfully and promptly administered. These perceptions were also probably accompanied by feelings of complacency, or of irritated national sentiment, or of admiration for Lord Stair, or of anger against him. Similarly, a feeling of pleasant amusement would accompany a perception of the ridiculous in the mind of any one enjoying the reply of Talleyrand, previously related.

Now, if we examine what takes place in us when any happy joke or ridiculous occurrence compels us to laugh, we shall see that our laughter is made up (as in the instances we have given) of three distinct elements. There is, in the first place, a certain bodily agitation, generally accompanying reiterated expiratory movements. There is, in the second place, a certain flow of feeling and emotional excitement; while, in the third place, there is some distinct intellectual perception. Manifestly, any account of such laughter would be most incomplete and misleading if it did not recognise the intellectual perception, which really constitutes the very essence of it. On the other hand, we may sometimes laugh without any accompaniment of intellectual activity. Such laughter may be due to tickling, to the action of cold on the skin, to certain painful affections and hysteria, to the sight of bright colours, or to some musical sounds.

There are thus, evidently, two kinds of laughter, one physical and sensuous, the other intellectual.

In spite of the similarity of the bodily action in both cases, these are fundamentally different in kind. They are thus different because no prolongation or intensification of the convulsive movements and excited feelings which accompany such laughter as results from tickling, etc., will give rise to an intellectual perception; while the laughter which may be excited by the perception of something ridiculous, ceases as soon as that idea has entirely left the mind. There

is thus a laughter which pertains to our lower order of faculties, and another laughter which is related to our intellectual powers alone; yet these two modes of excitement, so different in kind, are made manifest by one and the same set of bodily motions.

But the complexity of the causes which produce this identical result is, in fact, very great. We have just seen how different may be the antecedent causes which produce physical and sensuous laughter, but intellectual laughter may accompany perceptions very different in character, which may be of a very high or of a very low order. That incipient laughter which constitutes the smile may accompany ideas which are of an affectionate and honest, or of an invidious or ironical, nature; it may express self-esteem, or may be the smile of the fool or the villain.

Two questions here present themselves for consideration: (1) Why do certain bodily and sensuous excitements express themselves by the motions we are familiar with in laughter? and (2) Why do intellectual apprehensions of what is ridiculous, however varied they may be, manifest themselves by one and the same set of external signs, which are also identical with the signs which express merely physical and sensuous laughter?

To the former question it may be replied that stimulation of the nerves has various other effects besides that of exciting sensations. As one result it may act upon the viscera, influencing the secretions, and so promote or hinder digestion. It may stimulate or check the action of the heart, and accelerate or retard the movements of respiration. But nervous stimulation tends also directly to induce muscular contraction, and thus occasions a variety of movements of various kinds. Definite stimulations of certain nerves tend to produce definite movements directed to special ends. But a merely vague and general stimulation of the nervous

system might be expected to result, not in such definite movements, but rather in the production of motions in parts most easily moved and most habitually set in motion; in a word, the overflow of nervous influence might be expected to expend itself along the lines of least resistance. Now, as Mr. Herbert Spencer long ago remarked,¹ the muscular actions which constitute physical laughter are purposeless actions, and appear to be the result of an energy directed to no definite end, and merely overflowing, as it were, into those channels which happen to be most ready to receive it. But, in us men, it is the muscles round the mouth and those concerned in speech which are the most easily moved and the most habitually set in motion. Next in order come the muscles which effect respiration, afterwards those of the hands and arms, next those of the legs, and, finally, the muscles of the trunk. Now this is just the order in which the movements of laughter successively take place. First the muscles round the mouth are contracted in the smile, and then the organs of speech and respiration are set in motion. As feeling becomes intensified, the arms are moved and hands are clapped or rubbed together; then the knees are drawn up, and finally the muscles of the trunk bend the spine and draw back the head.

We may now turn to the second question: Why does an apprehension of the comic show itself in the same way as does such a merely bodily stimulation as tickling? The excitement of the intellect is very different from such bodily stimulation, and at first we might expect that it would show itself in some quite different manner. But, however different in kind may be our highest intellectual activity from sensuous emotions and merely bodily feelings, it is nevertheless impossible for us to entertain even the most abstract idea without having some image simultaneously present to the imagina-

¹ See the stereotyped edition of his *Essays*, vol. i. pp. 195-209.

tion, though it be only that of the word which denotes the supposed idea. Every such image, again, is the mental reproduction of groups of feelings which have been previously experienced as distinct sensations. All such sensations are also the result of the stimulation of those cells and delicate fibres which make up what is called our 'nervous system.' Thus, however distinct ideas may be from sensations—and we hold them to be most distinct—there is, nevertheless, in our complex being, such an intimate connection between them, that while our intellect cannot be called into play, or be sustained in action, without the help of our sensitivity, our sensitivity is, through our imagination, affected in turn by our intellectual activity; as when a perception of the consequences of some evil action may occasion pity for those on whom its effects will fall. But the interrelation and interaction between pure intellect and our corporeal structure goes much further than this. Not only will an apprehension of misfortune mar the appetite, but perverted alimentary secretions will in turn engender painful feelings and so call up gloomy ideas. It is no wonder then that keen perceptions of the ludicrous should affect the bodily organs in the way they do. For, in the first place, all mental perceptions, through the imaginations and other feelings which attend them, affect the body. I know a man who affirms that whenever he deliberately entertains one special order of ideas, he immediately sneezes. Since, therefore, keen intellectual perceptions of the ludicrous produce, through the imagination, a stimulation of the nervous system, that stimulation must discharge itself along the same lines as does the overflow in the case of physical laughter. There are in all cases the same sets of movements, which are successively the most easy to evoke, whatever may be the nervous excitement which evokes them. Hence arises the similarity of the result in all cases—the similarity not only between physical and intellectual laughter, but also between the various varieties

of either kind of laughter which different physical stimulations or different ludicrous perceptions may give rise to.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is not content with the bare notion that a nervous stimulation resulting from a perception of the ridiculous overflows into wonted motor channels, but he seeks to discriminate (on purely physical grounds) between perceptions of incongruity which do, and those which do not, cause laughter. He contends that laughter only results from what he calls a 'descending incongruity,' when nervous energy is suddenly transferred from a large to a small channel, and consequently overflows. As an example of such incongruity he imagines the accidental appearance in the midst of a tragedy of a tame kid from behind the scenes. As an example of what he calls an 'ascending incongruity,' he supposes the presence of a corpse at a feast, which he contends must transfer nervous energy from a narrow channel to a capacious one, and therefore could not be expected to produce laughter.

Now, objection might well be made to so crude and mechanical a conception (as that of actual physical volume) being applied to a perception of incongruity; but waiving all such objections to an hypothesis which is, at the least, ingenious, it may, I think, be shown that Mr. Spencer's hypothesis errs by defect as well as by excess. It errs by defect, because such a transference may take place from what he would call a 'large' to a 'small' channel without exciting laughter at all. Thus, for example, the close proximity of a wasp may distract attention from a highly interesting and valuable lecture, or the enjoyment of a favourite opera may be marred by a series of trivial remarks uttered in just audible tones in one's vicinity. Mr. Spencer's hypothesis also errs by excess, because great laughter may arise without any such transference as he supposes to be needful for its elicitation. Thus we may be in a most tranquil frame of mind, when a facetious anecdote may suddenly arise in our memory, and at once

produce laughter so hearty as to be very inconvenient to the laugher, who may be distressed lest an accidental witness of his merriment should mistake its real import. But the great fault of Mr. Spencer's treatment of this subject is one which is due to the essence of his whole philosophical system—a system which leads him to ignore the question as to the character of those intellectual perceptions which elicit laughter. An explanation of laughter which omits all consideration of its intellectual character, and treats it as due to feeling only, is like a presentation of the tragedy of 'Hamlet' with the omission of the Prince of Denmark.

Various opinions have been advanced as to what is the ultimate nature of our intellectual apprehension of the ludicrous. Some persons would reduce it to a simple perception of incongruity, while others consider that an idea of superiority on the part of the laugher is implied in it. Certainly, actions which provoke our laughter are very commonly seen by us to be silly actions, done foolishly, in neglect of that ordinary common-sense which should have hindered their perpetration. Laughter is excited when we see a person overreached or outwitted, in cases where ordinary foresight ought to have guarded him against it; and he becomes especially an object of derision if some slight moral fault is at the root of his intellectual blindness. If, however, his mistake was utterly unavoidable, it then calls not for ridicule but pity, while, if the moral obliquity is extreme, it then gives rise to loathing. The apprehension of the ridiculous is sometimes thought to be an apprehension of what is antithetical to the sublime, and certainly some instructive contrasts may be drawn between our apprehensions of the beautiful, the sublime, and the ridiculous. The idea of the sublime tends to overwhelm us with a sense of our relative inferiority which the comic rarely, if at all, does. The idea of what is beautiful delights us, as being a perfection of some kind, in harmony

with an ideal type within us; and what is ridiculous differs from this *toto cælo*, so that these ideas do, by antithesis, reflect light upon that which excites intellectual laughter. We often, in ordinary speech, say that anything we deem ridiculous is 'absurd,' but the mere fact that a thing is contrary to right reason does not, by itself, suffice to make it ridiculous. There is nothing necessarily ludicrous in an arithmetical error, or in a mistaken estimate respecting a friend's fidelity.

For our part, we are convinced that in every perception of the comic, humorous, or ridiculous, there is an ultimate element which can no more be analysed or defined by anything else, than can our ideas of truth or goodness. But, however this may be, it is abundantly evident that all human laughter (other than that due to mere physical influences) includes a distinct intellectual element. This is a laughter in which no mere animal shares. The anthropoid apes are by far the most like man of all brutes, and a very bright and lively adult specimen—a chimpanzee, called Sally—is now living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, and is remarkable for the readiness and dexterity with which she has learned to perform a number of tricks. Experiments were made on her to see if she could be got to give any evidence of a perception of the ludicrous. For this purpose her keeper arrayed himself in various unusual and brightly coloured garments and went through a number of absurd gestures. Sally was evidently interested in his appearance, and inspected him with care, but, as evidently, did not realise the humour of the situation. Indeed, her keeper (who is an extremely intelligent man) assured us he never detected anything in her demeanour which he could set down to a perception of the ludicrous, although she has very marked and definite ways of expressing her feelings of joy, anger, or disappointment.

But though there is this great divergence between men

and animals as regards intellectual laughter, there is, as we might expect, much agreement between them as regards physical laughter. That the manifestations of overflowing nervous excitement should be similar in apes and men, naturally follows from the similarity of their bodily structure. The dog may also exhibit a certain similarity, as the very inobile and much moved muscles of his cheeks and lips naturally lead him to display what may by analogy be called a smile. But this animal has a different and more convenient channel for the overflow of nervous excitement. The dog's tail is an organ the movements of which are purposeless, and can be carried on with the least amount of exertion. It thus becomes the readiest index of excitement, and, doubtless, so far as a dog laughs, it laughs with its tail. It is a most expressive organ, and its rigid erection, its withdrawal between the legs, and its gentle or rapid oscillations, are all movements full of mute expression for those who have skill to read them. The cat's tail has also its emotional language, which is very different from that of the dog, for the wagging of the cat's tail means mischief. Many snakes also agitate rapidly the ends of their tails when excited, though it is only the rattlesnakes in which this habit has been commonly noticed, because only in them does it result in plainly audible effects. In many insects there are elongated, slender organs—the antennæ—which are obviously the most mobile parts of the body, and it is accordingly by the antennæ that these animals express their feelings, as Sir John Lubbock has observed in the case of ants.

Thus the facts respecting laughter, which external observation and introspection combine to bring to our knowledge, while they harmonise entirely with the doctrine that man's bodily powers (including his lower emotions) have an animal origin, seem to point to some other source as the fountain whence his intellectual faculties have been derived.

Laughter has been declared exclusively human. So it is, with respect to the intellectual elements which enter into it. At the same time it contains elements of a purely animal nature, and these we share with at least the highest members of the brute creation, and it is, therefore, no wonder that we can detect in this respect a physical similarity. But however similar or dissimilar the physical signs of excitement in the highest animals may be to that one set of signs which serves us to give expression to our two very different kinds of laughter, it is only to our lower, physical, and sensuous laughter that they have in reality any true relationship.

Our higher laughter is of a fundamentally different nature, and is akin to those perceptions of goodness, beauty, and truth which are amongst our higher possessions. We have a higher and a lower laughter, as we have higher and lower emotions; as we have a language of mere feeling, distinct from rational speech or gesture; as we have sensuous and intellectual perceptions, and as we have associations of feelings and also true inferences expressed by the word 'therefore.' We are profoundly convinced that the fundamental difference which exists between these two sets of mental powers—between our lower and our higher faculties—is one of the most important in the whole range of philosophy, and that its correct appreciation is one of the more fundamental and necessary conditions precedent to a sound and rational psychology.

WHY TASTES DIFFER.

TASTES are not matters for controversy: *De gustibus non est disputandum!* In its ordinary sense the proverb is unquestionable. What we feel to be sweet is sweet to us, however much we may be blamed, despised, or envied for feeling it to be so. If a man really prefers Etty to Rafael, or *Rigoletto* to *Lohengrin*, no amount of reasoning or objurgation can make him do more than feign the contrary. Our feelings make themselves known to us by their own self-evidence, and, as they are ultimate, and can therefore neither be proved nor disproved, so neither can they be directly and immediately altered. But though our tastes, as facts, are not matters for discussion, much remains to be said about the 'how' and the 'why,' of them.

How ugly and ridiculous those fashions often seem to us which ten or twenty years ago we all admired! Yet we are the same men, and can in most cases be sure that our altered feelings are due rather to changes which have taken place about us—changes in our environment—than to changes in ourselves. These waves of feeling are also very transient. Bygone fashions of dress, more or less modified, often come again into vogue. The distention of the 'hoop' was repeated in the 'crinoline,' nor would it be unsafe to predict that 'Madonna bands' will not ere long reappear and smooth down many a fair but now ruffled forehead. The same phenomena may be noted in every department of human activity which is governed by taste. The ceaseless architectural changes which followed the introduction of the pointed arch, ex-

hibited the same spirit of dissatisfaction with the recent past to which our changes in costume are due. Again and again we have also had architectural revivals and reversions. When pointed architecture had, as many think, worn itself out in the ornate beauties of the 'perpendicular' and 'flamboyant' styles, men turned eagerly to the reproduction of Greek and Roman architecture. When this in turn grew stale, we had that patient and industrious restoration of the pointed or 'Gothic' style which has sown broadcast over our land buildings of much, though very unequal, merit, followed by others which show us how a new appreciation of the 'Renaissance' has once more arisen.

Accompanying and aiding the 'Gothic' revival, was the 'romantic' school of literature, which co-existed with a widespread feeling of contempt for that era of powder and pigtails, the eighteenth century. But 'romanticism' is now out of favour. And if the differences of sentiment which in modern times, amongst ourselves and our neighbours, seem difficult to account for, how much more must be the differences of taste which have existed, or exist, between men of widely different cultures, races and epochs! How comes it that the lip-distortion of the Botacudos, or the head-flattening of Peruvians, could possess charms for any human beings? How is it that the Fuegian, reeking with the hot blubber he has greedily devoured, should be sickened with disgust at a dish of cold meat? Greek art seems to have supplied us with eternal models of human beauty, but they are not models for the Mongol; and while some of us may admire a pair of pouting lips, the fullest lips which European beauties could exhibit would seem as wanting in fulness to the ordinary Negro as would Venus Kallipyge to the Hottentot.

What is the rational lesson of such divergences? May it not be said that all loveliness is but in the fancy of him who admireth, and that all positive, absolute, objective beauty is

no more than a dream? The doctrine of evolution may appear sufficient by itself to confirm this view triumphantly. To those who say that human organisation is probably an inheritance from non-human ancestors, it may appear to follow as a matter of course that human feelings, as they are supposed to be similar in kind to those of animals, can but minister in us, as they do in them, to individual or tribal preferences of instinct, appetite, or desire. We claim, however, to have elsewhere shown¹ that, though each of us is, as consciousness tells us, truly one being, we have, in spite of our animal nature, another side of our being—whencesoever and however derived—which is more than animal, which is able to apprehend abstract ideas, which can apprehend true things as true, good things as good, and we believe also beautiful things as beautiful. Here some of our readers may be tempted to stop, dreading to encounter a mere restatement of some old view about that well-worn subject, ‘the beautiful.’ We venture, however, to think that there are certain considerations, which appeal to experience and common-sense rather than to any lofty transcendentalism, which are capable of application to very homely matters as well as to others less familiar, and which, as viewed from a new standpoint, may not be devoid of interest as well as novelty. For writers who have hitherto treated this question have mostly belonged to one of two opposite schools. One set, strongly impressed by conviction of the lofty nature of man’s intellect, have followed the high *a priori* road, paying little heed to the phenomena of our lower sensitive faculties. The other set, convinced that all our psychical phenomena are ultimately referable to sensation, have tried to explain all our perceptions by the aid of our lower faculties only, ignoring what could not thus be accounted for. But our contention has ever been, that, while man has an intellectual side to his being—a priceless

¹ See our essay entitled ‘A Limit to Evolution.’

quality in which no brute shares—yet, as being truly an animal, he possesses animal feelings, instincts, and passions, with all the consequences and limitations thence arising.

Much of the difficulty and confusion which has attended the study of man's apprehensions of beauty has, we believe, been due to non-appreciation of our duplicity in unity—unity of person, duplicity of nature—and of the complex and various commingling of effects which thence result.

Now as we men participate in the nature and vital powers of the lower animals, so animals participate in the nature and vital powers of plants. Almost all the actions of animals are unconsciously directed either towards their own conservation or towards the propagation of their kind; and these also are the unconscious ends of the vital activities of plants. The beautiful forms which foliage leaves exhibit, and the symmetry of the branches which sustain them, may generally be traced to their need of obtaining, under the various conditions to which different species are subjected, as much sunlight and air as they can, that they may be able the better to breathe and grow. The various tints of flowers, their simple or complex shapes, their perfume and their nectar, serve to attract such different insect visitors as are needful to enable them to set their seed. No one pretends that these phenomena of plant-life are accompanied by any distinct feelings. Animals, however, evidently possess sensations, and also appetites and instinctive preferences, which they seek to gratify. The plumage of the humming-bird and the song of the nightingale are said to be due to the competition of countless generations of suitors rivalling each other in brilliance of tint or melody of tone. However this may be, and fully granting that such qualities do exercise a sexual charm, no one pretends that beasts and birds are conscious of such beauties, as beauties, however potent may be the powers of attraction such characters exercise over

them. The feelings, instincts, and appetites of animals generally, lead to acts which are 'good' for them as individuals, or 'good' for their race, and some of the characters just referred to would by most persons be allowed to be 'beautiful.' But animals perform such acts no more on account of any perception they have of their 'goodness' than of their 'beauty,' but simply through a blind impulse which would be an end in itself if irrational creatures had any conscious end or aim at all.

As Darwin has shown us, the instincts of animals are not absolutely invariable, and they are, within narrow limits, modifiable by circumstances. Such modifications may be seen in the nest-building of captive birds, and in the actions of woodpeckers which have migrated to regions where there is no wood to peck.¹

Acquired instincts and preferences may also be sometimes inherited. This is manifest from the different actions of the different breeds of domestic dogs. They are various, and have been variously acquired; but they are nevertheless inherited.

Now, man, considered merely as regards the animal side of his being, must be, as we all know he is, impelled fundamentally by the same actions as are the brutes. However 'good' for the species or the race such actions may be, and whatever the 'beauty' they may elicit or be accompanied by, they are commonly performed without advertence to such qualities.

We cannot doubt that our lower feelings and preferences may, like those of other animals, slightly vary, and that such slighter variations may be inherited. However much we may wish to 'let the ape and tiger die,' we must ever continue to share in the conditions necessary for animal life. We must feel the remote effects of the instinctive impulses of the brute ancestors of our corporeal frame, and experience various

¹ Such a woodpecker is found on the plains of La Plata.

tendencies and solicitations founded upon those which are common to the animals which most nearly resemble us in structure. So much must be conceded respecting the influences which most conflict with the notion that there can be any absolute, objective beauty or goodness in man or in the irrational world over which he presides.

Let us now turn to the consideration of the higher aspect of our being. Every one must concede that somehow or other we have now got the idea of 'beauty,' whether or not it refers to something more than individual taste. However obtained, we have come to possess that abstract idea, and abstract ideas are admitted to be parts of man's intellectual possessions, peculiar to him as compared with other animals which admittedly do not possess them. A brief consideration of the other two cognate ideas, 'goodness' and 'truth' (which have been before referred to as belonging to our intellectual nature), may serve to throw some light on the problem whether beauty can be known to us as existing objectively—that is, independently of the mere tastes which individuals or communities may possess.

That 'truth' at least exists as a real quality of statements and beliefs must be admitted by all who have not some eccentric theory to maintain. John Stuart Mill distinctly affirms that the recognition of the truth of any judgment we make 'is not only an essential part, but the essential part of it as a judgment.' 'Leave that out,' he tells us, 'and it remains a mere play of thought in which no judgment is passed.' But it is impossible for any consistent follower of science to doubt that truth is not a mere quality recognised as belonging to a judgment by him who emits it, but has a real relation to external things. Were this not the case, it is plain that science could make no progress. We do not base scientific inductions and deductions on our knowledge of beliefs, but of facts; and, without a foundation of facts, beliefs

are worthless. 'Truth' is the agreement of 'thought' with 'things—of the world of beliefs' with the world of 'external existences.' 'Truth,' therefore, cannot be merely that which 'each man troweth,' but must be 'that which a man troweth when he troweth in conformity with real external co-existences and sequences, and with the causes and conditions of the world about him.' Thus, 'truth' is and must be both subjective and objective. It is subjective when regarded as the quality of his own thought by him who thinks it. It is objective when regarded as the quality of the thought of any one else.

But can truth be attributed to things themselves apart from and independently of all and every human mind? All persons who feel convinced of the reasonableness of Theism must affirm that it can be so attributed. For if we may conceive of what, for lack of a better name, we may call intelligent purpose as underlying nature, then each object, in so far as it corresponds with such purpose, may with justice be spoken of as 'true.' It is another, though widely different, conformity between thought and things—namely, their conformity with the thought which is Divine. The independence and objectivity of 'truth' should be especially manifested at a period in which, to our eternal honour, the unconditional pursuit of truth is more eagerly engaged in than it ever was before, and when a profound reverence for truth is ardently professed by the leading men of each department of science, and is certainly on their lips no idle boast. There is one characteristic of truth which it will be worth our while to note: It essentially expresses the idea of a relation between two distinct things. Nothing is or can be true in itself, but only in relation to something else with which it conforms. Truth is thus one kind of conformity. The essence of all truth is 'likeness.' But what is 'conformity' or 'likeness'? We can only reply that such words express an ultimate idea which can neither be defined nor explained. The terms

'likeness' and 'unlikeness' express so simple a perception that reasoning or exposition would be thrown away on any one who could not understand them. It is plain that everything cannot be explained. However we may reason, we must at last come to what, as simple and ultimate, carries its own meaning and evidence with it. On such ideas all reasoning reposes, and the idea of 'likeness,' which is the essence of 'truth,' is one of such.

Let us next consider the 'goodness' of things we call 'good.' The words are often used to denote a relation of correspondence between some object or action and its proper or intended end. When we call either a knife, a gun, a horse, or a coat 'good,' we mean that it is well adapted to serve the purposes for which it was intended. We may use it similarly with respect to a race-horse, a baker, a judge, or a bishop. Nevertheless, a little consideration serves to show that this use of the term does not bring us to the foundation of the idea of 'goodness.' For 'conformity to an end' will not make an action thoroughly 'good' unless the end aimed at is itself good and agreeable to duty—unless by conforming to it we 'follow the right order.' But, we may ask, 'why should we conform to duty?' Why should we follow the right order? To this there is no answer possible but that 'it is right to do so.' It may perhaps be replied, 'The right order should be followed because it is our interest to follow it.' But any one who should so reply must either mean that 'it is always right to follow our interest because it is our *interest*,' which would be to abandon the idea of duty altogether; or else mean that 'we should follow our interest, not because it is our interest, but because it is *right*,' and so affirm the very ethical principle which he set out with the intention of denying. If we know with certainty that any definite line of action is 'right,' the proposition which declares it to be right must either be self-evident or must be deduced from other

propositions as to what is right, one of which at least must be self-evident. Otherwise it would be impossible for us to infer that anything is right, since all processes of proof must stop somewhere. As Mr. Arthur Balfour has pointed out,¹ it is simply indisputable that the basis of every ethical maxim must itself be ethical. It thus becomes clear that the idea of 'goodness' is like that of likeness (the essence of 'truth'), something ultimate, absolute, and incapable of analysis. Objects which duly serve the end for which they are intended are fitly spoken of as being 'good,' for they are good in a certain way and in a subordinate degree, and may thus be so termed by analogy with true and real goodness.

Is it possible for us to form any conception of objective goodness altogether apart from human actions or human thoughts—except so far as they may recognise it? Some religious persons will probably say that the 'goodness' of anything depends upon the will of God—that that is right which He commands because He commands it. But in our perception of duty and moral obligation we recognise that it addresses conscience with an essentially absolute and unconditional imperativeness. No good man could consent to perform an ungrateful action, seen by him to be such, even in obedience to the behest of an omnipotent being. We must approve and admire Mill's declaration, that he would rather incur eternal torment than call a bad god 'good,' however much we may distrust our own power of enduring even a temporal martyrdom. But if 'goodness' cannot be dependent even on the will of God, if the commands of conscience are absolute and supreme, if it is impossible even to conceive an evasion of its universal and unconditional authority, then the ethical principle must be rooted, as it were, within the inmost heart, in the very foundation, so to speak, of the great whole of existence which it pervades. The principles

¹ See *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, p. 337. Macmillan. 1879.

of the moral law must be at least as extensive and enduring as are those starry heavens which shared with it the profound reverence of Kant.

The absolute, necessary, and universal character of the moral law is expressed by that dictum of theologians which declares that it pertains not to God's 'will,' but to His 'essence.' The phrase may seem obscure, or even unmeaning, to some persons to whom it may be new, but we must confess that we have met with no other expression which so well conveys to us the profoundest possible conception of the fundamental and supreme character of the ethical principle. The goodness of actions is evidently twofold: They may be 'good' in themselves as actions, and 'good' as being done with a good intention by those who perform them. Thus 'goodness,' like 'truth,' must be both subjective and objective. It is subjective when regarded as a quality of the mind of any one entertaining a good intention. It is objective regarded as that quality of an object or action whereby it conforms, in its degree, to the eternal law of right which manifests itself to our intellect as inherent in the universe since it is inherent in us.

'Goodness,' like 'truth,' essentially implies a relation. As nothing can be true save by its conformity, or likeness, to something else, so nothing within our powers of observation or imagination can be 'good' save by its harmony with an eternal law, by concordance with which it 'follows the right order.'

Thus everything which exists, in so far as it exists and so follows the law of its being, must be more or less 'good.' If by defect it deviates from a higher good, it thereby becomes a more or less good thing of an inferior order—as a marble statue broken into fragments ceases to be good as a statue, and becomes so many pieces of marble good in their degree and apt for various inferior ends.

Armed with these reflections about 'truth' and 'goodness,' let us next consider the objectivity of 'beauty.' As before said, we actually possess the ideas of 'beauty' and the 'beautiful,' whatever may be the mode in which we have come by them. Unlike the lower animals, we are not only attracted by what is charming, but we can recognise both the fact of being charmed and the qualities which charm us. Putting aside for the moment objects which attract some persons and repel others, or which are admired here and there according to the fashion of the day, let us consider some objects to which almost all normally constituted members of civilised communities would agree in ascribing some beauty and charm. Taking visible beauty as a starting-point, the objects which manifest it to us are sea, land, and sky as viewed by night and day, the animal and vegetable products of the earth, man and his works. The aspects of these objects change for us according to circumstances, amongst which must be reckoned the emotions or ideas which may happen to dominate in us at the time. Nevertheless, we think it must be admitted that whatever of these things strikes us as pre-eminently beautiful is regarded by us as approaching perfection of its kind. Such an object must certainly not convey to us a notion of discord, deficiency, or redundancy amongst its parts or attributes.

Beauty as apprehended by the ear is eminently a harmony, and is the more beautiful according as that harmony approaches perfection. The beauty of even simple notes of sweetness is, we now know, due to '*timbre*'—which is a special and, as it were, minute kind of harmony. The same thing may be said of the charm of certain human voices, though they may also possess an additional charm from the perfection with which they exhibit some shade of character, or give expression to some dominant emotion. The senses of taste and smell may give us very pleasant impressions, which

so far may be said to possess a certain kind of beauty; but it is only when objects convey to us the notion of a more or less harmonious and perfect blending of savours and odours, or of these combined, that they ordinarily arouse in us a perception of the kind. The sense of touch, combined with feelings of muscular effort and tension, may inform us of various beauties which are ordinarily apprehended by the eye; and this is emphatically the case with the blind. Feelings such as those of a most excellently polished surface, or of a perfection of delicate softness—like that of the fur of the chinchilla—may give rise to qualitative perceptions which we express by the terms ‘beautifully smooth’ or ‘beautifully soft.’

But apart from sensuous perceptions, the intellect very keenly apprehends beauty of character and action—moral beauty. As to such beauty it will not be disputed but that those acts and characters in which it is most apparent are deemed by us to most nearly approximate to our notions of perfection. The same may be said of the intellectual beauty of a discourse, a poem, or a problem. Whichever of such things may strike us as being the most beautiful, is that which most nearly agrees with our idea and ideal of perfection according to its kind. We have used the terms ‘idea’ and ‘ideal’ advisedly, for objects we admire seldom entirely satisfy us. We can conceive of an ideal beauty beyond them. Our perceptions of beauty, though aroused by the impressions of external objects, are not contained within them, but, like the rest of our higher apprehensions, are the result of our intellectual faculty which attains, through sensitivity, that which is altogether beyond sensitivity—like the ideas of being, possibility, necessity, and cause.

From the foregoing brief review of the objects which excite our admiration, it results that our intellectual apprehension of beauty may to a certain extent be explained as a perception of ideal perfection realised, or of an approximation

thereto. But this explanation may be deemed by some persons as not altogether satisfactory and final, because just as it may be asked: 'What is the good of following the right order?' so also may it be asked: 'What is the beauty of perfection?' But to this question there is, we believe, no reply but that perfection is beautiful, and if this be so, then it must be admitted that the idea of 'beauty,' like each of the ideas of 'the good' and 'the true,' is an ultimate idea which is capable of apprehension, but not of analysis.

Beauty also, like goodness and truth, must be both subjective and objective. It is subjective, regarded as a quality perceived by our own mind; and objective, regarded as an intrinsic quality whereby anything approximates to perfection according to its kind and degree of being.

But there is one great difference whereby 'beauty' differs from both 'truth' and 'goodness.' The latter qualities are, as we have seen, predicates of objects only on account of relations they bear to something else, but 'beauty' is essentially intrinsic, and relates, at least primarily, to a thing considered in and by itself, and the relations it implies are internal relations.

When anything is said to be beautiful on account of its fitness to serve some end, the word is, as we have seen, only used analogically, since what is thereby really denoted is not beauty, but utility, or analogical goodness of a certain kind.

The beauty of a race-horse differs from that of a perfect horse of the strongest and most massive build, as that of a spaniel differs from a dog of the St. Bernard breed. The qualities which accompany such different kinds of beauty may be, and often are, related to utility. It is not, however, their utility, but the perfection with which they respectively correspond with an ideal of a certain kind, which makes them beautiful. Nevertheless, an object may have a certain relative beauty in that it augments, or is augmented by, the

beauty of some other object. Thus a picturesque castle may derive additional beauty from its situation on some mountain side or summit. Or a mountain may derive an added beauty from the castle which clings to its steep sides or is artistically perched upon its crest.

Can we form any conception of objective beauty altogether apart from human feelings? If the beauty of any being is the same thing as its perfection, then, evidently, those who are convinced that, upholding and pervading the universe (even if that universe be eternal) there is and must be an Eternal Cause—or Power, the Author of all objects which exist, their powers, and therefore their perfections—must affirm the existence of such supreme perfection or beauty. The Author of all perfection cannot be deemed to be Himself imperfect. Of such a Being perfection, and therefore beauty, must not only be eminently the attribute, but that Being must be the prototype of all beauty. ‘Beauty,’ like ‘goodness,’ must be of His essence, and the ‘truth’ of all things, as we have seen, also depends on His essence and power. Thus power, beauty, truth, and goodness are most closely inter-related. For that which is most good, must be perfect of its kind and therefore true; that which is perfect must be good and must also be true, as responding to the end of its being; while that which is true must be perfect in the way just mentioned, and therefore also good. Yet beauty, goodness, and truth are not identical. They are, at the least, three aspects of one ineffable whole, and form, so to speak, a sort of trinity in unity, whereof ‘power’ may be regarded as fundamental, while ‘the good’ and ‘the true,’ as each essentially implying an extrinsic relation, may be said, as it were, to proceed from that foundation—‘beauty’ being the attribute of the whole with its ineffable internal relations.

All the various perfections, all the beauties, material, intellectual, and moral, of the whole creation, and whatever man

most admires or aspires after, as well as what he is least capable of appreciating the beauty of, must, like all that is good and all that is true in the universe, be reflected and derived from the Prototype of all perfection and of all goodness. The beauty of objects must also vary in degree, according as the perfection to which they severally approximate resembles, by a more or less immeasurably distant analogy, the perfection of their First Cause. Since, again, everything which exists more or less approaches a perfection of some kind or order of existence, everything which exists must have a beauty of its kind and in its degree, just as it must be more or less good. But if everything is thus more or less beautiful, wherein does ugliness consist?

Evidently it can have no positive existence, and can be but a defect and negation—as ‘coldness’ is but a deficiency of ‘warmth.’ Therefore, nothing can be simply ugly in itself but only in relation to something else, and it may be very ugly in relation to something else. For as one thing may, as we have seen, gain beauty by augmenting the beauty of another object, so a thing which is even perfect of its kind, and therefore beautiful in its degree, may be relatively ugly through the injury it inflicts or the destruction it occasions to the beauty of something of a nobler and higher kind which it, by its existence, deforms from perfection or tends to destroy. Thus, some perfectly developed tumour has and must have a beauty of its own very inferior order—a beauty which the biologist and pathologist can appreciate. It is none the less relatively hideous as marring the beauty of a human body, and possibly even deforming the moral beauty of a mind.

We are blinded to the real objective beauty of many objects by the fact that they are essentially hurtful to us. To take an extreme case, no man led out to die, however serene in mind, could be expected to appreciate the perfection of the

instrument prepared for his execution, however perfect of its kind that instrument might be. But his want of appreciation would not make its objective perfection any the less.

We are often also blinded to the beauty of natural objects, or of their modes of action, by reason of our inveterate tendency to anthropomorphism—that is, to regard things exclusively from a human point of view. We often feel disgust or horror at objects and actions, or even regard them with a sort of fierce reprobation, because of an unconscious association of them with analogous imaginary human actions.

But the feelings which arise in us, the sentiments inspired by the aspect of such things, are essentially human, and human only. In themselves objects so abhorred have a beauty of their own, such as we elsewhere readily recognise, though such qualities are disguised from us in them by our human prejudices. It is surely quite conceivable that a pure spirit, uninfluenced by human sensibility, would recognise such beauty, and might, so to speak, smile at the childishness of the notion that there could be anything unlovely in what to us men causes feelings of repulsion. Anthropomorphism necessarily attends all our conceptions. We cannot help regarding things with human eyes and prejudices. But our reason should make us aware of this, and teach us to make due allowance for it in our estimate of all things, however high or however low.

Let us now try and see what light the foregoing considerations may throw upon the questions of the existence and origin of differences of taste and changes in the appreciation of the beautiful. To like, and feel attracted towards, objects is one thing, but to perceive their beauty is another and a very different thing. The perception of beauty and perfection is an act of the higher and purely intellectual side of our nature. Feelings of attraction and repulsion, likes and dislikes (apart from acts of judgment), belong to the lower or

sensitive side of our nature—the side we share with the brutes about us.

The faculty of apprehending beauty is a power which may be greatly increased by culture. Brutes have, as before said, no perception of it, however much they may be attracted by it, and the faculty is rudimentary or dormant in the lowest savages and very young children. For the beauty of a *nocturne* by Chopin, or a landscape by Turner, the average boor has, as we say, 'no ears or eyes.' The picturesqueness and majesty of such cathedrals as those of Lincoln or Bourges may indeed strike the imagination of the ignorant; but only those versed in architecture can appreciate their true beauty and their approximation to one kind of architectural perfection. It is the same with the contemplation of natural objects. Though some uncultivated minds are strongly impressed by their charms, education is generally needed for their due appreciation. We have an example of such need in that admiration for the beauty of a serpent which a full knowledge of its organisation may give rise to, dissipating the natural but irrational distaste or horror which may before have been felt for it. Among the many processes of evolution which take place around us, few are more noteworthy than that evolution of perceptions of beauty which, generally unnoticed, is continually taking place. Progress in culture also calls forth more and more agreement as to perceptions of the kind, both as regards the region of art and the domain of nature. Admiration for the beauty of rugged mountain masses is a modern development of taste. But in addition to the æsthetic beauties now discovered to exist in scenes which before were deemed savage and horrible, the advance of science has given to the geologist the power of perceiving harmonies previously undreamed of. Thus the study of nature gradually makes known to us new fields of beauty which ignorance had before hidden from our gaze. The

evolution of the cosmos progressively reveals to us ever new ideals, and doubtless forms and modes of beauty which no man now suspects the existence of yet lie hidden, and will only be made known to those who shall come after us.

All these forms of perception belong, as we have said, to the higher side of our being. We must next glance at the tastes and preferences of our animal nature and the conditions which modify and change them. To begin with an unquestionable fact: We may all have our likings and dislikings for certain feelings, and be attracted or repelled by the odour, savour, contact, sound, or aspect of many things, without having a distinct perception of any real beauty in them. Such preferences or aversions, such feelings of attraction or repulsion, may be due in us, as in brutes, to the action of heredity (inherited tendencies), to the association of feelings experienced in early life, or to the action upon us of our environment and the contagiousness of custom. This association has very naturally induced in mankind, as in some other animals, that horror of serpents, just referred to, the bite of which still causes annually so many thousand deaths in India alone. It is also, to say the least, probable that this distaste may be inherited in us, as is so often the case with the congenital aversions of the lower animals. There are persons (some such have been known to us) whose reason has been quite unable to overcome aversions of the kind which they have felt from their earliest infancy. The action of our environment—the general feeling of the family, the tribe, or the nation—notoriously gives rise to likes and dislikes altogether distinct from intellectual apprehensions of beauty, whether moral or physical. Thus may be explained the preferences which exist for various bodily deformities amongst different peoples, such as Botacudos, Peruvians, Chinese, and even ourselves. Such aberrations are the effects of custom, and are felt as welcome and agreeable by different tribes, just as a tall hat

and a correctly cut coat are agreeable in the eyes of English people of a certain social position, as harmonising with what is expected, and producing a sense of fitness, although no one would pretend that it is due to a perception of the realisation of a high ideal of beauty by the hat or coat so approved of.

But no doubt some persons really think they see beauty in what to more cultured minds is distasteful, while others are blind to the perfections which are evident to men more qualified to judge. There seems thus to be an absence of certainty as to the beautiful, not merely through an occasional defect of power to appreciate it, but also through a tendency to appreciate the beauty of some objects far too highly. Thus there sometimes seems to be an active and positive tendency to error, as well as an occasional passive inability to perceive some forms of beauty. How can these divergent erroneous tendencies be accounted for?

The solution of the difficulty appears to us to lie in a correct appreciation of the essential unity of the human personality—a unity of which consciousness and common-sense combine to assure us, instant by instant. No sane man doubts that he is the same person who is, at the same time, both appreciating the charm of an eloquent discourse and also feeling a pain in some limb or a current of air disagreeably affecting him. We must ever recollect that the being of each of us, though consisting of two natures, is a true unity. It follows from this that, in our every vital energy, both natures are present, and act and react on each other in a variety of ways—our animality limiting and soliciting our intellect, and our intellect, as it were, overflowing into, and more or less transforming, the feelings of our animal nature.

Even the most abstract conceptions cannot be present to our minds, without being accompanied by some symbol actually perceived by the senses or revived by the memory of the imagination—even though that symbol be but a written

or spoken word or a voiceless gesture. On the other hand, a dim, intellectual consciousness of our existence and of such ideas as being, truth, and causation (however little such ideas may be reflected on and recognised), accompanies the mere exercise of our faculty of sensuous cognition, and even such thoroughly animal acts as those of eating and drinking.

Thus, as even our purest and most exalted perceptions of beauty must be ministered to and accompanied by feelings and sense-perceptions which are indispensable to all the intellectual acts of our complex unity, so our mere feelings of liking and attraction are the feelings of an essentially intellectual being, and are, therefore, more or less consciously possessed by us. This accompaniment of intellectual consciousness causes them to possess a certain resemblance to intellectual perceptions of beauty, because it enables such mere feelings to be reflected upon and intellectually recognised.

These considerations, we think, suffice to account for all the varieties of tastes and feelings which exist amongst mankind, and to show that their existence in no way conflicts with that of a real, objective beauty in the cosmos as a whole and in every part of it. They account for the mixing up, with our intellectual perceptions of beauty, of sensuous likings which may be keenly or but slightly felt, but which mar the distinctness of each such intellectual perception, as a perception of abstract beauty. They also account for the mixing up of a tendency to find more beauty than they merit, in things which give us sensuous impressions delightful to our feelings, or which attract our lower nature, however little we may allow them to be of any high order of beauty when our judgment is fully exercised in their regard.

Those persons who may be inclined to wonder unduly at the undoubted fact that so many men should be attracted by, and feel a preference for, objects and actions which are repulsive to the æsthete or to those zealous for moral perfection,

should recollect that everything has a beauty of its kind and in its degree.

As men always seek *a* good, though not by any means the highest good, so whatever attracts them attracts them by a beauty of some kind, though by yielding to its attraction they may be diverted from seeking some far nobler and higher kind of beauty.

It is impossible to deny that even the lowest 'goods' are 'good' in their degree, or that the lower forms of beauty are beautiful after their inferior kind. A murderer who cuts a throat commits, of course, a most wicked act, but all the positive elements of the act, save his defective will, are 'good.' 'Good' is the sharpness of the well-tempered knife, 'good' is the vigour of the muscular arms which do the deed, and 'good' are the arterial contractions which force outwards the lethal stream. So, also, there is a real, however inferior, beauty in the objects which attract our most sensual animal appetites, and in the actions to which even the lowest natures amongst us are thereby induced; though, like the pathological growths before referred to, they may be, relatively, revolting and hideous, on account of the deflections from nobler beauties of feeling and of will which such attractions may induce and occasion. We should be as unwise as unjust did we deny to Circe and Aphrodite, to Dionysus and Adonis, their beauty and their charm; but our unwisdom and injustice would be much greater did we not recognise the nobler attractions of Athene and Artemis, Phœbus and Zeuspatēr. More unjust still should we be if we did not own the ethical inferiority of the whole Greek and Roman Pantheon, compared with those later ideals of the 'Heavenly Sophia' and the 'Divine Logos,' which prepared men's minds for that supreme conception of human perfection and absolute goodness to which the ages have made us heir. However divergent may be men's theological beliefs, all must admit that the

Founder of Christianity proclaimed, far more fully than did the noblest of the antecedent seers of Israel, the Fatherhood of a God—at once the type and exemplar of all goodness and of all beauty.

That a man should be able to turn away from his very chosen ideal and follow what even in his own eyes is immeasurably less lovely, is the sad penalty of his unique privilege of freedom. That he should be able to diverge from what he himself clearly perceives to be 'the right order,' far more widely than brutes do which, nevertheless, have no perception of the kind, is the penalty of his possessing intellect combined in one personality with an unequivocally animal nature. As he is free to direct his activity along elevated ways which are necessarily inaccessible to the brute creation, so, also, it is his very possession of intellect which enables him to direct his imagination and his actions into more devious paths than the feelings of brutes would lead them to enter upon.

To sum up shortly what we have here endeavoured to express: We think it may be confidently affirmed, that such a being as man, replete with animal feelings and desires, and dim, unconscious memories of ancestral brute experiences, but also possessing an intellect endowed with a perception of truth, goodness, and beauty, would hardly fail to show, in his tastes and perceptions, just those mingled and more or less discordant and varying mental phenomena which we find mankind do exhibit. We find, in reality, just those facts and conditions of thought and feeling, which the theory of evolution would lead us to expect. We find what that theory would lead us to anticipate when it is applied, not only to explain the genesis of our animal nature, but also the perfecting and development of that intellectual nature of ours which, ages before the twilight of history, first made its unnoticed and mysterious appearance in the world. Underlying or accompanying the

multifarious and conflicting changes of taste and feeling due to heredity, association, and environment, we find that progressively clearer perceptions of true beauty have been gained—the manifestation of beauty in fields where it was before invisible having again and again taken place for us through the progressive development of our faculties by culture. But these perceptions ever tend to be obscured, and are almost always more or less disguised for us by the effects of our animal organisation and prehuman antecedents.

This, then, is why tastes differ. They differ because we human, intellectual animals vary as to the peculiar influences we have received from parents, family, and tribe, from the diverse associations of feelings to which we have been severally exposed, and from the action upon us of the tastes and feelings of our friends and fellow-tribesmen. As to such matters of mere feeling, there will probably ever be a wide divergence of taste.

On the other hand, we agree largely as to our intellectual perceptions of beauty, and we tend to agree more and more, because of our possession of an intellectual nature which is fundamentally one and the same in all men, and has the power of perceiving, more or less imperfectly, objective 'beauty' as well as 'truth' and 'goodness.' Education, and above all religious education, will enable us to emerge, by more and more successful struggles, from the obscuring influences of animality towards as clear a vision of these highest qualities as may be possible for the future of our race in this world, and for ourselves individually in that life in a world to come which Christianity sets before us, and about which even unbelievers, though they may with truth say they have necessarily no power to imagine it, yet must admit that reason by no means forbids their entertaining a fruitful hope.

THE FEELINGS AND THE INTELLECT; OR, THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS.

1. *The Emotions and the Will.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A. Longmans and Co. Second Edition, 1865, and Third Edition, 1875.
2. *Essays.* By HERBERT SPENCER. Williams and Norgate. 1868.
3. *The Principles of Psychology.* By HERBERT SPENCER. Williams and Norgate. Second Edition. 1872.
4. *Nature and Grace. Philosophical Introduction.* By G. W. WARD. Burns and Lambert. 1860.
5. *The Physical Basis of Mind.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Trübner and Co. 1877.

OUR feelings, though they are, for weal or woe, of all things the most intimately connected with us, are still very imperfectly comprehended. Though they must from the first have occupied the attention of mankind, they are even now far less understood than are our thoughts. This is due to the fact that our feelings—apart from distinct sensations of different kinds—are generally so undefined (shading off as they do vaguely one into another) that while some of them appear to be but a colouring to thought, others seem almost merged in Will. One distinction, however, is universally recognised—that between Sensations and Emotions. The sensations have their different bodily organs, they are mostly well characterised, and their classification is easy. It is widely different with the emotions. They are emphatically unstable, and hard to mark off one from another by distinct limits. Their classification, therefore, will probably long be a subject of debate. It is impossible, however, attentively to consider our emotions, without perceiving that some of them are of a much higher character than others. Emotions of rage and fear are indeed sadly human; but the tiger shares

in the first, while the second is participated in by the object of its pursuit. Other of our emotions, however, are peculiar accompaniments of our intellectual activity, or of our will ; as when we feel pleasure in reflecting on the acquisition of some new truth, or when admiring a generous action we determine to emulate the good example before us. What is the true meaning and nature of these different feelings, and what especially is the real nature of those of them which accompany our most intellectual acts, and the most estimable or blameworthy of our volitions ? Our present object is to endeavour to answer these questions. But to approach the subject with any hope of a satisfactory result, it will be necessary to begin by surveying, however rapidly and incompletely, a very wide field. In these days, when the advance and extension of physical knowledge are connecting the different sciences with an ever-increasing complexity of entanglement, such a wide survey is especially necessary. The physiology of the nervous system links together our highest thoughts, with the little-developed sensations of the humblest worm. Our higher emotions cannot be understood without both a reference to all our other mental acts, and also to human activities which are not mental but bodily. Such human activities, again, cannot be properly understood without advertence to analogous phenomena presented by creatures inferior to us in the scale of creation—cannot indeed be properly investigated without advertence to the very lowest phenomena of living creatures, namely, those even of the lowest plants. Living creatures, again, cannot be understood by us without our discriminating them from non-living bodies, and this the more, since the interaction of the vital and physical forces has led to their being, of late years, considered as really identical. Thus it comes about that a rapid glance over the organic and inorganic creations is an inevitable preliminary to any attempt at rationally determining the

true signification—the true place in nature—of such feelings as those of gratitude, hope, indignation, or affection.

The whole visible universe, and every portion, whether animate or inanimate, which composes it, may be considered under two aspects—one statical, the other dynamical. In other words, they may be considered (1) either with respect to form, mass, structure, relative position of parts, etc.; or (2) with respect to the various active powers with which they are severally endowed. The *lifeless bodies* about us are considered under the first aspect (statically) in mineralogy, descriptive geology, etc. Their activities are investigated by the various sciences which are classed together under the title ‘physics.’ The *living creatures* about us are considered statically (as to their form, structure, etc.) by the science of anatomy, with its various subdivisions. They are treated of dynamically—*i.e.* their activities are investigated—by physiology.

High above all the other activities of creatures, which experience makes known to us, is of course ‘reason,’ by which alone we know all other things, together with reason itself. The varied habitual actions of beasts, birds, and insects—many of which seem to come near to reason—have, indeed, for ages been a favourite subject of remark; but they have generally been classed apart as ‘instinctive,’ and considered as manifestations of a special mode of activity of the vital principle in such creatures. After Descartes, it came to be generally believed that man, in addition to a vital principle informing the body, had also a distinct ‘soul,’ which temporarily inhabited it (in the pineal gland or elsewhere), furnished with its own innate ideas, and more or less independent of the body during life, as well as after death. But the progress of physiology has more and more encroached upon the mental territory which was thus set apart as the distinctive region of the ‘soul.’ The intimate connection of

our feelings with our thoughts, and the readiness with which complex associations are formed, have made the highest activities of mind so plainly dependent on the conditions of nervous matter, that no room seems to be left for any such an independent entity as the thus-imagined soul—the animated organism itself sufficing to account for all the phenomena presented. This intrusion of physiology upon the domain of reason and conscience, this seeming absorption of mind by matter, of the rational being by the mere animal, has of late years been followed by yet another approximation between modes of existence which were esteemed fundamentally diverse.

Animals which do not prey upon each other live upon plants. That no plants but fungi live upon animals would, a few years ago, have been thought a certainty. Yet now we know that the Sundew and Venus's Flytrap not only digest and assimilate animal food, but secure and kill their prey by active movements. These movements, again, have all the look of purpose, and are induced by an impression made by some insect coming upon their leaves, and this impressionability looks very like feeling. Many other plants are also nourished more or less by insect prey, which their flowers or leaves are specially modified to entrap.

The progress of physical science has, then, not only tended to join instinct and reason as fundamentally the same, but also the life of the plant with that of the animal. Thus one power seems to accompany living creatures, from the plant up to the philosopher who examines it, which may be said to be a power of responding, by appropriate motions, to impressions received—in fact, to varied impressions of 'shock.' This phrase, according to received teaching, will alike serve to denote both such activity as that of vegetable life, and also the most complex processes of reasoning, since all perceptions of agreement and difference are represented

by Mr. Herbert Spencer as consisting of multitudinous impressions of shock.

Thus physiology seems not only to have triumphed all along the line, but to have entered into, subdued, and appropriated the whole territory of mind, and to have reduced sentience to mere vitality.

It often happens, however, that the subjugated revenge themselves on their oppressors by absorbing and transforming them. So it is with this physiological victory. If physiology is to include all that to which it is now applied, it is transformed by what it has appropriated, and the physiology of to-day becomes identical with the psychology of Aristotle. It is identical, that is, as to its subject-matter, and as to the mode of treating that matter as one whole—the subject of one science. But it is widely different as to its conception of the nature of that subject-matter. For Aristotle conceived the activities of living bodies to be due to three distinct kinds of force— $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ —the vegetative, the animal, and the rational. The modern sensist school, on the other hand, not only reduces all these three to one, but, as has been just said, regards even vital force as but a modification of the physical forces—such forces being modified by passing through an organic medium. It does not even stop here, for it yet further identifies the various physical forces as different forms of one primordial force.

Yet there is one antithesis which remains irreducible, as all moderns agree in proclaiming. This is the antithesis between subject and object, *i.e.* the antithesis between our own feelings and states of consciousness, and all that we deem external to us.¹ This gives us the key to the difference between psychology in its ancient and in its modern signifi-

¹ Comte would have suppressed psychology, merging it in physiology. The folly of such an attempt has been well shown by J. S. Mill. See his *Logic*. Third Edition, 1851. Vol. ii. p. 421, chap. iv. § 2.

cation. With Aristotle, it was the science treating of the activities of all living things, from the lowest plant up to man. With the moderns, it is essentially the science of the human mind as revealed by introspection. Not that it is strictly confined thereto, for a certain amount of physiology is always incorporated with it. Mr. Spencer, indeed, includes so much that is not subjective within it, that he represents *psychology*¹ as the 'external relations of organic functional phenomena;' and *physiology*, as that which concerns 'organic functional phenomena in their internal relations.' But any system must surely be regarded as a very arbitrary one which would class under one science the contraction of a limb due to the irritation of one part of the nervous system, and relegate to quite another science the consideration of a similar contraction due to the irritation of another part of the nervous system.

Indeed, we wonder much why Mr. Spencer excludes plants from his work on psychology. Surely the openings and closings of flowers and foliage leaves, the pursuit of moisture by roots, and the wonderful embedding by *Linaria* of its capsule within cracks and depressions in walls, as much merit note as do the projections and retractions of the jelly-like flesh (sarcode) of Rhizopods. But if we include, as to be consistent we surely should include, vegetable actions of all kinds in our psychology, and thus cease to maintain the unnatural separation between the internal and external relations of organic functions, then psychology is once again psychology in the very sense of Aristotle, and also comes to occupy the same ground as modern physiology. Nevertheless the two are not identical, for psychology and physiology relate to cross divisions of the same subject-matter.

Physiology regards primarily, functions in themselves as

¹ *The Classification of the Sciences.* Williams and Norgate. 1864. See Table opposite p. 24.

functions. Thus it treats, *e.g.*, of the function of nutrition as exhibited in plants, in animals, and in man; and of the function of respiration, etc., similarly considered, as running through the whole series of organic forms. It treats again, *e.g.*, of the functions of the nervous system, and here it impinges on subjective psychology, which nevertheless remains apart.

Psychology regards primarily, the plexus of actions which each kind of creature is capable of performing. Thus it treats, *e.g.*, of nutrition, respiration, reproduction, etc., as exhibited in one and the same plant, and of them together with such special sensitivity and motility as may be found in any kind of animal. It treats again of these in conjunction with rationality as exhibited by man; and here it also impinges on subjective psychology, which nevertheless remains apart. Thus the science of living organisms—of plants, animals, and man, considered as one group—*i.e.* the science of biology, has under it two great groups of sciences which respectively concern *form* and *function*: and the latter of these will, according to the point of view adopted, be either physiology or psychology.

But may we not say yet more in favour of the wider conception of psychology? We have seen there is one chasm—that between the objective and the subjective—which is utterly impassable save by the natural, God-given bridge which all unsophisticated men unconsciously traverse every day of their lives with perfect security. There is a second gulf, practically as incontestable as the former—the gulf between living bodies and bodies devoid of life. It is true that the activities of living beings are related to incident physical force; certain amounts of heat, light, moisture, etc., being needed for the existence of each animal and plant. It is, however, no less true that though vital force is *called* ‘physical forces modified,’ no one has ever shown that they

are really the same—no one has shown that the physical forces are more than necessary conditions of vital force.

Mr. Lewes himself (in his *Physical Basis of Mind*, page 324) remarks: 'I conceive, therefore, that a theory which reduces vital activities to purely physical processes is self-condemned.' To this he adds, however: 'Not that we are to admit the agency of any extra-organic principle, such as the hypothesis of vitalism assumes; but only the agency of an intra-organic principle, or the abstract symbol of *all* the co-operant conditions—the special combination of forces which result in organisation.'

'An intra-organic principle'—just so! That is all that need be contended for by the most exacting vitalist. But this 'intra-organic principle' must be something else than a mere combination of physical forces. If it is only a combination of physical forces it is what Mr. Lewes says it is not, namely, a 'purely physical process.' It might be contended, however, that he did not mean by the expression 'special combination of forces' a combination of physical forces, but 'a combination of vital properties.' He would, however, not thus escape the consequences of his admission. For each such 'vital property' must itself be a mere combination of physical forces, unless their combination has resulted in the evolution of a *new force*, and if such a new force can be thus evolved, we have all that vitalists need contend for. The objection which many feel to the acceptance of such an intra-organic principle¹ is due to the tendency we have to frame some mental image (other than the written or spoken word) of each object of thought, together with the impossibility in this case of so doing. This impossibility results from our

¹ The word 'principle' is used, as the term 'soul' is now objectionable, having in modern times become associated with the idea of a separate entity essentially independent of the body. The 'principle' here contended for is believed to form, together with the substance of the body, purely *one* thing—namely, a living animal or plant.

having no experience of such a principle save as a living body acting, and from our being unable by imagination to transcend experience.

But the impossibility of our imagining such a principle is no reason against our believing in its existence, for it is 'thought,' not 'feeling,' which is the test of truth. There are ideas which are not and never were representatives of sensations, but of what is or has been suggested to our intellect by means of sensations. Such ideas are, *e.g.*, those of substance, ratio, cause, etc. Such conceptions as these are nevertheless perfectly intelligible, though they transcend the powers of the imagination.

Mr. Lewes has indeed affirmed¹ that 'the test and measure of certitude is sensation.' We ourselves, however, have elsewhere pointed out:—

'Certainty does not exist at all in *feelings*, any more than doubt. Both belong to thought only. "Feelings" are but the materials of certainty, and though we can be perfectly certain about our feelings, that certainty belongs to thought and to thought only. Thought, therefore, is our ultimate and absolute criterion. It is by self-conscious thought only that we *know* we have any feelings at all. Without thought, indeed, we might feel, but we could not know that we felt, or know ourselves as feeling. Even in verification by sensation it is the *intellect* which doubts, criticises, and judges the action and suggestions of the senses and imagination.'²

If therefore our intellect sees *rational* grounds for the belief that an intraorganic principle exists in every animal, the fact that we cannot *imagine* it should be no bar to the acceptance of such belief.

Perhaps nowhere is the rationality of such a belief made more evident than in the process of the development of the germ, which plainly takes place according to an innate law, an internal power which unites incident physical forces into a single and higher activity. This intra-organic principle is

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 257.

² *Lessons from Nature*, p. 32.

often spoken of as 'the *nature* of the animal.' Thus Von Baer has truly remarked—a remark cited by Mr. Lewes:—

'The nature of the animal determines its development. Although every stage in development is only made possible by the pre-existing condition, nevertheless the entire development is ruled and guided by the nature of the animal which is about to be (*Von der gesammten Wesenheit des Thieres welches werden soll*); and it is not the momentary condition which alone and absolutely determines the future, but more general and higher relations.'¹

But what is to be said as to the distinction between animals and plants? If every animal has an intra-organic principle, may not as much be said for such a plant as the Sundew? We cannot rationally deny that it may; and yet it follows that if such a principle exists in one plant, it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between one plant and another. It seems then, after all, that not a little may be said in favour of the view that a peculiar force and intimate principle of one kind or another, pervades each and every organism, from a mushroom to a man. But does any rational distinction of kind exist between such organic principles? Can any line be drawn between such principles as they exist respectively in animals and plants?

Again and again the attempt has been made to find characters which shall constitute a definition including all animals and excluding all plants, and *vice versâ*, and again and again the attempt has broken down. The two organic kingdoms arise and proceed as it were from a common point; and it is almost if not quite impossible to assign a distinctly animal or vegetable nature to some of what are probably the lowest forms of either. Nevertheless, except as regards these lowest forms, we have in the highest animals and plants two evidently distinct kinds of life, one endowed with active motion and feeling, the other devoid of both. Striking as are the

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 93.

phenomena of motion and impressionability in the Sundew, Venus's Flytrap, etc., yet no one would seriously affirm that powers of sensation and voluntary motion are possessed by either, in spite of the extent of the simulation of both exhibited by them. It is clear that between a creature capable of sensation and a creature not so capable, there must be a gulf—sensation being a faculty so supremely distinct from all the other organic processes (such as nutrition, reproduction, etc.) which rank below it. Yet even the highest animals are actually devoid of this power during all the earliest stages of their existence, during which it is only *in potentia* in them; nor could we know it existed potentially in their embryos but for its constant later manifestation. Animal life therefore may exist temporarily and also permanently in some pathological conditions, without manifest sensation. In plant life, on the other hand, we have no grounds for believing the potential existence of sensation, inasmuch as in the highest forms it is *not* made manifest. But that there should be a radically distinct nature in organisms which are to all our senses indistinguishable, is a fact which on any view must be admitted, since animals of very different natures (natures thoroughly different *ab initio*) are indistinguishable in the germ and in the earliest stages of their development. There can then be no absurdity in believing that a different nature or principle—a different kind of $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ —is found in animals and plants, although the distinctness is more or less completely hidden in the lowest forms of both, as in the earliest stages of all. This view is practically supported by Mr. Lewes, who, as to 'the differences in the protoplasms from which animals and plants arise,' says:—

'That initial differences must exist, is proved by the divergence of the products. The vegetable cell is not the animal cell; and although both plants and animals have albumen, fibrine, and caseine, the *derivatives* of these are unlike. Horny substance, connective

tissue, nerve tissue, chitine, biliverdine, creatine, urea, hippuric acid, and a variety of other products of evolution or of waste never appear in plants; while the hydro-carbons abundant in plants are, with two or three exceptions, absent from animals. Such facts imply differences in elementary composition; and this result is further enforced by the fact that where the two seem to resemble, they are still different. The plant protoplasm forms various cells, but never forms a cartilage-cell or a nerve-cell; fibres, but never a fibre of elastic tissue; tubes, but never a nerve-tube; vessels, but never a vessel with muscular coatings; solid "skeletons," but always from an organic substance (*cellulose*), not from phosphates and carbonates. In no one character can we say that the plant and the animal are identical; we can only point throughout the two kingdoms to a great similarity accompanying a radical diversity.¹

And, as he truly says, all this is the case in spite of the fact that 'chemistry tells us nothing of the differences in the protoplasms from which animals and plants arise'!

Besides then the break in continuity, the introduction or evolution of a new principle, which occurs in passing from the inorganic to the organic, we have also to recognise another break, and the introduction of a second new principle in passing from the *merely* organic or vegetable to the fully developed animal condition. There is, however, yet another break in continuity, and one which for our purpose is far more important. This last break is that between the mere sentiency of the animal, and rationality—a break occasioned by the introduction of a new principle, which occurs in passing from the highest brute to man.

This is a distinction which it is for two special reasons particularly difficult to make clear. It is, moreover, one which is now especially decried and unpopular.

The two reasons are—(1) that because, granted the distinctness of the rational principle, it nevertheless in us exists in a sentient animal (man), so that in our experience

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 129.

sentieney and rationality are almost inextricably intermingled; (2) that because of the co-existence of rationality with our sentieney, the association established between them in our imagination is so strong, that we are especially tempted to read into mere animal actions, by an inverted anthropomorphism, a rationality which we know accompanies like actions in ourselves.¹

Another difficulty in the matter is occasioned by the fact that objects are made clear to us only by others which limit them and contrast with them; and sentieney, to be fully understood, requires a thorough appreciation of reason. But reason is just that, the appreciation of which is so defective on the part of those who have of late specially made it their business to study the so-called minds of animals.

The distinctness of instinct from reason is shown both by the fact that instinct cannot do things specially characteristic of reason, and by the fact that it can do other things for which reason, under the circumstances, would be quite impotent.

‘Thus, no animals employ rational language, or do they deliberately act in mutual concert, nor make use of antecedent experiences to intentionally improve the past. Apes are said, like dogs and cats, to warm themselves with pleasure at deserted fires; yet, though they see wood burning, they are unable to add fresh fuel for their comfort. Swallows will continue to build on a house which they can see has

¹ This inverted anthropomorphism is a besetting sin of popular zoologists and psychologists, and it may be well here to cite some remarks quoted from Chambers by Mr. Bain. ‘There are two subjects where the love of the marvellous has especially retarded the progress of correct knowledge—the manners of foreign countries and the instincts of the brute creation. . . . It is extremely difficult to obtain true observations of the instincts of animals, from the disposition to make them subjects of marvel and astonishment. Many people take delight in storing up tales of the extraordinary sagacity of dogs, cats, horses, birds, etc., in doing things quite incomprehensible and inexplicable on any law of nature whatever. It is nearly as impossible to acquire a knowledge of animals from popular stories and anecdotes, as it would be to obtain a knowledge of human nature from the narratives of parental fondness and friendly partiality.’ (*Op. cit.*, second edition, p. 48.)

begun to be demolished. Flies will deposit their eggs on a carrion plant instead of on animal matter. . . . If, on the other hand, brutes were capable of really *concerted* action, the effects would soon make themselves known to us so forcibly as to prevent the possibility of mistake.’¹

Abundant instances show us that instinct can do things impossible to reason. Mr. Lewes may be again cited in this connection. He tells us that ‘between animal and human intelligence there is a gap which can only be bridged over by *an addition from without*’;² and he says also:—

‘The animal world is a continuum of smells, sights, touches, tastes, pains, and pleasures: it has no objects, no laws, no distinguishable abstractions, such as self and not-self. This world we can never understand, except in such dim guesses as we can form respecting the experiences of those born blind, guesses that are always vitiated by the fact that we cannot help seeing what we try to imagine them as only touching. . . . If we see a bud after we have learned that it is a bud, there is always a glance forward at the flower and backward glances at the seed dimly associated with the perception; but what animal sees a bud at all, except as a visual sign of some other sensation?’³

Yet Mr. Lewes, as a true sensist, is far enough from apprehending the full significance of reason. He says, *e.g.*, ‘We condense sets of feelings in abstract symbols; to *understand* these we must reduce them to their concrete significates.’⁴ Here, as throughout, he treats reasoning processes as mere associated images of associated sensations, ignoring reflex, intellectual intuition. But when the mind looks forwards and backwards, and knows itself in the past, and knows itself as searching and recognising the past, while it is all the time conscious of itself as in the present: when the mind does this, we have something radically different from mere associated images, of whatever kind.

¹ *Lessons from Nature*, p. 201.

² *Problems of Life and Mind*, vol. i. p. 156.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 140.

⁴ *Physical Basis of Mind*, p. 351.

The utter distinctness of 'thought' from associated images (the most complex product of sensation) will be clearly seen if we bear in mind what we do when we make a judgment, such as, *e.g.*, 'that a negro is black.' Here we, in the first place, directly and explicitly affirm that there is a conformity between the external thing, 'a negro,' and the objective quality, 'blackness.' We affirm secondarily and implicitly, a conformity between these two external entities and the two internal concepts. Thirdly, and lastly, we also implicitly affirm the existence of a conformity between the external co-existence of the entities 'negro' and 'blackness,' and the internal existence (or junction) of the concepts 'negro' and 'blackness.'

All that 'sentience' could possibly do would be to associate feelings and images of sensible phenomena; it could not appreciate sensations as 'facts' at all, still less as internal facts which are the signs of external facts. It might be conceived as marking successions, likenesses, and unlikenesses of phenomena, but never as recognising that such relations were *true*.

Mr. John Stuart Mill saw the force of this, for in criticising Sir William Hamilton's definition of judgment, he observes as follows:—

'The first objection, which, I think, must occur to any one on the contemplation of this definition, is that it omits *the main and characteristic element* of a judgment and of a proposition. . . . When we judge or assert, there is introduced a new element, that of objective reality, and a *new mental fact*—belief. Our judgments, and the operations which express them, do not enunciate our mere mode of mentally conceiving things, but our conviction or persuasion that the facts as conceived actually exist: and a theory of judgments and propositions which does not take account of this *cannot be a true theory*. . . . Belief is an *essential element* in a judgment. . . . The recognition of it as true is not only an essential part, but *the essential element* of it as a judgment: leave that out, and there remains a

mere play of thought, in which no judgment is passed. It is impossible to separate the idea of judgment from the idea of the truth of a judgment, for every judgment consists in judging something to be true. The element belief, instead of being an accident which can be passed in silence, and admitted only by implication, constitutes the very difference between a judgment and any other intellectual fact, and it is contrary to all the laws of definition to define judgment as anything else. The very meaning of a judgment or a proposition is something which is capable of being believed or disbelieved; which can be true or false; to which it is possible to say yes or no.'¹

In addition to this Mr. Mill has also ably shown,² against Mr. Herbert Spencer, that rational belief cannot be explained as being identical with indissoluble association.

Thus, both objectively and subjectively, there is seen to be a radical difference between thought and feeling, between the mind of man and that of the brute. The wonderful power of memory also proves to each of us that he is 'one.' The most profound, exact, and elaborate, as well as the shallow, ordinary, and superficial examinations of our own minds, agree in revealing to us a unity—our own persistent conscious existence. The mind possessed of its various faculties is then an energising power not manifested in nature save in man. To study this mind and its faculties faithfully, a full recognition is necessary both of its supremacy and distinctness, and also of such community with mere brute mental action (so called) or psychosis, as necessarily results from the fact that it energises in a being who is animal as well as rational, that it is carried on simultaneously with sentience.

It is the activity of a new principle, but of a principle which in us also ministers to sensation, locomotion, and all the functions of bodily life. The result is that extreme care

¹ *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, p. 346.

² See his Notes on Mr. James Mill's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, vol. i. p. 402.

is needed in classifying its activities, if we would avoid ambiguities into one or other of which so many psychologists, ancient and modern, have fallen. To appreciate correctly purely human psychology, we must understand adequately general psychology; and to understand our higher emotions, we must thus appreciate human psychology.

It is common enough to speak of the mind as possessing various distinct 'faculties,' and to a certain extent the term is a good one, though it may mislead. It is manifest that the mind performs a multitude of acts which more or less differ from and resemble one another, and these acts may be grouped together according to the likenesses and differences which exist between them. Thus, *e.g.*, acts of 'judging' may be grouped together in one class, and acts of 'willing' in another. Now, as the mind which performs these acts has, of course, the power of performing them, we may properly speak of these different aspects of its power respectively as the 'faculty' (*i.e.* the power) of judging, and the 'faculty' (*i.e.* the power) of willing. At the same time these terms may mislead on account of the necessity we are constantly under of having recourse to material images as vehicles for expressing incorporeal things. It thus comes about that, being familiar with different bodily organs as agents for performing the different bodily actions, the illusion may be produced that there are in the soul analogous distinct parts, for the existence of which reason gives us no warrant.

Before, however, considering the classification of mental acts, it may be desirable first to advert to a fundamental difference between two sets of powers possessed by the mind, *i.e.* between two great classes of our psychical activities. This difference corresponds with that difference (before adverted to) which exists between a truly intellectual and a merely sensitive nature. It is the difference between our higher, reflective, self-conscious mental acts—the acts of our intellec-

tual faculty which no other animal shares; and our lower, direct, merely felt acts—the acts of our sensitive faculty which we share with brutes. This distinction is probably the most fundamental and the most important of all the distinctions in psychology. It has been most strangely ignored from the days of Locke to our own; but when its truth becomes generally recognised, that recognition will occasion nothing less than a revolution in modern philosophy. The failure to appreciate this distinction is due less to an exaggeration of our lower faculties than to a want of apprehension of what is really implied in our higher faculties. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance connected with living English psychologists is the conspicuous absence in them of any manifest comprehension of those very intellectual powers they continually exercise, and their apparent want of apprehension of that reason to which they virtually appeal. It would be desirable that any one of the popular school intending to write on this subject should first, for a short time, say one month, retire to some quiet retreat and there meditate on the signification of the two words, ‘I AM,’ or even on the small monosyllable ‘is.’ If once the full significance of either of these were completely and distinctly apprehended by any one, it would be impossible for him any more to confound Sense with Intellect, or our lower with our higher faculties.

Our lower faculties may be summarised as follows:—

1. *Vegetative* powers of growth and reproduction.
2. A power of being impressed by unfelt stimuli.
3. A power of responding to such impressions by appropriate organic actions—*reflex action*.
4. A power of inadvertently performing appropriate actions in response to felt stimuli, such actions, termed *instinctive*, being provided for beforehand by the special organisation of the body—*excito-motor action*.

5. A power of experiencing pleasure and pain.

6. A power of experiencing distinct sensations, or vivid distinct feelings.

7. A power of imagining past distinct sensations, or a power of having faint repetitions of distinct feelings, *i.e.* images or *phantasmata*.

8. A power of associating such images, or faint repetitions, with fresh distinct vivid feelings, and the latter with each other, or, *sense-perception*.

9. A power of associating faint repetitions of distinct feelings into groups—*imagination*.

10. A power of agglutinating and combining imaginations and sense-perceptions in clusters, and clusters of clusters, so forming more and more complex imaginations—*sensuous association*.

11. A power of automatic or *organic memory*, which may exhibit itself in unintellectual imitation.

12. A power of reviving complex imaginations upon the occurrence of certain vivid or faint feelings—*organic inference* which simulates reasoning.

13. Powers leading to spontaneous impulsions in different directions through internal or external stimuli—*sensuous appetites*.

14. Powers of pleasurable or painful excitement, on the occurrence of sense-perceptions or imaginations—*sensuous emotions*.

15. A power of expressing feelings by sounds or gestures which may affect other individuals—*emotional language*.

16. A power of spontaneous activity in response to pleasurable or painful sensations, or sense emotions—*organic volition*.

In contrast to these powers of our lower nature—powers which we share with animals—our higher powers may thus be set forth:—

1. As the foundation of all, we have a power of apprehending 'ideas' of sensible objects, or psychical entities, not given by or contained in sense as such, though perceived upon the occurrence of sensations and imaginations—*ordinary intellectual apprehension*.

2. A power of apprehending abstract ideas gathered from concrete objects, and amongst them those of Being, Substance, and Cause.

3. A power of directly perceiving and reflecting upon our continued personal activity and existence—*self-consciousness*.

4. A power of actively recalling past thoughts or experiences—*intellectual memory*.

5. A power of uniting our intellectual apprehensions into an explicit affirmation or negation—*judgment*.

6. A power of combining ideas, and so giving rise to the perception of new truths thus arrived at—*intellectual synthesis and induction*.

7. A power of mentally dissecting ideas, and so gaining other new truths; and also of apprehending truths as necessarily involved in the judgments previously made—*intellectual analysis, deduction, and ratiocination*.

8. A power of apprehending some truths as absolute and universally necessary—*intellectual intuition*.

9. Powers of pleasurable or painful excitement on the occurrence of intellectual apprehensions—*higher or intellectual emotions*.

10. A power of giving expression to our ideas by external bodily signs—*language*.¹

11. A power of, on certain occasions, deliberately electing to act either with, or in opposition to, the resultant of involuntary attractions and repulsions—*will*.

¹ This power is complex, and derived from the lower faculty, No. 15, together with the higher powers, Nos. 2, 6, 7, and 8.

The above list may suffice for our present purpose, which is to call attention to the wide difference which exists between our lower and our higher psychical powers. We do not now wish to do more than call attention to this difference, the full exposition of which would require a volume to itself. Suffice it here to suggest one or two matters for reflection.

1. We may have similar sensations which may be revived by imaginations. This similarity of affection, together with possible similarities of consequent actions, are modifications and conditions of our lower nature. Let the reader contrast with this an intellectual apprehension of such similarity. The two are poles asunder. Succession is of the essence of the former. Permanence is of the essence of the latter.

2. Moreover, not only must the perceiving *Ego* persist, but the feelings themselves must survive distinctly. For it is not that the succeeding feelings give rise to a new feeling, but the succeeding similar feelings remain in their separateness, and are perceived as being both separate and alike, and as co-existing to the perceiving *Ego*, simultaneously with, but apart from, the perception of their co-existence and similarity.

In spite, however, of the radical distinctness which exists between these two sets of powers, the action of our intellectual and sensitive faculties must ever be most intimately united, on account of the complete oneness of our being. For we can have no certainty that more than one principle energises in us any more than in animals, though it is evident, from its acts, that that one principle in us must be of a higher nature. Secretion and excretion are no less actions of the one dominant principle in ourselves than are perceptions of necessary truths, or feelings of moral reprobation. The sensation of headache is no less ours than is a feeling of hope, a perception of equality, or a virtuous resolution. Mr. Lewes has well expressed this oneness of animated beings. He says:—

‘When we observe the growth of horns or the appearance of the beard, concomitantly with the ’approach of maturity—‘and especially when we observe with these a surprising change in the physical and moral capabilities and tendencies of the organism—we understand how the remotest parts of this mechanism are bound together by one subtle, yet all-powerful tie.’ And again: ‘It is the man, and not the brain, that thinks: it is the organism as a whole, and not one organ, that feels and acts.’¹

With the perfect unity of our composite nature there is always an intermixture both of causes and effects. In perception, we intellectual animals cannot, on the one hand, observe the lowest sensible phenomenon without having, at least latent and implicit within us, the ideas of Being, Substance, Accident, Cause, etc. Similarly, on the other hand, we cannot think the highest and most abstract thoughts save by the aid of merely sensible images (or *phantasmata*); and certainly we cannot communicate such abstract ideas to other men, of whatever intellectual cultivation, without making use of terms which are in origin but the verbal representatives of concrete and sensible objects and actions made known to us through sensations. In a word, our thought, though essentially intellectual, is accidentally sensuous. Not that the same intellectual idea is always accompanied by the same sensible image, though it must be accompanied by a mental image of some kind or other. Different persons, or the same person at different times, will have the same idea supported by diverse images. But the intellect distinguishes clearly between the idea and its attendant image, which alone would suffice to show the difference between our lower and higher faculties.

Thus the idea ‘equality’ may be subserved by images of visible objects equally extended or coloured, or by recollections of sounds equal in tone, pitch, intensity, etc. The idea God may be accompanied by the image of an eye in a

¹ *Physical Basis of Mind*, pp. 60, 441.

triangle, of an old man seated on a throne, of rays of light issuing from a cloud, or of the mere three letters of the word, or of the sound of the monosyllable. But no one believes that God *is* any of these things, though one of them or some analogous phantasm is always necessary as a foothold for the idea.

Thus it comes about that in language, which is the effort of the intellect to express the supersensuous by sensible signs, the language of thought, or *verbum mentale*, is ever wider, richer, deeper, and more exact, than the external sign, or *verbum oris*.

After these preliminary remarks, we may turn to the main subject of this essay—the feelings in relations to the intellect.

It may have been observed that in the lists of our higher and lower powers before given, the emotional feelings we share with brutes were widely separated from our higher emotions. The propriety of this separation has now to be considered, and in so doing due reference must be made to the works of Alexander Bain, who has so marked a place in English contemporary psychology.

The work of this author at the head of our list—*The Emotions and the Will*—is, like its companion volume, *The Senses and the Intellect*, truly admirable from its own point of view. It comprises almost every excellence compatible with the philosophical position of the writer, but the exigencies of that position cause it to have certain capital defects. No work of the kind which does not recognise the difference between our higher and our lower psychical powers can treat its subject adequately, or otherwise than in a fatally misleading manner. Mr. Bain, as might be expected, omits to notice our higher faculties in their highest aspects, and dwells upon their physical accompaniments—their necessary sensational basis. His work is an excellent specimen of the flower-

and fruit of an erroneous system logically carried out to its culmination. Much as we may regret the rise and predominance of the system referred to, nevertheless, certain advantages have thence resulted. In the continual flux and reflux of art and science, temporary retrogression in one direction often accompanies progression in another. If the painters of the Netherlands had not become largely blinded to the attractions of higher themes, we should never have rejoiced in the homely charms of the typical Dutch school of pictorial art. The very difficulties of philosophy and theology tend to drive men to the cultivation of physical science, which has advanced contemporaneously with the depression of the former. Similarly the modern practice of ignoring the distinction between sense and intellect has acted wonderfully in developing the science and natural history of mere sense. The psychology of sensation, the psychical powers of brutes, would never perhaps have been so thoroughly investigated, but for the dream that by such investigation our own psychical powers could obtain all the explanation of which they are susceptible. But for the fond delusions that 'ideas' are modified sense impressions, the means by which ideas are elicited, and their sensuous concomitants, would never probably have been so well made out. On these means and concomitants, the labours of Mill, Spencer, Bain, and their allies have thrown much valuable light. There is yet another consolation. Not only would the psychical powers of brutes and the lower faculties of man have been less thoroughly investigated but for the stimulus of this (thus viewed fortunate) error, but even our knowledge of the higher powers themselves may yet gain by it. We are now, through their labours, in a better position to determine the boundaries of each, to determine more exactly the difference between our higher and lower powers, by seeing better how much of the merely animal enters accidentally into the intellectual

activities of man, and how much of human intellectuality pervades our lower psychical phenomena.

Before endeavouring to trace the limits of this border-land in the arena of 'feeling,' we must advert to the classifications of mental acts which are at present more or less popular and generally received.

By most modern psychologists our mental activities are arranged in three groups: (1) Feelings, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Volitions. The power possessed by the mind of energising in this threefold manner may be spoken of as (1) Sensitivity, (2) Intellect, and (3) Will.

Feelings are further discriminated into (1) those resulting from direct nervous stimulation—external or internal—(such as the feeling occasioned by a blue object, or by indigestion), and (2) those occurring as secondary results of such stimulation, accompanied with pleasure or pain (*e.g.* fear, due to reminiscences of past suffering). The first set of feelings are the result of that aspect of the mind's power which may be spoken of abstractedly as 'sense.' The second set of feelings result from that which may be similarly spoken of as 'emotional sensitiveness.'

Thus Sense, Emotional Sensitiveness, Intellect, and the Will, are the four headings under which all our psychical powers are classified in the most widely accepted English psychology. But emotions are deemed by many (as, *e.g.*, by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Bain is now disposed to follow him) to be only clustered bygone sensations of the individual or of his ancestors which reappear once more in consciousness; it may be faintly or strongly, but always vaguely and indistinctly. Similarly, thoughts (or ideas) are also deemed to be but past sensations of the individual, reappearing in consciousness, it may be faintly, but always distinctly as compared with emotions. Thus (thoughts and emotions being but 'transformed sensations' respectively vague and

distinct) sensations and volitions become in this system the two *summa genera* of our mental activities—the results of powers of sensitivity and will. But what is will? The unanimous verdict of our most generally followed psychologists (the two Mills, Bain, Spencer, etc.) would represent it as being nothing more than the oversetting of an unstable balance temporarily maintained between competing attractions—the passing from tendency into action (mental or bodily) in some definite direction. According to this view there can be no act of will at all; the only *actions* can be those of the attracting influences, and the automatic response of the organism. Thus in ultimate analysis this school practically recognises only sensations (strong or faint, single or clustered), or a faculty of sensitivity, as constituting the one group of activities and the one faculty of the human mind.

The opposite modern school of psychology—that which admits the freedom and therefore the reality of volition—regards ‘will’ as something altogether *sui generis*, consisting of the mental act of determination, the result of a purely determining and executive faculty which is, *toto caelo*, distinct from sensitivity.¹ The same school represents ‘emotion’ as a species of the genus ‘feeling,’—as being the pleasurable or painful concomitant of any kind of mental activity.

Strongly contrasted with these two purely modern schools of psychology is the teaching of some who follow an older school of philosophy. The latter represent will as being more closely connected with the intellect and more continuously acting—defining it as an *appetitus rationalis*. On the other hand, they consider all ‘feeling,’ whether emotional or otherwise, as merely corporeal—as essentially sensitive, and not at all as intellectual.

Thus the three systems just referred to differ as follows:—

¹ It may be doubted, however, whether Kant did not identify the practical reason with the will.

The first, or modern sensist school, recognises merely sensation and that subjective accompaniment of incipient automatic action which it misnames 'will.'

The second, or modern intellectual school, recognises self-determining will as entirely distinct from intellect and sensation, but makes no sufficiently sharp distinction between our higher and lower emotions as different kinds of feeling.

The third, or older school, regards will as not only a determining power, but as containing intellectual activity, and much which non-sensist moderns would call 'feeling.'

Thus it seems we have between these systems a cross-division—much that by the moderns is reckoned 'feeling' being included by the followers of the older philosophy under the head of 'will,' and therefore much that both the modern schools consider as merely sensuous, the older school reckons as belonging to the higher mental faculties, namely, as one aspect of the *appetitus rationalis*.

It may be well then to inquire what may be said with respect to our higher emotions. Can they with greater justice be ranked as a very exalted species of a genus which also contains those emotions which we share with brutes—can they be added to our list of the lower human faculties, or should they be ranked (as they have been ranked in the list before given) as an altogether distinct genus accompanying our higher mental activities?

The entire distinctness of volition from both thought and feeling will not probably be questioned by any one of our readers. We think, however, it can hardly be denied but that under the one name 'emotion' two exceedingly different kinds of psychical activity are included, and, we would urge, confounded together, in a very misleading way.

Let us in the first place compare 'feeling' with 'knowing,' using the latter term in its widest sense. 'Knowing,' or 'cognition,' thus understood, is of two kinds—as we have

seen in our lists before referred to. One kind is purely intellectual, such as that by which we perceive the truth of one of Euclid's propositions; the other is sensuous, and similar to that by which a dog recognises his kennel.

A parallel distinction can, we think, be drawn between feeling and feeling. We may have emotion of a higher and purely intellectual order, as when we are moved to warm admiration at an act of lofty and self-sacrificing beneficence; or of a lower and sensuous order, as when a hungry man feels pleasure at the sight of a well-spread board.

But, as has been already urged, on account of the unity of our being, sensuous images are necessary accompaniments of even our highest thoughts. As before said, our thought, though essentially intellectual, is accidentally sensuous. Similarly then we might expect that in our emotions the intellectual and sensuous elements would be similarly blended. But, indeed, when we reflect that 'emotions' are psychical affections, so much less distinct and sharply defined than either sensations or ideas, we should anticipate that the intellectual and sensuous elements would be yet more intimately and confusedly blended together in them than they are in our 'perceptions.' Certainly then the mere fact of such blending can be no argument against the radical distinctness of the two kinds of emotions. One kind consists of the essentially sensuous emotions, which are merely accidentally intellectual (*i.e.* merely intellectual, because they are *sensed* by an intellectual being). Such, *e.g.*, are the feelings of relish for particular flavours, or feelings of the lowest sexual kind. The other kind consists of emotions which are essentially intellectual and only accidentally sensible (*i.e.* merely sensible because they are *intued* by a sentient being): such, *e.g.*, as the pleasurable emotions accompanying the recollection of a mathematical problem

finally solved, and that which attends the perception that an arduous act of duty has been successfully accomplished.

We would contend then that our higher emotions should be ranked as an altogether distinct genus of acts belonging to our higher mental faculties, and running parallel with the groups of higher mental acts which have been before enumerated. In both knowledge and feeling we have, as we have seen, both an intellectual and a sensuous element. Will, however, stands altogether apart, as a faculty of self-determination, altogether *sui generis*.

Having thus distinguished between the intellectual emotions of our higher mental faculties, and the sensuous emotions of our lower psychical powers, we may proceed to notice Mr. Bain's statements and representations in the light thus gained.

And in the first place we must altogether protest against his attempt to resolve our higher mental states into our lower. Such an attempt is carried to its logical consequences by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, after reducing, as he believes, our higher mental states to our lower, reduces these again to sensations, sensations to unfelt shocks, reason to sensitivity, sensitivity to vitality, vitality to physical force, and all these to modes of one unknowable persistent force. There is a certain 'method' in his 'madness,' for it is as reasonable to reduce all known forces to motion, or to one unknown force, as it is to reduce life to physical forces; and both are as reasonable as is the attempt to reduce reason to sensitivity. But the physical forces retain their distinctness in spite of all. Chemical action and light may be *called* motion, but they remain light and chemical action all the same. So it is with sensitivity and rationality, above all with the latter; for here our consciousness is at hand to assure us that let sense-modifications (vivid and faint) be piled up, agglutinated and modified as much as we like, the total result thus produced

does *not* correspond with what our intellect presents us with as the result of its own activity.

The folly of the attempt to explain our higher faculties by our lower, and to reduce the former into the latter, may be illustrated by our own senses. We contend that our ideas and higher emotions are innate, by which we mean that they are so potentially present as to become actual on the occurrence of the stimuli required to elicit them. Let us take one of the sensations which are so beloved by sensists and idealists—a sensation of colour. Such a subjective sensation, *e.g.* of blue, is, we are told, occasioned by the impinging of multitudinous minute waves on a nervous mechanism which forms part of a living man. But these ‘occasions’ do not *explain* the thing to be explained—the sensation as we feel it. The waves of light, mechanism, and living man, taken together are not ‘blue,’ though they occasion ‘blue.’ There must be an innate capacity for being thus affected. The sensation must be innate potentially, or it could never become actual. More than this, not only must there be an innate capacity for ‘blueness’ in the subject, but there must be also an innate quality in the object, which quality corresponds with the sensation blue, to the extent at least that the sensation represents (*i.e.* makes present) to the mind of the subject the occult quality¹ of the object. We have then, each of us, a vast multitude of innate capacities of sensation, most varied in kind and intensity, corresponding respectively to occult powers of external bodies, and called forth into actual activity by the incidence of the requisite stimuli.

Similarly we have, each of us, a vast multitude of innate capacities of ideation, most varied in kind and clearness,

¹ The sensation, that is, causes us to reflect that there is in objects which produce it, something—whatever it may be—which there is not in objects which do not give it. Were the two kinds of objects the same, the same cause, under the same circumstances, would produce similar effects.

corresponding respectively to the invisible essences of objective existences, and called forth into actual activity by sensations, or by preceding ideas and images. The attempt to explain ideas (*e.g.* the idea of extension) by the means of their elicitation (*e.g.* motions, muscular sensations, and sensations of colour, which enable them to be known), is as absurd as the attempt to explain a sensation by the mechanism which enables it to be felt.

In all things, but eminently in psychology, what is known to consciousness is primary and most certain. We cannot logically resolve the more known and the more certain into the less known and the less certain. The idea of 'justice,' *e.g.*, is seen by our consciousness to *be* a primary, single, and irresolvable idea. Other ideas are necessary (both logically and historically) as conditions precedent to its emergence, but 'justice' cannot be resolved *into them*, although it is elicited through them. We may analyse these precedent conditions into anterior judgments, simple apprehensions, sense-cognitions, sensations, and unperceived feelings of shock; but, on examining them, we see that neither is the idea 'justice' in them nor *is* it a 'synthesis' of them, though it emerges *from* their synthesis.

Similarly we shall hereafter see that our higher emotions have their sensuous correlates and their other precedent conditions; but as their analogues (the correlates of sensation and intellectual cognition) do not suffice to explain our 'sensations' or our 'ideas,' we shall be prepared to find that neither will the sensuous correlates above mentioned explain the higher emotions which they serve to condition.

Mr. Bain takes no note of any difference between our internal innate definite tendencies (or special susceptibilities to pleasure or pain from the thought or possession of this or that object) and our general feelings of like, dislike, etc., which may all be applied to each of such definite tendencies,

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and so elicit different emotions. Yet it is manifest that for any definite emotion, such as, *e.g.*, 'pleasure at popularity,' we must have innate capacities of 'liking,' as well as of understanding what popularity is. We may also enjoy the feeling without being aware that we do so, or we may advert to it and delight in it. Thus feeling runs parallel with sensation, intellect, and will, in each of which we must have the innate power, which may be exercised (when elicited) with or without advertence.

Dr. Ward, in his 'Philosophical Introduction,' distinguishes between what he calls *propensions* and *passions*. By 'propensions' he means special innate tendencies,¹ or our susceptibility of pleasure or pain from the thought or possession of this or that object. By 'passions' he does not mean violent or extreme feelings, but generic feelings, such as love, hate, desire, fear, etc., which may all be applied in turn to every one of the propensions, and so elicit an *emotion*, which is for him the exercise of one of the passions about one or other of the propensions. Whether or not this view is quite exact, it at least allows full scope for the recognition of the innate elements of the various feelings.

Our propensions he divides² into those which can be gratified only by our really possessing their object, and those which can be gratified by our believing that we possess it; and each of these kinds he further subdivides³ into those which are *apprehensive* (those which we experience in possessing, or believing we possess, the object) and those which are *imaginative* (those which we experience in feigning to ourselves that we possess the object). He yet further subdivides⁴ the apprehensive ones, which spring from actual possession, into the *physical* and the *reflective*, or those which do not (physical), or do (reflective), advert to the fact of possession.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 197.

² *Ibid.*, p. 198.

Ibid., p. 203.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 203.

Dr. Ward, however, does not consider the relation of the emotions to the lower and higher faculties of our soul, nor take any notice of the analogous feelings of brutes, a matter foreign indeed to his whole subject. But, as we have before urged, no satisfactory psychology of the feelings can be constructed without reference to the merely animal faculties, and an endeavour to discriminate between what, in our higher emotions, is due to our intellectual nature, and what to our merely sensuous faculties.

Now, that animals do share in our lower emotions is manifest, and is admitted by common consent. They have a variety of innate definite tendencies or propensions, which vary in different animals—the propensions, *e.g.*, of a bat being evidently very different from those of a fox. But all the higher animals agree in having certain generic feelings, or ‘passions,’ in Dr. Ward’s sense of the term. These may, perhaps be provisionally summed up as of four kinds, (1) conservative, (2) destructive, (3) attractive, (4) repulsive. By the first we mean the passion which stimulates tenderness, as it exists in us, and which, acting on innate propensions, issues in the emotions resulting in parental, and conjugal care and in the gregarious feeling. The second is the passion of anger, which is one of the most conspicuous passions of brutes.¹ The passion of attraction is the appetising one, or desire, which causes pursuit, and stimulates audacity, hope, and expectation in us. Lastly, the passion of repulsion, or shrinking, causes flight, and stimulates what we know as fear and despair. In addition to these there are also the capacities of feeling pleasure and pain, not only momentarily, but for prolonged periods.

¹ Dr. Ward (*op. cit.*, p. 208) denies that anger is a separate passion, and reduces it to a ‘love of vindictive retribution.’ This view would hardly have been entertained by Dr. Ward if he had studied the passions of animals which are incapable of the love he speaks of. Surely anger in us may be excited by the depravation of ‘military fame,’ or of any other of the ‘bona’ to which he says it does not appertain.

would not think of inflicting punishment for them), even though they may be persuaded, in a given instance, that they will be punished neither in this world nor in the world to come? Again he says: 'If a man merely refrains from coming forward actively to minister to the distresses of a neighbour, we dislike his conduct, but not so as to demand his punishment.' We should, however, certainly say of one so negligent, that he has violated a moral obligation. Not only the occasional absence of punishment, however, but also its occasional infliction, controvert Mr. Bain's position. He says, *e.g.*, of 'the eccentric person,' that he is 'punished by the community acting as private individuals, and agreeing by consent to censure and excommunicate the offender.' And yet all the time such a person may be universally seen, and admitted by those who inflict the punishment to be quite morally blameless.

He combats the position that morality is purely a matter of intellect, saying:—

'The abstinence from injury to our fellows requires at bottom some motive not intellectual. The intellect can determine the fitness of means to secure *an end*; but the end itself must, in the last resort, be some feeling. . . . The Rational moralists (Cudworth, Wollaston, Clark, Price) give no account of the final end of morality.'¹

Now, in the first place, the moral idea, as a pure and ultimate idea, may constitute an end in itself; but the objection may be further met by the recognition of an innate emotion 'love of goodness,' which, as an undoubted 'feeling,' will supply all the end required; and, as we have before said, in a perfect human nature we have both the faithfully followed intellectual moral judgment, and also the corresponding emotional feeling.

Mr. Bain then criticises Kant's well-known dictum, '*Act in such a way that your conduct may be made a law for all,*'

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 266, 257.

saying that it should run thus: 'Act in a way that might be followed by all, *consistently with the general safety and happiness, or other exigence, of society.*' But this only throws the matter a step back. Why should we benefit society? Indeed, Kant's dictum will serve to supply that standard of conscience which Mr. Bain says¹ 'must be got at, or morality is not a subject to be reasoned or written about.'

That Mr. Bain should be at a loss for a standard of morality, naturally follows from his being at a similar loss as to truth, which for him is what each man troweth. He tells us:² 'There neither is, nor can be, any universal standard of truth or matters which ought to be believed. Every man in this case is a standard for himself.' This position, indeed, necessarily follows from the non-recognition by him of a real objective world of things in themselves. The system he has adopted prevents his recognition of the existence of 'conceptual truth,' the definition of which is 'a relation of conformity between our thoughts and external existences.'

With these views, Mr. Bain naturally depreciates the uniformity of men's moral judgments, adverting to the very different ceremonial regulations of different times and countries. He says:—

'There have usually been certain modes of indulgence, not at all affecting the welfare of society, that have excited feelings of dislike so strong, so influential, as to place them under the ban of authoritative morality. Wine and animal food have been the subjects of total prohibition. There has been a very prevailing disposition to restrict the indulgences of sex. Some practices are so violently abhorred, that they are not permitted even to be named. Society is apt to look with a severe eye at unshared enjoyments generally, using such odious terms as 'glutton' to stigmatise a large eater, and denouncing the pursuits of wealth and the love of praise as unworthy springs of action.'³

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 270, 260.

² *Ibid.*, second edition, p. 265.

³ *Ibid.*, third edition, p. 282; second edition, p. 279.

It is, to say the least, surprising that Mr. Bain, in these repeated editions, puts forward such indulgences and practices as seem to be here referred to as amongst those 'not at all affecting the welfare of society.' But letting that pass, surely the prohibitions in question are proof¹ of the *existence* of moral judgments, however mistaken they may be. Again, as to the growth of new moral feelings—a fact we are in no way called on to dispute—he instances the development of a dislike to slavery. But the development of this sentiment was brought about by appeals to moral principles already recognised—principles the application of which was of course always modifiable, and which could only serve to generate the new moral doctrine by its being shown that such doctrine was always virtually contained in the others antecedently recognised. Some observations in *Lessons from Nature* may here, perhaps, be appropriately cited.

'If opponents have been unable to bring instances to show the existence of a non-moral race, still less can they prove that of one the moral principles of which are *inverted*. Let thieving be here and there encouraged, yet dishonesty is nowhere erected into a principle, but is reprobated in the very maxim, 'Honour amongst thieves.' Frightful cruelty toward prisoners was practised by the North American Indians, but it was towards *prisoners*, and cruelty was never inculcated as an ideal to be always aimed at, so that remorse of conscience should be felt by any man who happened to let slip a possible opportunity of cruelty towards any one. . . . Men in various times and places have thought it right to do many an act which we know to be unjust. Still, they have never thought it right *because* unjust ; they have never thought it right for the sake of any virtuousness which they have supposed to reside in injustice. Similarly, many men think an act wrong because it is unjust ; but they never think it wrong because they think it *just*.' ²

Mr. Bain's failure to apprehend the moral idea is manifest from the following passage alone :—

¹ *Op. cit.*, third edition, at p. 568, he speaks of what he calls 'the supposed perception of an external and independent material world,' saying, 'What is here said to be perceived is a convenient fiction.'

² P. 102.

‘All that we understand by the authority of conscience, the sentiment of obligation, the feeling of right, the sting of remorse, can be nothing else than so many modes of expressing the acquired aversion and dread towards certain actions associated in the mind with “apprehension of punishment, or dread of inflicting a wound on those we love, respect, or venerate.”’¹

Now, we might certainly have a very strong aversion to acts carrying with them unpleasant consequences and punishment, without thinking them in the least wrong; and we should deem an act of ingratitude wrong, even if we knew that we should never be punished for it by our fellow-men, and it were revealed to us that we should not be punished for it hereafter by God. On the other hand, we might very well deem it right to do an act calculated to pain those we love, respect, and revere.

In justice to Mr. Bain, it should be stated that in a note he tells us:—

‘A man may, in the exercise of independent judgment, embrace views of duty widely at variance with what prevails in the society he lives in, and may impose these upon himself, although he cannot induce anybody else to accept them. This is the only case when conscience is a thing entirely detached from the sanction of the community or some power external to the individual.’²

He proceeds however, to try to explain away this admission by adding, ‘Even then the notion, sentiment, or form of duty is derived from what society imposes, although the particular matter is quite different.’ Here is ambiguity. ‘Derived from,’ in the sense of ‘developed by,’ we concede; ‘derived from,’ in the sense of ‘created by,’ we altogether deny. Of course the influence of parents, friends, and society is the appointed means for developing the idea of ‘duty,’ as motion and muscular sense are the appointed means for

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 286, in both editions.

² *Ibid.*, p. 289, in both editions.

developing the idea of 'extension,' different as such movements and feelings are from that idea itself. Mr. Bain goes on:—

'Social obedience develops in the mind originally the feeling and habit of obligation, and this remains when the individual articles are changed. In such self-imposed obligations the person does not fear public censure ; but he has so assimilated in his mind the laws of his own coining to the imperative requirements of society, that he reckons them of equal force as duty, and feels the same sting in falling.'

But a stream cannot rise above its source. How could a fixed habit of reverencing and unquestionably obeying his society, lead a man to despise and defy his society? We have here a manifest contradiction. But a statement of the simple truth at once clears up the matter. What the fact is, may be thus expressed:—Social obedience is an important factor in developing, from its latent state into full consciousness, the idea 'duty'; and this idea of course remains when the intellect has rightly or wrongly rejected the teaching which it originally received as to particular acts. In following such subsequently gained ethical judgments, the rightly-minded person will not fear public censure, whatever punishment he may expect; for he reckons the performance of duty as far above any, however imperative, requirements of society.

Thus we escape the absurdity of believing an idea to be developed into its contrary, and a feeling into its opposite. But Mr. Bain gives an illustration as follows:—'The votary of vegetable diet on principle has the same kind of remorse, after being betrayed into a meal of butcher's meat, that would be caused by an outburst of open profanity, or the breach of a solemn engagement.' Herein is exhibited great confusion of mind. A 'votary of vegetable diet on principle' may be a man who has come to think it a sin to eat meat, either altogether, as a Hindoo; or for himself, on account of

a vow; or an enthusiastic vegetarian may have come to think his practice obligatory; and each of these would rightly judge, after eating meat, that he had violated a solemn duty, and would properly feel remorse. A man may make himself a false conscience, but while he so judges it *is* binding upon him. On the other hand, a 'votary of vegetable diet on principle,' who does not think his practice a duty, may yet, on breaking his self-imposed rule, very reasonably feel vexation at his own infirmity of purpose; but he will not feel the *same kind* of remorse as after the breach of a solemn engagement.

But that no injustice may be done to Mr. Bain, we will cite his express words. As to duty in the abstract, he tells us:—

'I may next remark upon the sense of duty in the abstract, under which a man performs all his recognised obligations, without referring to any one of the special motives above adverted to. There may not be present to his mind either the fear of retribution, the respect to the authority commanding, affection or sympathy towards the persons or interests for whose sake the duty is imposed, his own advantage indirectly concerned, his religious feeling, his individual sentiments in accord with the spirit of the precept, the infection of example, or any other operating ingredient prompting to the action, or planting the sting for neglect. Just as in the love of money, for its own sake, one may come to form a habit of acting in a particular way, although the special impulses, that were the original moving causes, no longer recur to the mind. This does not prove that there exists a primitive sentiment of duty in the abstract, any more than the conduct of the miser proves that we are born with the love of gold in the abstract.'¹

This is an excellent example of the confusion of mind which possesses Mr. Bain in this matter. The feeling of the miser is no parallel to the moral judgment under which a righteous man performs his obligations. No idea analogous to that of duty exists in the mind of the miser. No amount

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 290, in both editions.

of liking or disliking will constitute a moral perception. Here, then, Mr. Bain in fact ignores the moral judgment and the idea of right. But the antithesis may be illustrated by another example. Let us take the failing 'cowardice,' the social punishment of which, from childhood upwards, is undeniable. What quality can have been more universally useful to social communities than courage? If the social instinct were the basis of the moral sense, it is infallibly certain that courage must have come to be regarded as supremely 'good,' and cowardice to be deserving of the deepest moral condemnation. And yet what is the fact? A coward feels probably self-contempt, and that he has incurred the contempt of his associates, but he does not feel 'wicked.' Similarly we, the observers, despise, avoid, or hate a coward; but we can clearly understand that a coward may be a more virtuous man than another who abounds in animal courage. We might easily add a variety of examples of social punishments of great severity, with concomitant feelings of distress and shame, on the part of the punished, where yet no idea whatever of duty intervenes. Such things attend mere infractions of social rules of decorum and good manners. We see, therefore, how mistaken Mr. Bain is when he declares,¹ with respect to moral disapprobation, that there arises 'a strong feeling of displeasure or dislike, proportioned to the strength of our regard to the violated duty.' It is most certain both that this feeling and consequent infliction of punishment may exist without any moral reprobation, as also that decided moral reprobation may exist without such displeasure or dislike, or any disposition to punish. Multitudes of men see clearly the moral turpitude of their habitual acts without any dislike of, or disposition to punish the companions of their vices—rather the very contrary. Yet more striking still is Mr. Bain's declaration² that 'the phrase,

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 291, in both editions.

² *Ibid.*, p. 292, in both editions.

"moral approbation," strictly considered is devoid of meaning.' This, however, is a necessary consequence of his mistaken theory. He fully recognises the worth of meritorious actions, saying that 'positive good deeds and self-sacrifice are the preserving salt of human life'; but having made punishment the test of morality, he is prevented from admitting that acts can be moral the omission of which does not call for punishment. Let the reader look into his own breast and see whether he does not regard the performer of a generous act of self-denial as not only one deserving of 'esteem, honour, and reward,' but also with a decided judgment that he has acted rightly, and deserves *moral* approbation.

In Mr. Bain's treatment of the æsthetic emotions, we have a parallel inadequacy to that which affects his treatment of morality. We have, indeed, a large catalogue of different kinds of æsthetic emotions, with an admirable exposition of the means and conditions which elicit them, but no clear statement as to the idea 'beauty,' any more than as to the idea 'virtue.' As to the beautiful, he tell us:—

'Excepting the feeling itself, which may be presumed to bear a certain uniform character, from the circumstance of the employment of the same name to denote it throughout, there is no one thing common to all the objects of beauty. Had there been such, we should have known it in the course of two thousand years.'¹

Now here we have another instance of the result of the poverty of the language of signs when compared with the language of thought. This is one of the many cases in which images serve to call up intellectual perceptions altogether beyond them. Those who are foolish enough to blaspheme their own highest faculties and refuse to accept 'ideas,' save as the images of concrete perceptions variously abstracted and modified, are by a poetical justice led to the denial of

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 227, third edition ; p. 213, second edition.

what to unprejudiced minds are the plainest truths. What 'one thing,' evident to the senses, is common to all substantial existences? Yet if there is none, are we to deny the validity of the idea substance? Again, what 'one thing,' sensuously evident, is common to all single existences? If there is none such, shall we deny the reality of the idea 'unity'? The same question may be asked of a variety of similar abstract ideas. Because speech is too narrow for thought, our highest ideas can never be expressed save in inadequate terms, though such terms as are in use serve to convey the literally inexpressible meaning to ordinary minds. Thus 'beauty' is a distinct idea, as well as 'virtue,' and is responded to by the intellect, by the emotions, and by the will. Yet though the idea can be conveyed through words, it cannot be expressed by and in them, and therefore no one can be forced to admit the reality of 'beauty' any more than of 'virtue' who chooses to deny that he understands and feels as other men do. Yet just as the idea 'equality' cannot be explained save by reference to a variety of equal things, so 'beauty' cannot be made known to us save through things which in different ways possess that attribute. But if there are really men who are thus blind to the significance of the idea 'beauty,' it is evident that the æsthetic emotions cannot be sensuous ones (the existence of which *no one can* deny), but are intellectual emotions—that is to say, they are emotions which are essentially intellectual—which may well be conceived as existing in pure spirits, though as existing in us rational animals they must, like all our highest activities, be accidentally sensuous.

Space does not permit us to examine *seriatim* Mr. Bain's treatment of the ideal and intellectual emotions, and those relating to self-preservation, power, pursuit, fear, hope, gratitude, the tender emotions, and those of relativity. But for the need of brevity it would be easy to show that throughout

the whole range a sensuous and an intellectual element may be plainly distinguished.

One of these belongs to our lower or sensuous mental faculties which we share with brutes, and the other the higher and purely intellectual faculties which we share with beings higher than man, and through the possession of which we have been created in the image of God. In all the emotions we actually experience, both these elements are present in varying degrees, just as—from the unity of our nature—we think in feeling, and (by phantasmata) feel in thinking. Nevertheless the two elements respectively belong to the two great groups of psychical acts—that of sensitivity and that of intellect. A study of Mr. Bain's work from the point of view here advocated may serve to show how these elements are separable in the various orders of emotion, from the æsthetic and ideal emotions, down to those of sympathy, anger, and fear. Thus is supplied the gap which was before left in our catalogue of the higher mental powers of man.

Thus again the powers of the human soul are seen to be of such a high order, in comparison with the souls of brutes, that we must admit the existence in us of a different kind of force, or principle of individuation; one which transforms what else would be mere animal powers of sensation and imagination. The occurrence of sensation gives occasion for the active intellect to emit that power with which it is endowed of apprehending what is in no way in the sensations or in any combination of them. This power has been called 'abstraction,' and in one sense it is abstraction as in another sense it might be called 'creation.' It is an act of abstraction in the sense in which the intellect may abstract sermons from stones and good from everything. Certainly no complication of sensations can explain our perceptions of truth, identity, or reality, as qualities existing in objects of intuition.

Just again as the rational soul makes use of merely animal conditions, so does the animal soul of brutes make use of the lower conditions of the vegetative force or principle.

In plants we have (1) powers of growth and reproduction, and these persist similarly in both the higher kinds of animal life—the irrational and the rational.

We have (2) powers of impressionability exhibited in an extreme degree in some kinds—as, *e.g.*, in the sensitive plant Venus's Flytrap. These conditions in a creature infused by a sentient principle become vivid and faint feelings, issuing in distinct sensations, imaginations, the lower emotions, and sense cognitions. The infusion of a rational soul builds up, from these materials, intellect and emotion of the higher kind.

We have (3) in plants a power of being directed by stimuli to seek, to a certain extent, light, nourishment, protection, etc. In sentient creatures this power becomes that of spontaneous motion or organic volition. The presence of a rational soul transfigures this faculty into will.

Our emotions may then be compared with the intuitions of the intellect. Just as the latter are innate and called into activity on the recurrence of the needed stimuli, so also is it with the former. Neither the one nor the other can be deemed, by those who understand them, to be mere modifications of the sensitive faculty, any more than the latter can be deemed a modification of vegetative life, or life itself a modification of physical force. To imagine life (that self-cyclically-evolving force¹) as itself evolved from those

¹ So termed because all living bodies are distinguished from all non-living bodies by their spontaneous tendency to undergo a definite cycle of changes when exposed to certain fixed conditions. A cycle of changes means of course a series which returns into itself, as we see in the egg, which, when exposed to proper conditions, results in a fowl, which again reproduces the egg or initial form ; or the flower, which bears seed, which under proper conditions again produces the flower.

physical forces which it unifies into a single activity; to imagine sensitivity as itself evolved from those vital vegetative activities which it co-ordinates and unifies into a common centre of feeling; to imagine thought to evolve from mere sense cognitions, to which it alone gives significance and unites in perception—these suppositions, one and all, err through the same vice, the vice of putting the effect for the cause and inverting the true order of existence.

To imagine that the lower, can *itself* give forth the higher, is indeed to put the cart before the horse. It is like the folly of thinking it no less difficult to conceive of mind as being the cause of matter, than it is to conceive of matter as being the cause of mind. Mind necessarily includes within itself not only thought, but being and substance also—*i.e.* continued being. If then mind once exists, it is easy to conceive of matter as formed by the elimination of thought from a part of mind; but it is impossible anyhow to conceive of mere matter giving itself that which it has not, and which by the hypothesis nowhere exists. More correctly speaking, we are not merely impotent to think the latter, but we can positively see that it is an absurdity.

Such, then, being the rank of our emotions in the great scale of psychical activity, how may they best themselves be subdivided and classified? We must here confine ourselves to a mere suggestion, as a full consideration of the question would require an entire essay to be devoted to it.

The emotions of our higher nature may be compared, in a parallel series, with the appetites of our lower nature. Just as we have animal propensities towards the objects correlated with nutrition, safety, and sex, so we have rational propensities towards objects known to us as truthful, beautiful, and good. We would therefore suggest that such higher propensities might be divided into three classes:—1. Those which regard truth, which will include all the feelings concerned

with science, or any augmentation of knowledge—from philosophical investigation to foreign travel and pursuits of the most varied kinds. 2. Those which regard the idea of ‘beauty,’ and which of course include all the æsthetic emotions, and those which are related to tender emotion as well as ethical ones, which concern beauty of character. 3. Those which relate to ‘goodness’ of various kinds, but especially moral goodness. This last class will not only comprise the ethical emotions, including righteous indignation, but also emotions of fear, awe, pity, sympathy, and affection, so far as they, in various ways, regard goodness.

Thus our higher emotions are not only faculties of feeling, parallel to and ranking with our powers of intellect and will, but they are of extreme value as the greatest aids we naturally have in the pursuit of all that is truthful, beautiful, and good. But they cannot, however, continue to exist with due energy without a sufficient activity of the will, repeated acts of volition giving them increased intensity. That ‘the wish is father to the thought’ is a recognised truth, and it is very generally assumed that the will is dependent on the wish or feeling. We believe, however, that it is frequently the other way; and that men’s desires and feelings are, though quite distinct from, yet very often really due to, the will, when such an origin is quite unsuspected. A defective appreciation of spiritual things may be really due to an unnoticed turning away of the will, occasioned by an early habitual misuse of it, which has produced a distaste for, and may ultimately result in the rejection of, the highest truths. We thus see the great importance of ethical emotion, which both aids and is aided by right volition, and may itself be evidence of the existence of the latter. Though there is no merit in such feelings themselves, they are always a means and are often a sign of virtue, and their absence is a token of an imperfect condition of mind and one not without

peril. Such feelings exist, at least in a latent condition, in every sane mind. The place of emotion in religion is thus at once made obvious and justified. Its existence may be a sign of moral worth. Such feelings have indeed a vast significance, for no one is in a normal state who does not feel them when the occasion for them arrives. Any state, therefore in which they are absent, must be that of a hurt and maimed spiritual creature. Consequently appeals intended to arouse us from a latent and inoperative to an active state, are in the highest degree reasonable and desirable. The culture and development of the nobler emotions are the true object at which all the higher arts should directly or indirectly aim. But through no other channel do they find their way to men's hearts so effectively as through the ear. 'Faith,' we are told, 'cometh by hearing;' and this is true, not of religious faith only, but of faith in our own higher nature and in the goodness of our fellow-men. Denunciations of injustice and tyranny, exhortations to equity, generosity, and self-sacrifice, strike but coldly on the eye of the reader, compared with their effect when heard in the thrilling and impassioned tones of a sympathetic human voice. Mistaken, then, indeed are those who would depreciate the value of rhetorical appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature. Dangerous and pestilential as are the too frequent excitations of passion, envy, and desire on the part of unscrupulous orators; yet the men who, by well-applied endeavours, have successfully aroused into effective action the good desires, hidden deep and unnoticed in men's hearts, have been, and will ever be, amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race. Such men have indeed aroused sensuous feelings by the aid of sensuous images, for with our complex nature no action is possible to us without such feelings and such images. But these have but been the accessories (necessary to us, animals as we are, though rational ones) of some of the highest

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actions of which we are capable—aspirations after the truthful, the beautiful, and the good—ethical emotions ranking as one part of our higher nature, side by side with our intellectual intuitions and our noblest acts of will.

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